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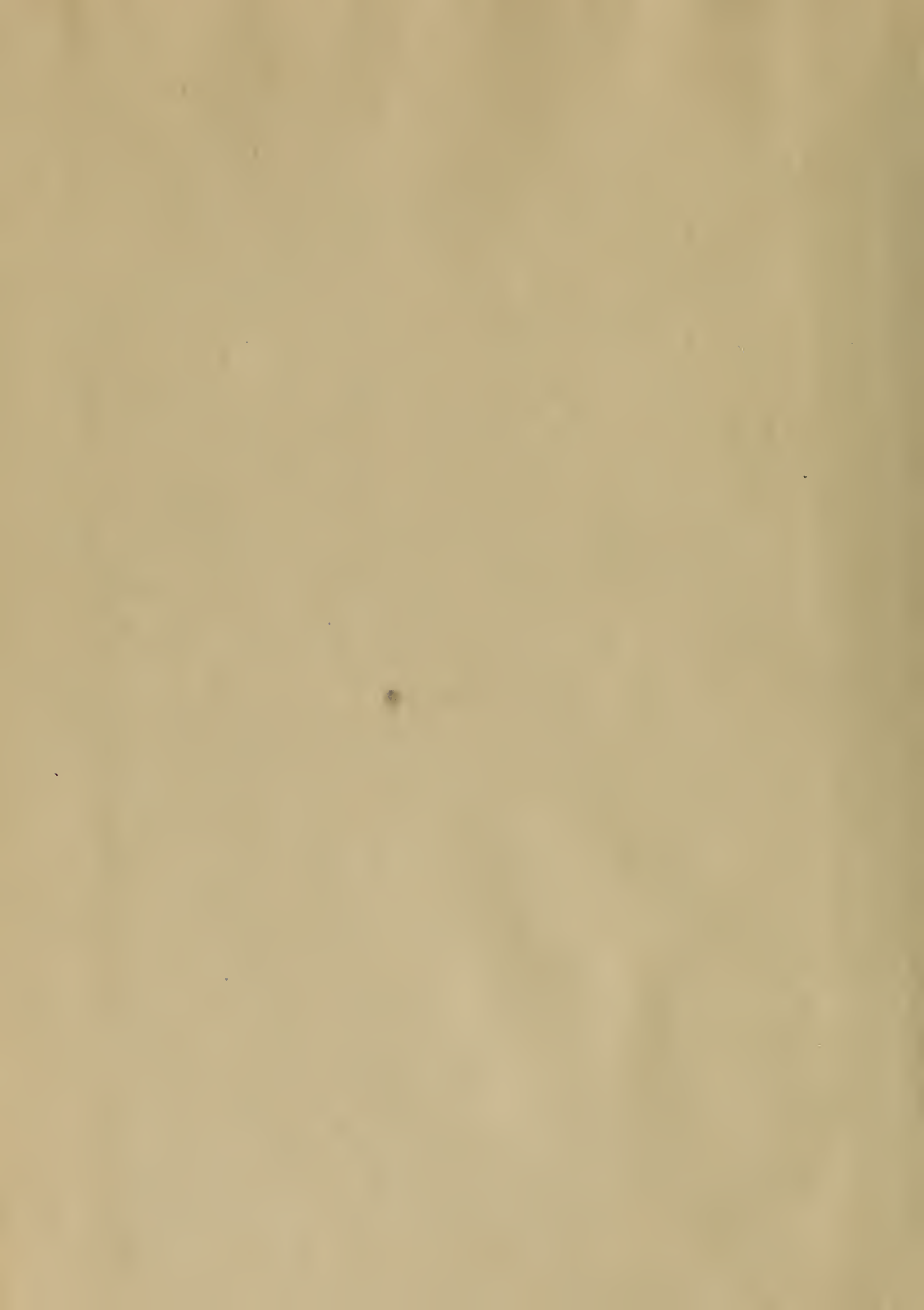
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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

Volume XVI.

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LASELL LEAVES.

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Is conversation an art? If the answer is no, then can it be made an art? Is it possible for us so to live that our conversation may be artistic?

It is a broad and many-sided question that we have in hand and one that forces itself upon us more and more. But let us see. Art includes skill in fitting or joining, and this is applicable in respect to imparting our thoughts to others, and fitting our lines of speech to the surroundings. One of the objects of the study and use of Art is to educate our perception of beauty, and how better can this be done than through the medium of our intercourse with each other? Thus we may say at the outset that conversation, at least, may be artistic, requiring, as it does, much skill.

Conversation comprises always two or more. Thus, if we would converse it must be in such manner as to include the listener not exclude him. Conversation denotes communion, though only for the time, it may be.

General knowledge is an essential in brilliant conversation, in order that we may rise to the level of superior minds or drop gracefully to the inferior minds brought in contact with us.

A fine conversationist thinks little of the acceptability of his words. "Not caring to shine he shines the more." There are many who so carry away those about them by their ease and tact in conversing, that it becomes a natural and delightful thing for persons to talk who always shrink from so doing in ordinary society.

Simplicity in diction is a great attraction and a grace to be sought. To this is wedded directness. Loud-talking, "independent" Americans too often suggest by their lack of reserve that here is an element very desirable in society talk. However, there is a decided limit and it may easily be carried to excess.

The conversation between mother and daughter seldom lacks in interest and the secret here is congeniality, as to subjects and each other. Congeniality may not always be found, but adaptation is a key powerful to unlock many secrets.

The art of being a fine conversationist is not entirely acquired. As some are said to be born with silver spoons in their mouths, others have a wealth of words which seem to rush forward at a single sign of command.

Even our greatest writers have not all been conversers, though some have been able and interesting talkers. Hume, Goldsmith, Rousseau, and Corneille could not converse; while, on the other hand, Luther and Sydney Smith shone resplendent in conversation.

We may not all be humorists or, like Madame De Stael, "make ourselves beautiful by our words," but we can be well read, have command of a good vocabulary, be simple and direct, think much and lose no opportunity to converse with fluent conversationists and learned people, or at least listen to them. A good listener almost ranks beside the good speaker. One who can listen without interrupting, and appear always interested and attentive.

If through these means, conversation is artistic, it is a beautifier of every-day life for which we ought to seek. That which ornaments our daily lives, which at best are much too prosaic, or we allow them to be so, we ought to cultivate; and not only for our own higher education and pleasure but for the benefit of the society in which we move, we ought to strive to converse with ease and beauty.

ON the 29th of September, Principal Bragdon was missed from his accustomed place, when we gathered for the evening chapel exercises. To our surprise he had stolen away, with no word as to his departure, and had actually started upon that long-talked-of "tour around the world."

Behind him, however, he had left us his tender words of farewell, and, in response to his wish, as his train sped past Auburndale, the girls sang heartily and feelingly, "God be with you till we meet again."

On Oct. 9, the Lasell party, numbering eleven, and including Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon and their

two children, Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Bragdon, of Evanston, Ill., Miss Amelia B. Coe, of West Newton, sailed from San Francisco to Japan and China, thence on to Siam, Burma, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, and Sicily. They sailed on the steamship "China." They will round the globe, and reach home June 12. Lasell bids them God-speed, and, in the absence of our principal, will do honor to Miss Chamberlayne, the reigning queen, and to the work he has left us in hand.

WHEN we take up that useful article, the lead pencil, how seldom do we cast upon it a single thought, even so much as to wonder how we should do without it. Its history is not a very old one, yet none the less interesting. Probably in the very earliest times there was some substance used by men for the purpose of making signs, or writing on parchment, paper, or other material, but the first mention made to an article resembling the black-lead pencil is, that a parchment of Theophilus seems to have been ruled by one. The first allusion, however, to the form now in use was made in 1565, by Conrad Gesner, of Zurich. He described it as "an article for writing, formed of wood and a piece of lead."

About this time the Borrowdale mine in Cumberland was discovered, and this mine gave to the world a supply of very fine graphite, which was used in its original state for pencils. The lead was then square, enclosed in a casing of wood. Attempts were made to make lead as good for use as that obtained in Cumberland, but they were unsuccessful until Conté, of Paris, invented the method by which all lead pencils are now made, and which is considered the best.

The lead made by this process is a mixture of graphite and clay. The graphite is first pulverized, washed with an acid to free it of iron, and then made friable at a red heat. It is then put into a vat with water, and the heavier grains sink. This is done many times, until only the finest part of the substance remains. The clay is treated in a like manner, and then the two are mixed in different proportions, according whether the pencil be hard or soft. After being ground together, they are placed in bags, and compressed to a

dough by means of a press. The dough is put into a brass cylinder, having small circular holes in the bottom, and as the piston works, it presses the dough through the holes, making long threads, which are laid on a board without being broken. After drying on this board for some time, they are placed on grooved boards and dried by a slight heat. This makes the form which we now see.

The cedar, prepared to receive the lead, is made of two pieces ; one grooved and being very thick ; the other is thin, and after the lead is placed in the groove, is put on and glued to the thick piece.

Nuremberg is the centre for the manufacture of pencils. This is where the great factories of the Fabers are. In these factories 5,500 persons are employed, and 250 million pencils are manufactured yearly.

BEETHOVEN'S ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE, by Beethoven, is an air of serene joy, tinged with melancholy, the sense of which is enhanced by a knowledge of its origin.

One evening a large company was assembled in the salon of Countess von D——, at Vienna, to be present or assist at one of her favorite evening *conversazioni*. Many of the nobility of the Imperial City were present, and engaged in the most animated conversation. Much was expected from this *soirée*, for persons had promised their assistance whose names alone were enough to keep the whole company in a state of excitement.

The countess was at this time enjoying a visit from her niece, Adelaide von W——, whose great beauty and accomplishments had won much admiration. She was expected to sing, and, with queen-like demeanor, soon entered the room. The countess introduced her to those present. She looked very handsome in a white satin, adorned with jewels, and a simple, yet costly, string of pearls wound about her brown natural curls.

There was also expected an artist from Vienna, named Von Beethoven, who had created a sensation in the musical world. He was personally acquainted in the house of the countess, through his instructions on the piano to her little daughter.

Upon the arrival of a tall and manly figure with firm steps, many contradictory opinions were expressed about his talents, glory, eccentricities, unpolished manners, their doubts as to their hearing something of his much-praised piano playing, because at times he would not comply with special requests.

The countess introduced Beethoven. The manner which he assumed and the mere name "artist" gave to him kind reverence from all.

Soon the countess requested her guests to take seats, as the *soirée* proper was to begin. Beethoven retired into a window recess, where, without being observed, he could see everything. The first number, a recitation by a young lady, was well received. After a pause, Adelaide stepped forward. She seemed to be excited, yet her motions showed only a natural or spontaneous and graceful vivacity. She sat down to the piano and began a prelude. Deep silence reigned throughout the room. All eyes were upon her. Even Beethoven regarded her with interest. She slowly lifted her eyes and looked smilingly around, then began singing to her own accompaniment. Accidentally she had turned her dark eyes towards Beethoven. Just in that very moment it became clear to him what he had so earnestly desired. He became flushed, but controlled his excitement, and listened with apparent repose but internal emotion to the soft tones from Adelaide. Having finished several airs from favorite operas, she arose, and ended the great applause which followed by repeated bows. The enthusiasm among the guests was warm. Only one was silent and looked towards the piano where he had heard the sweet sounds, and seen the heavenly apparition ; it was Beethoven, upon whose soul Adelaide's picture was deeply impressed. He saw nothing around him, for he only listened to the vibrations of a chord in his soul, which, until that evening, had never been touched.

Aroused by some of his admirers, and by refreshments, he was compelled to leave his reverie and enter into conversation. After this he retired to his hiding-place, thinking some one else would take part and thus enable him to give free scope to his thoughts. He was surprised when Adelaide approached with grace, and in a melodious voice requested him, in the name of all present, to

play something on the piano. Cold shudders ran through his frame ; any other person he would have refused, but her he could not. Soon he sat musing at the piano ; he looked up and saw Adelaide near, watching him with eager expectation. Sudden thrills ran through him. His soul urged him to express newly excited sensations. He sank into strains so replete with hope and trust that the listeners were completely carried away with it, and he left the piano in the midst of their most sincere and enthusiastic admiration.

Because of nervous excitement and sudden indisposition, he was obliged to leave the company. The next morning he sat in his own residence, before his writing-desk, and composed. He was somewhat exhausted, this morning, by the irresistible impulse he felt in himself ; however, he was inspired with new life, and the notes seemed to flow from his pen. The piece he then wrote he intended for one being only, it was a song of spring and love, — “ Adelaide.”

As he read it through, complete happiness rested on his countenance. He restlessly seized another pen and piece of paper and began to write. Excitement drove him from his chair ; he walked up and down the floor and seemed unable to come to a conclusion. He returned to the desk somewhat calmed, wrote a letter, folded it, and sealed it with the just finished song. While musing, he was aroused by a knock at the door. The Countess von D—— had sent a servant to inquire after his health. Saying he was quite well, save a bodily exhaustion, he rushed to the table, took up the letter and handed it to the servant, with the words, “ This to Miss Adelaide von W——.” The servant departed, but in the afternoon returned with an invitation for Beethoven to visit Adelaide. He immediately followed the servant.

On reaching her home he regained his self-possession. Adelaide received him with that grace which had charmed so many hearts. She told him that she felt herself highly honored in seeing at her own room so celebrated an artist and composer, and tendered him graceful acknowledgments for the letter and the beautiful song dedicated to her.

Beethoven said, “ Your picture inspired the song ; my true regard for you dictated the letter.”

Adelaide tells him how his music can enrapture one’s soul.

“ Ah ! would my sounds had spoken to one heart ! ” replied Beethoven, seriously, as he looked at Adelaide firmly and quietly. Adelaide understood Beethoven, and when, in her enthusiastic remarks in regard to true artists, she said, “ Happy the maiden for whom an artist’s heart beats ! Happy the woman who is allowed to love an artist ! ” Beethoven arose, with tears of joy in his eyes, tremblingly took Adelaide’s hand, and said, “ I love you.”

Adelaide was startled, but soon said, with an ironical smile, “ Permit me to leave you : my cousin expects me. I beg you write to me often. When Count Saintovere, one of my relatives, arrives here, this matter will be arranged.” Beethoven kissed her hand and left her.

Adelaide went to her young cousin Clementine. They comment on the artist and his manner. Adelaide knew she could trifle with his feelings, and thought, “ To play with one artist’s soul is more interesting than to be in possession of many others.” She thinks how Saintovere, her husband, will laugh when, on his arrival, he learns how she, his own wife, has been representing herself unmarried, and has been playing with the hearts of the high Germans.

Beethoven now passed the happiest days of his life ; he wrote frequently to Adelaide, and was answered as often by her. During this time he wrote his “ Second Symphony,” a pure and deeply-felt work, and the admiration of all lovers of music.

One day, on his return from an agreeable promenade, he found in his room a package. He was astonished to find in it the song which he had sent to Adelaide, and a note reading as follows : —

Dear Sir, — It seems necessary to me to open your eyes in regard to a certain affair, and, at the same time, to “ settle it.” You have served my wife for an entertaining toy. You are excusable for having been deceived, because artists are generally short-sighted in such affairs ; I know that by experience. My wife has requested me to send you this song, because she could keep it only so long as she was called Adelaide von W——. I do not know whether this will astonish you. Console yourself with many a simple-hearted German, who deceived himself in the settling of his affair. At close, I take the liberty of announcing to you, that, as you are reading this note, we are on our way to Paris, and we think of you with the liveliest interest.

SAINTOVERE.

Beethoven was excited ; his pride was hurt ; his passions raged furiously within him. He tore the note into many pieces, and delivered it to the flames. He then took up the song, with intentions to treat it in the same way, when one of his friends, the celebrated singer Barth, entered the room.

He soon learned the condition of affairs, and said quickly to Beethoven, "What are you going to do with it?" "Destroy it," was the short reply. "Oh, let me look at it but once," said Barth. "A song, — oh, let me sing it!" "Then sing away," cried Beethoven, with a sinister look ; and Barth took the song from him. Beethoven remained in the middle of the room, with arms folded and eyes cast down. Barth played and sang the song with his pure, enchanting tenor voice. At these sounds, so well known to Beethoven, his wrath changed into deepest pain ; for each expression of true and warm feeling, each soft note, wounded his tender heart. He listened without breathing ; he heard that last joyous call, "Adelaide," and felt his pain dissolve. With tears of sorrow in his eyes, he slowly approached Barth, and, tremblingly taking his hand, said with subdued voice, "Adelaide shall not be consigned to the flames."

Thus through the heartless play of one character on the true and strong yet emotional character of another this song was written and given to us. D.

THE following lines will be interesting to recall many happy hours and pleasant scenes, to those fortunate travellers who summered abroad with the Lasell party : —

I want to be a tourist,
And with the Shepherds stand ;
A shawl-strap on my shoulder,
Umbrella in my hand.

I want a little upper berth
Upon an ocean steamer ;
There in sleep I'd cradled be,
A calm and peaceful dreamer.

I want my meals upon the deck,
I sigh for kith and kin ;
I feel 't is more than life is worth
To see the steward grin.

There kept from sleep by whispering Gale,
I'd watch the waters gray.
Now for once, let trouble cease,
Let care be Dunaway.

I want a little guide-book, too,
A Loom's is the best ;
I'd sit and read it all the night
'T is full of interest.

I want a little camera,
That works with just a snap
I'd press the button double-quick
At a military chap.

I want to see a gondola,
I sigh for Dresden ware ;
I mean to buy a large supply
Of mosaics rich and rare.

I want to toil up Peter's dome,
'Neath Capri duck my head ;
Then on the view from Pisa Tower,
And go at once to bed.

I want to see the Milan spires.
'T is they, without a doubt ;
"Just lean a little farther round,
No fears of falling out."

I want to sleep 'neath feathers light —
'T is bliss to mind and soul ;
I want to sharpen well my teeth
Upon a "beastly roll."

I hope to ride up Rigi's height
O'er railroad with a cog.
I'd gladly risk a cold to see
The sun shine through the fog.

Each place I want to buy a spoon,
'T is fun, though friends may doubt it
Each one's "too large, too small, too dear,"
Or else there's gold about it.

I long to hear the organ play
In Fribourg's ancient loft ;
First a peal of thunder loud,
Then like human voice soft (!)

We all have seen where monarchs sit
In rooms with gems resplendent,
But most of us prefer to live
In Bay State, independent.

The Eiffel Tower now leads the world
In respect to upright standing ;
But some who started for the top
Just reached the second landing.

I dread to cross from sunny France
To merrie England's shore, —
Such sounds on shipboard ne'er were heard,
Not since the days of Noah.

I want to stay in London town,
And shop for days together ;
This London climate may vex some,
But we've had lovely weather.

I like to coach it through the fields,
O'er roadways smooth and hard ;
It is a pleasure rare to see
The home of Stratford's bard.

To Scotland's lovely hills and lakes
Our weary party turns,
For e'en though tired we still do love
The land of Scott and Burns.

This Windemere's an Eden fair,
The rain can't damp our ardor ;
Then forward march for Liverpool,
And toward the great Cunarder.

Nine days we've spent 'tween sea and sky,
For Boston's dome we're pining ;
Though far away we still can see
The lights of home are shining.

Oh, could I be a tourist,
In the Shepherd's fold I'd go,
To scorch in blazing sunlight,
Or freeze in Alpine snow.

FLAME FLICKERINGS.

As I sit dreamily dozing before the open-grate fire, the flickering, dancing flames seem to assume fantastic shapes ; and as one picture is finished, it fades away and is replaced by another.

My interest is greatly excited by watching the oncoming flames gradually shape themselves into human figures.

This first picture, as nearly as I can distinguish, is a court scene. It appears to be a room in a French palace. The walls are hung with rich tapestries, while in the centre of this spacious room, under a canopy of purple velvet, stand two chairs of state, on one of which sits the queen, surrounded by her maids of honor. My attention is riveted by the simple grace and elegance of carriage of one of these maids, whose station is at the right hand of the queen.

Her features are exquisitely formed, her nose slightly aquiline, her chin beautifully rounded, her brow smooth and white as snow, and her cheeks vie with the rose in the brilliancy of their coloring.

Her neck is long and slender, her eyes large

and blue, and full of winning softness. I see, from the glances cast upon her, that her superior beauty and grace make her the envied of all.

The flames are now dying away, and my heart sinks, for I fear I will never see this beautiful maiden again.

But no, the flames rise, and a new picture is presented. My beauteous maid is seated in the garden of Windsor Castle. She is dressed in a robe of the cloth of gold, trimmed with pearls, with a bodice of blue, and large, open sleeves. Over this is thrown a mantle of white satin, lined with ermine.

A chain of orient pearls encircles her neck, from which is suspended a diamond cross. On her head is a black velvet cap, embroidered with pearls, and ornamented with a small white plume. Her feet are neatly incased in blue satin shoes, decorated with diamond buckles.

Soon to her side the reigning monarch quickly advances, and is now tenderly bending over her hand.

His countenance is handsome and manly, though his eyes and mouth are slightly diminutive. He is attired in crimson velvet trimmed with ermine, and wears a vest of velvet embroidered with precious stones, and over this the decoration of the Order of the Garter.

He now pleads very earnestly, and his face is lit with intense passion ; while she, with a look of modest indecision, is a type of pure maidenhood.

But ah, what strange forms the flames are now shaping ! I see a scaffold, a block, an axe ; and now, slowly, but unhesitatingly, a black-robed figure advances. Can this be she whom I so lately saw listening to the impassioned words of her royal suitor ? Can this be the newly crowned queen ?

Yes ; for, as she raises her veil to take leave of her attendants, as she slowly but firmly mounts the steps of the scaffold, as she looks around and addresses the spectators, I recognize the music of her voice, and the old-time loveliness of her face. She now prepares for the fatal axe ; she kneels and prays. She lays her head upon the block — and then I know that my beautiful queen is no more ; while nothing but dying embers remain to remind me of my past fanciful "flame flickerings."

M B. G.

PERSONALS.

GRACE FRIBLEY PENNELL, of Portland, made a flying call at Lasell, Oct. 1.

STELLA MCCHESENEY and her mother are in Pennsylvania, debating whether they shall go to Europe for a year, or wait till fears as to cholera have subsided.

ONE of the Lasell people saw Sadie Hitchcock lately at her home in Bath.

THE invitation to Commencement exercises of the St. Joseph Conservatory of Music was in the name of Miss Hax. Sorry not to go, for the sake of seeing her and her sisters.

EDITH FLINT BARKER, of Fall River, Mass., has a daughter, born last July. Her sisters Cora (Mrs. Anthony) and Jennie are both quite out of health, but under treatment by a New York specialist, with much confidence of recovery. He feeds them with beef pulp only.

ANNIE BRAGDON WINSLOW is the happy mother of a son, now approaching three months old.

THE other Belle Bragdon, who used to be at Lasell, cousin to the one who has grown up in this school, writes affectionately from Pulaski, N. Y., where she has lived since her mother's death.

HAPPY to see Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Stilwell, in August.

A KIND word from Louise Morrison, Bryan, Ohio.

NELLIE BUBB wrote, in July, that she and Florence Ryan were happy together at home in Williamsport.

CAPT. WM. L. FOX sent invitations to Mr. Bragdon for the Annual Encampment, at South Framingham, of the Charlestown City Guard. Sorry no one could accept.

AGNES W. FANNING signs herself "one of the girls."

MARGARET BLANCHE BEST, who is well remembered at Lasell, began here her training in physical culture, which during five years' absence she has carried forward in Boston and New York, and for the last two years has taught physical culture and elocution in Allegheny College, at Meadville,

Pa., and also at the Meadville Conservatory of Music. Miss Best was a pupil at Dr. Sargent's summer school in Cambridge, and has just received the prize awarded for the most perfect female development. A Bowdoin student took the prize awarded to men. One thousand dollars was divided between these two, selected from three thousand competitors. We congratulate our Lasell girl, Miss Best.

CARRIE BROWN wrote of Minnie Hartzell's death, and of the love she had inspired.

MR. PRIEST, of Auburndale, of the firm of Priest, Page & Co., agents for the Home Scale, has made one of the first presents to Lasell. Scales gratefully received. Lasell girls are weighed twice a year.

MR. MCECHRON, Carrie's father, is building a new house at Glens Falls.

IRENE SANFORD and her mother talk of coming to Auburndale for a year. Mrs. Kendig, with her daughters, Carrie Kellogg and husband, Annie Peirce, husband and children, have been visiting her.

IDA PHILLIPS dates from Kingston, R. I., but has been summering awhile in Maine, on the seashore.

MARY STEBBINS proposes to take a few pupils in drawing and painting at her home in Marlborough, N. H. It is a winter plan. She wishes herself back at Lasell.

KIND words from Alice Magoun. She seems to be decidedly gaining in health; has been known to go out to dine with a friend, to take a sail down the Kennebec, and expects yet to be "an Amazon." Good news.

NELLIE CHAMBERLAYNE was again at Cumberland Foreside, in Maine, this summer, and lately visited Lasell.

WE hear that Alice Linscott Hall is studying German, in view of going to Germany next June, to remain a year.

ELLA HOLDEN, of Montreal, presumably went to France in August to study music. Her sister goes to study art.

CARRIE EBERSOLE dates from Bellagio, Lake Como, Italy. She is very enthusiastic in describing her journey through Sicily.

MAME HATHAWAY has been visiting Elsie Jones Rouse. Sue Day has been with Lillie Eddy; and among other summering parties, Annie Bushnell entertained Ida Simpson, Lina Jones, and Bertha Simpson in a cottage, "Camp Content," which at high tide was surrounded by water. Maud and Mabel Mathews, while in Bangor, often saw Nellie White.

AN old magazine shows that Dio Lewis was teaching his gymnastics system in Lasell Seminary in 1860, and it was liked better than any other.

NELLIE ANGUS CALDWELL, with husband and child, have taken a journey from their home in Omaha, through Central America to San Francisco. They found the heat of Panama, etc., excessive even in January.

SOMEBODY has had a glimpse of Mabel Stevens and Milly Swan, at Lowell.

GERTRUDE WOODBURY tells of a visit from Mollie Lathrop, and describes the quicksands of their vicinity (Burlington, Vt.), and the sudden wash-outs that occur.

A WORD from Emma F. Strong, Madison, N. J.

WINNIE EWING COFFIN sends most cordial greetings to her *alma mater*, which she calls the "Mecca" to which her heart turns. She says Mamie Bierford is back from Europe, and Sue Hallock has been visiting her. Maude Van Horn was the guest of Bess Harwood, Annie Gage of Josephine Farnum, and Lida Peck in Port Jervis.

ETTA STAFFORD has been teaching a little during the summer. She writes from her home in Decatur, Ill.

GERTRUDE REYNOLDS writes amusingly of her futile attempts to study in hot weather, and of her experiments in cooking. She calls her years at Lasell the happiest of her life. She has a word to tell of Mabel Boyd, from whom she has a letter.

MRS. HATTIE WILLIAMS WILSON sends photographs of her two lovely baby girls, for the school album.

MRS. SARAH COREY BRAY enjoys the church work at Leominster, which she shares with her husband. She has met Cora Dawes Denison, Lucy Dudley, and hears from Carrie Waters.

MR. BRAGDON was happy to meet Carrie Allen at Winthrop Beach in the summer. She now lives in Boston.

MRS. SUE MILES KINSEY has a baby daughter; a summer gift, we believe.

GERTRUDE STEWART is famed for tennis playing. We think she learned at Lasell, or began there.

A THIEF broke into the Peabody mansion and stole Nan's S. D. pin. Does that make him an honorary member, as she asserts?

JOSEPHINE E. BAKER, of Rockford, Ill., called at the school late in July with her mother, two sisters, and brother.

NANNIE WOOD (Mrs. Leonard) lives in Piqua, Ohio, and writes of a happy home there.

LINA JONES has been visiting Maud Oliver.

THE "big four" of Mr. Shepherd's party in Europe were Misses Burnham, Dunaway, Merriam, and Gale. So *they* say.

VIRGINIA AND WILLIE STOWE had a visit from their father during the summer.

GRACE RICHARDS has won a prize in elocution at Drew College.

JOSEPHINE FARNUM called in the summer. Her sister Nellie will be Europe until October.

THE Kiser family moved to Davenport, Iowa, some months ago, a year perhaps.

MRS. KEILER, Mr. and Mrs. Vilas, and Mrs. Anderson, parents of pupils, were here in the summer.

ADA MARSH has been visiting Blanche Pruyne.

FLORENCE DURFEE expresses warm admiration of *Allerlei*. Grace is busy with her music class.

MABEL COGSWELL has been part of the summer at Yonkers, with Virginia Johnson Millbank, and the latter has been with her a little time. The Cogswell family is now large, ten in number, as Ida (Mrs. Bailey) is at home with her children for a year. They are making a change; Mr. Bailey goes into business at Stillwater, Ma-s., next spring.

A BRIEF good-by call from Mr. and Mrs. Rowe in September.

A NOTE from Helen H. Sangree, Tarrytown, N. Y. The last time heard from was at Berlin, Germany.

MYRTIE SINSABAUGH's father has bought a charming house in Washington, and moved into it. Myrtie and her mother spent the summer at Saratoga, also visited Round Lake, and Bishop and Mrs. Newman.

HATTIE ROBBINS REEVES lives at Syracuse, N. Y. Her baby boy died in July, we regret to hear.

MAUDE MATHEWS writes most gratefully to Mr. Bragdon for the good counsel he gives in chapel and at the prayer-meetings, and seems to appreciate his religious influence everywhere in the school.

ALICE HAMILTON, of Medford, Mass., teaches physical culture and elocution this year in Columbia Institute, Columbia, Tenn.

FANNIE LAMME wrote from Dresden, Aug. 4, that she decides to stay in Europe, now she is there, and is enjoying so much, even though her sister comes home.

LUCY CURTIS tells of Lillie Potter, who has been summering in Plymouth, quite out of health, but happily improving.

MISS ELIZABETH D. MOWRY, of 22 St. James Street, Boston, called in the summer and reported herself, as she should. She was of the time of Mr. Cushing.

WE are assured that Jennie Williams, of Omaha, will change her name this fall, but we don't dare yet to tell the new one she will take.

JENNIE BROWN has been visiting Lizzie Day. She tells that Lutie Price spent the summer at Cape May. Nellie Alling is to be married in October. Fannie Hanscome Herbert has a nice new house. Mary Beach is reported engaged to a Washington man. Sue Day has been away nearly all summer. Lizzie hears from Laura Munger Ninde indirectly, through her brother at Brown University.

Zion's Herald, of Aug. 27, has a long account of St. Bartholomew's Church, the oldest in London. It is of this church that Lasell has lately obtained a very fine etching.

MARTHA H. HENRY, of Akron, Ohio, writes about the old girls of her time, and thinks so many girls have come to Lasell from that town, that even these old ones have a claim on Mr. Bragdon.

MRS. E. C. VAN HUSEN, once Kittie Morrill, the late loss of whose father we have noted, made a visit to Alaska in July. In a late number of *Zion's Herald* we find a graphic description of this trip from her pen. The Muir glacier is the central point, the mountains surrounding, the flowers upon them, and the missions of that region, make a very interesting article.

NELLIE CANFIELD sends the picture of her little boy, Charles Canfield Cunningham, a bright little fellow of three and a half years. Another Lasell grandchild is Arnold Brooks Bradley, a cherub of ten months, of Portland, Ore.

MR. FRANK W. RICHARDSON, who painted the large picture, a view at Grez, France, bought by Lasell last spring, has returned from Paris, and with his uncle, Mr. C. H. Richardson, made a call on Mr. Bragdon during the summer. He will probably take a studio in Boston.

MR. LEAVITT's large fruit painting came in during the vacation, and is a delight to the eyes as it stands now, on an easel in the reception-room. It is wonderfully true to nature.

FLORENCE M. CROWELL, we learn through the press, is called to the chair of Modern Languages and Literature in Otterbein College, Ohio, on a salary of \$700 a year. She was at Lasell in '78.

MAY CLARK (Mrs. Tylor) called during the summer. Annie Clark, from Mamaronek, also was at Lasell some time in vacation.

MR. BRAGDON and family, with Miss Ransom, were at Cottage City in the summer for a time. Mr. B. made a note of other Lasell people and their friends who were in the same place. The list may not be complete: Mabel Ashley, Geo. Batstone, Pauline Collins and their family, Susie Baker, Fannie Dillingham, Mrs. Keyes, Emma Cooney, Maggie Livingston, Dr. Packard's family, Mrs. Sawyer, with her family, V. and W. Stowe, Maude Whitney, Nettie Woodbury, Miss Woodward, Mrs. Skinner and daughter.

GERTRUDE BENYON (Mrs. Walter E. Parker, of Kansas City), during many months of her husband's severe illness, has carried on his business (real estate), made herself acquainted with its details, and kept it in good condition. To do this, she has to be out every day, and ride a long distance ; but her family think the outdoor exercise has helped to keep her in good health.

MISS MARY COE is spending the winter with friends in Florence.

MISS LIZZIE FREEMAN, while at the Thousand Islands this summer, fell from a horse, spraining both ankles. She expects to remain at home this year.

ALLIE GARDNER met Julia Cay in Chicago. She had been making relatives a visit, and was soon to return to the East.

FRANCES BARBOUR, '89, has been visiting Etha Pearce, '90, at Elmyra, N. Y.

MAME FISHER and Amelia Davis visited the Seminary, Monday, Sept. 29.

MARRIED.

AUG. 27, Kate W. Forsyth to Edwin M. Herr, in Northumberland, Pa. She was at Lasell in '81.

IN September, Laura Conger to George Lendrum, Jr., at Des Moines.

SEPT. 17, Elvira L. Hitchcock to Charles L. Williamson, at West Haven, Vt.

SEPT. 30, Carrie Marcia Brown, '89, to Robert Tilton Cassell, at Denver, Col.

SEPT. 30, Lottie Freeman Hardy to William Herbert James, in Boston. They will live at Newtonville. Here in '82 and '84.

OCT. 1, Lucy Helen Foster to Herbert Lincoln Fenn. Will continue to live in Canton. At Lasell in '83.

OCT. 1, Etta M. Jackson to Dr. James H. North, Jr., of the United States Navy.

OCT. 15, Anne Michell, '87, to Edward R. Martin, in Martinsville, Ind. They will reside in Kansas City.

OCT. 21, Nellie E. Alling to Herbert A. Thayer, in Grace Church, Denver, Col. Will live at Vernon Street, Brookline, Mass. She was here in '84 and '85.

DEATHS.

IN July, at Carbondale, Ill., Dr. James Roberts, father of Mary A., pupil at Lasell in '85 and '86.

AT his home in Detroit, Mich., the father of our whilom pupil, Kittie Morrill (Mrs. Van Husen).

AT Warren, Mass., recently, Minnie Strickland's father.

MR. HIRAM R. ANDERSON, who has just died at Lake Forest, Ill., was the eldest brother of our Julia. A young man of great integrity and promise.

MAI SUTTON, '90, too, has lost a dear mother during the summer vacation. Mai was still wearing mourning for her brother, Lieut. F. E. Sutton, lost at Samoa.

AT her home in Denver, Col., Minnie Routt (Mrs. Chas. Hartzell). She leaves an infant son. Those who knew her at Lasell will mourn with her family in this bereavement.

LASELL ROUND-THE-WORLD PARTY.

OCT. 3.

WE're in Nebraska now, not far from Lizzie Davis's home and Bertie Burr's and Miss Hathaway's ; and a beautiful land it is, too, — beautiful ! I like its wide reaches, its long long views, its rolling surfaces, its big herds and generous acres, its sense of SIZE ! Its colors are as brilliant and deep as New England's. The reds and greens and yellows of its young trees have charmed me all the morning, while the acres of bright, dark-red sumach brighten the browns of the weeds and grass and corn into pictures as beautiful as varying, and as varying as only God's own unlimited thought can form. It is wonderful !

The party is slowly gathering. We are now six, Miss Oskamp, of Cincinnati, joining us at Chicago. Mary Wilson could not go now, but may join us in Japan by a later boat.

We lunched at Pawnee just now. A good car, good road (Rock Island), good food, good com-

pany, and good spirits make a happy party. At St. Joseph we had double good-fortune, meeting the elephants, camels, dromedaries, ponies, zebras, etc., of Barnum's circus, and at the station (Lasell folks don't say depot), Annie McDonald and Edith Hax, handsomer than ever and as cheerful as if their old Principal were come to stay instead of being on his way to the ends of the earth! They gave good account of St. Joseph Lasell girls — most of them — and wanted to be assured that Lasell was taking good care of the last of the McDonalds, Marie. I gave my word for it, so see you do! Good by was not said this staid and proper city till we had seen one of its sights, the long wagon of "Cyclone Bob, the gun-maker," two wheels gone, the other two serving only to give the whole machine a quarter tip earthward. It takes the West to do things up in shape!

But the West is the land of expansion! Here is room to stretch! Miles of hedges run green lines, over these broad sections. They reckon by sections not acres. That "patch" of corn covers half a section. They count by hundreds not heads. The main streets of many of these embryo cities are breast high with grass and weeds, but they are not narrow or pinched for space. The houses are mostly one story or one and a half, but they are not *huddled*. Saw a village a bit back whose houses were all freight cars, but bright-looking girls as any down East were doing the work, stopping to look at us as we passed.

OCT. 4.

We awoke to the sight of Pike's Peak, covered with sunlit clouds and draped with snow! Seventy miles away they said it was, but it looked ten. The brown hills look sturdy and strong. We ate a good breakfast at Colorado Springs, and are now running into Pueblo over brown and gray prairies.

LOCALS.

OUR number has been increased by eighty-three new members; they are: Frederica Adams, Lottie Appel, Mary Baily, Lizzie Baldwin, Jessie Baxter, Sara Bond, Jean Brookmire, Laura Brooks, Bessie Brown, Edna Burdick, Bertha Burchard, Mary Busell, Mable Case, Emma Choate,

Blanche Chance, Grace Coon, Margaret Coon, Hattie Cooper, A. Cornell, Elizabeth Crawford, Elizabeth Creswell, Daisy Curtis, Edna Dice, Alice Donallan, Clara Eddy, Lottie Eddy, Mabel Falley, Carrie Fisher, Jessie Gaskill, Carrie Gilman, Grace Griffin, Emma Hackett, Mary Hagar, Alice Howe, Elizabeth Hatch, Lilly Hathaway, Flo Hartwell, Abbie Hartwell, Julia Hogg, Belle Horten, Dora Jackson, Mabel Jaques, Minnie Jones, Grace Keiler, May Klein. Eloise Knowles, Hilda Knowles, Anna Lewis, Mary Loomis, Florence Mann, Patti Means, Mary Miller, Hattie Mitchell, G. McDonald, Mabel Morse, Margaret Morse, J. Neidringhaus, F. Neidringhaus, Lizzie Overman, C. Perrin, Florence Palmer, Bessie Phelps, Lucie Pinney, Alice Platt, Elizabeth Prescott, N. Pitcher, Vinnie Rose, Anna Sands, Hattie Scott, Florence Silloway, Gertrude Simpson, Ellen Simpson, Lucy Simon, Nellie Taft, Mollie Taylor, Ida Tillar, May Tullys, Hattie Van Cise, Carrie Van Sickle, Jessie Vilas, Fanny Watson, Emma White, Lulu Whitney, Charlotte Witte.

It has now become quite the proper thing to wear your heart — well, if not exactly on your sleeve, in some conspicuous place on your person, and Lasell girls make no mistake as to the proper position of this organ.

MONDAY, Sept. 22, proving pleasant, a party of about fifty, accompanied by Prof. Bragdon, took the 12.50 train for Bunker Hill and the Navy Yard. Of course they ascended the monument, and saw all there was to be seen; then returned home very hungry and tired but more than pleased with their pleasant afternoon.

TEACHER in Literature. — What kind of literature prevailed chiefly in the reign of Elizabeth, in England? Bright Junior. — English literature.

ONE of "Our Honorable Seniors" requests that it should be announced in the LEAVES that their table is the centre of attraction.

THE usual large number of students visited the places of historic interest in and about Concord and Lexington, Monday, Sept. 29. Four barges left Lasell early in the day, arriving at Concord in time to take luncheon on the battle-ground. Emerson's, Hawthorne's, and Louise Alcott's

homes, the old School of Philosophy, Walden Pond, where Thoreau lived as a hermit, the Old Manse, — these alone are things which make this trip by far one of the pleasantest of the year.

SOME of our old girls have changed their names. Nothing serious; it's only their first names.

MISS TAPPAN, as English teacher, is successor to Miss Cutler, whose resignation went into effect last June; and Dr. Hoyt is now our resident physician.

EXTRACT from Geography examination. — "Some of the wonders of Ancient Egypt were its long lines of kings, pyramids and needles."

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE, IF YOU'D BEEN ME?

ONE summer eve, as through the woods I strolled,
I chanced to meet a maid both young and fair,
Whose guileless countenance most plainly told,
Beyond a doubt, that she of wrong had ne'er
Been conscious; yet this maid divinely fair
Looked sore perplexed. I marvelled much at this,
And longed her troubles great and small to share.
"Pray tell me, little maid, what is amiss?"
Quoth I. "Aught I can set aright, sweet miss?"

She stopped, and looked at me right earnestly,
Then said: "O sir, you look so kind, I wis
I may ask *you*. Pray, truly answer me,
What is a kiss?" "What's that? What is a kiss?"
That's what she said. I' faith, a staggering question this
For any youth to have to answer. No?
Not when 't is asked him by a pretty miss?
"Whence hail you, pretty one, that you don't know
What is a kiss?" She made a courtesy low.

"Oh listen to my mournful tale. That I
Of worldly wickedness might never wot,
My father built a castle, guarded by
High walls and sentinels. And oh, sad lot!
My life I spent in that secluded spot.
Thus guarded e'er, with grief I pined away,
'Till from my prison I escaped one day.

"As through these woods I hastened, 'Hail, sweet miss,'
A man's voice cried. 'Give me one kiss, I pray.'
Give him a kiss? I was perplexed. A kiss?
I thought, now what on earth can that be, pray?
I've ne'er heard of a kiss before to-day.
The youth he gazed at me so pleadingly.
Was he in pain, that I could take away?
A kiss — was 't aught that I could give! Ah me,
A kiss I knew not what that thing could be!

"I cried, my ignorance ashamed to tell,
'I cannot. Some one else must give it thee.'
Did I aright?" "No, maiden, thou didst tell
A lie. Ah, cruel thou!" "I did n't mean to be,"

She sobbed. "What is a kiss? Pray tell it me."

"I' faith, I'll give you one, so you can see."

A lovely moonlight night — a great big tree —

A pretty maiden — no one near to see —

Say, what would you have done, if you'd been me?

Exchange.

EXCHANGES.

IT was with fear and trembling that the editor returned to find so many exchanges with the wrappers still unbroken. Again the time has arrived for careful examination and relentless criticism of contemporary magazines. The mind is weary and the heart sick to find so many articles deserving of mention, but time and tide pass swiftly by, and the publisher is loudly clamoring for "copy."

It is so interesting to learn that "the summer vacation is over," something so new, so deserving of mention. Anxious to learn of this new departure from old and well-established customs, we peruse the numerous editorials with more than usual interest, and after several hours of delightful reading the craving is appeased and the appetite satiated.

We welcome the Dartmouth *Literary* with particular delight this month, for in it is a delightful picture of our favorite, Robert Browning. It is an article tersely put, and shows an ardent admiration on the part of the author. Let us congratulate our friend on his superior knowledge, which enables him to say, "Much that we hear nowadays about the obscurity of this poet savors of cant and ignorance."

When one of the best established and most renowned colleges finds it necessary to write such self-sufficient editorials as one of our exchanges brings us, it bespeaks degeneration surely. What flourishing educator needs to praise its own increase, and enumerate reasons why students desire to have their names enrolled there?

How marked are the characteristics of different papers, especially in the line of poetry. Some treat of "Sweethearts and Wives," some of "My Best Girl," and one paper makes a specialty of early rising, viz.: —

INVOCATION.

Open thy window, lady,
Let in the fair sunbeams,
Breathe the crisp air of morning —
Awake from thy curtained dreams.

Oh, the lark has long since risen,
 The swallows and sparrows fly,
 And the robin-redbreast on the lawn
 Is chirping joyously ;

Oh, the dew-drops dance on each grass-blade,
 They dance on each leaf and flower —
 Awake, awake, my lady !
 'T is the day's best, brightest hour.

Yale Courant.

LASELL SONG.

LASELL, Lasell,
 What tongue can ever praise thee well,
 What song of mine suffice to tell
 What are thy beauties manifold
 To those who may not them behold ?
 Or satisfy, with praising thee,
 The hearts of those whose mem'ries be
 But picture galleries full of thee —
 Thy rounded slopes of living green,
 Thy wind-swept trees, the lovely sheen
 Of gleaming light, the quaint design
 Of woven shadows, clear and fine.
 A lovely Danae, sweet and fair,
 With Jove's gold tangled in her hair,
 Lies sweet Lasell, my loved Lasell,
 Whose praises I so faintly tell.

Lasell, Lasell,
 Tho' rich thy charms of hill and dell,
 These are the least that make us hold
 Thee dear; thy best is yet untold.
 We linger as the twilight falls,
 Again within thy dear loved halls,
 And mem'ry to her duty true
 Brings back the old, blots out the new.
 We tread again thy class-room floors,
 Again press thro' thy wide-swung doors,
 And fast as fall the April showers
 Come mem'ries back of happy hours,
 The pleasure crowding thick and fast.
 Small ills endured that turned at last
 To blessings rich and added strength,
 And conquerors' joy was ours at length.

REFRAIN.

Lasell, Lasell,
 Thou art so fair,
 Thou 'rt loved so well,
 I cannot praise thee as I should ;
 Oh, might I praise thee as I would.
 The world should know thee, O Lasell,
 And love thee as I love thee — well ;
 Yes, past the power of tongue to tell,
 Lasell, Lasell.

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OF all the national holidays of the year, this time honored festival comes home to the hearts of the American people with the strongest appeal and the greatest significance. Christmas comes with its joyful bells, and is a time for merriment and rejoicing. Washington's birthday brings to our minds thoughts of our patriotic hero, who was indeed the father of his country.

Fourth of July also has its patriotic signification, but with Thanksgiving Day there come those higher thoughts, and man's better nature stirs with the approach of the time which has been so wisely set apart for the giving of thanks and praise to our Heavenly Father.

The restful and peaceful influences of Thanksgiving Day appeal to us far more strongly than do those traditional associations which cling about the festival.

It may truly be said that Thanksgiving Day is the oldest of distinctively American festivals. It is a legacy of the Puritans, and has been observed as a holiday more than a century longer than has the Fourth of July celebration.

The Puritans abolished Christmas as a relic of popery, or prelacy, each of which they detested, and passed laws to punish its observance, but wanting some day to replace it, the colonial assemblies, and later, the governors of the State, appointed some day in autumn, generally towards the end of November, as a day of solemn prayer and thanksgiving for the blessings of the year and especially for the bounties of the harvest.

On this day services were held in the various churches, discourses delivered, bearing, of course, upon our dependence upon the great Giver of all good and the gratitude which we should feel for his countless mercies. At these services the proclamations fixing the day and setting forth the

reasons for its observance were sometimes read. The devotional part of the celebration being concluded, the enjoyment of the social pleasures of the day followed. They were the reunion of families, and the Thanksgiving dinner.

The evening given up to fun and frolics, and merry lads and lasses find pleasure enough in its glowing hours to tide them over the weary interval of waiting for the next holiday, Christmas.

With the older people its memories abide all through the year, and many lives were made richer and brighter for the day's sweet and simple pleasure.

The New England Thanksgiving of half a century ago and earlier is observed to-day in nearly all the States, and has become a national institution. The day thus kept is usually the last Thursday of November, and is designated by proclamations signed by the governors of the several States.

Nor have we changed in the manner of observing the day. We have our devotional exercises, as of old, and then our social enjoyment. It is to us the one day of the year sacred to the family reunion, and on the day before Thanksgiving all our public conveyances and thoroughfares are crowded with people going to these reunions.

At the feast, the turkey is the universal dish, so much so that a witty Frenchman suggested that the turkey should have been the national bird. Mince-pies are also indispensable. This dish dates back to Queen Elizabeth, — books of that period mention, "ye mynce pye."

As each year rolls by we look with pleasure and thanksgiving on dear, familiar faces around the table, or note with sad heart some vacant place, and as time passes on, and the vacant places grow in number, we look forward to the reunion again in a happier land where there shall be no more parting, and an eternal thanksgiving. "There's music in the air." Yea, verily; but how little we think, in our hurried pursuit of knowledge, what it has done and is doing for us!

Some one has likened it to a language; the translations are sometimes hard, and again may be read very fluently; there are the puzzling idioms and the tautological expressions.

Some pieces are visions of fairy-land: all light and laughter; others, hard realities in tales of war.

We go to a musical, enjoy it at the time, but how seldom do we derive any good but the good of being, for the time, pleased? A piece which in its grandeur inspires us to nobler thoughts, elevates our characters to a higher plane, makes us more charitable toward our neighbors, is worthy of a place beside any sermon that was ever written.

What was it but a simple song that kept the men of our Civil War courageous and brave to the last. A song stirred all France at the time of the Revolution. And what is more noteworthy than that line from Congreve, which comes home to our own country, so applicable in regard to the poor Indian, —

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

It was with much pleasure that we learned, shortly after our arrival at school this fall, that the Bible was to be made a regular study. It had been attempted before, more seriously last year, when Dean Wright, well known in Chautauquan circles, gave a series of lectures on "The Scientific Method of Studying the Bible," but each time the attempt failed to produce a practical result. For this and succeeding years, however, a regular plan has been adopted, subject to improvements if desirable. The object is to make a study of the Bible, without regard to its spiritual character. In this way we aim at an intelligent knowledge of the different books, their historical setting, their authors, and the circumstances in which they were written. It is hoped that thus a more comprehensive view will be obtained of the book, and a groundwork be laid upon which we may build our future study. Having acquired a knowledge of the book merely as a book, we can look to its divine character, and make those parts our own which most strongly appeal to us, and will aid us in our life; and surely, too much knowledge will not hinder us in this work. For the general study, classes are formed which meet once in the week, and on Sunday mornings we are happy in having Dr. Peloubet for instruction in the International lessons.

In these days, when the minds of students are so engrossed by their studies, and their leisure hours,

if they have any, taken up with the literature of the times, which pours in upon us in such great quantities, there is danger that the Bible will be crowded out, and even those who do not mean to be careless of the matter neglect its study. This fact ought to be deplored among young people, it seems to us, and we are glad that Lasell has followed the lead of many English and a few Americans colleges, in making the Bible a required study. The only drawback is the short time given to it, but we can do our most to make what time we do have profitable, and hope for more in the future.

THE POETRY OF PILGRIM LIFE.

It is a common, but it seem to me quite an erroneous, belief, that the lives of our Pilgrim Fathers contained only hardships and privations, and that they were lacking in those qualities of the mind which would enable them to see the picturesque and romantic side of their existence.

It is because we ourselves do not see this bright side that we do not give them the credit of seeing and feeling it. To be sure, they were men of stern, hard exterior, of determined purpose, but still they must have had an appreciation of the beautiful when they beheld for the first time the wild forests and swiftly flowing rivers of New England. They came to a new country where the white men had never wandered, which lay spread out to them full of vague but bright promise.

Think how they must have enjoyed that feeling of exultation, of freedom from restraint, which always comes to one in the woods, where there are no confines or boundaries.

We never consider these poetical touches which make more perfect the character of our forefathers. Unconsciously our idea of them and their lives is formed by those well-known lines of Mrs. Hemans, in which she describes the landing

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,"

etc., and we always think of them either as under that cloudy sky by the rock-bound coast, or as standing up to their knees in snow under the cold, cheerless pine-trees, as they are depicted in our old United States histories. We never think that the

sun must have broken through those clouds, and that spring, following the winter, melted the snow-banks, and set the frozen springs to running again.

Then imagine the feeling of ecstasy in the sense of power to overcome difficulties that must have rushed over them. Though outwardly they were men of cold, composed demeanor, and never showed their deepest, truest feelings openly, yet I believe in their very hearts they had an intense love for nature, and realized to the fullest extent the poetry in their lives.

The peril of their situation could not but enhance its attractiveness, as their dispositions were bold and daring; besides, whatever they underwent was for principle, and principle was of all things most worshipped by them. They also had the satisfaction of having acquired their purpose, for they now had a place where they might serve their God as they believed right, and bring up their children in accordance with the doctrines on which they rested.

In view of all these facts and suppositions, can we say that there was no poetry in the lives of our Pilgrim Fathers? I grant that when food became scarce and so many of their number fell sick it looked dark and dreary indeed for them; but how cosy and comfortable they must have felt on those winter nights, shut in from the cold and storm which always accompanies our New England winters. The little huts, which we know on the outside were rough and rude, within must have been warm and bright, because the mothers were there. We can picture to ourselves the interior: cheerful, with blazing hickory logs which crackle and fall now and then on the hearth; two or three rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed children sitting about the fire break out into a game of romps frequently, for it would be impossible to keep children, even of those stern, sober Pilgrim Fathers, quiet. The sweet, gentle-faced mother sits among them, telling them stories of her life in old England, with both a smile and a tear, as she speaks of dear friends and kindred way across the waters. Then, when the father comes in from his day's toil, chilled and tired, can you not see his grave, wearied face brighten, and his eyes soften, then glow with love and tenderness, as he joins his little family group, and asks for God's blessing upon them?

We are proud of our forefathers and the noble work they did, but to the picture of stern, uncompromising duty which always appears before us when we think of them let us add that of love, which softens all hard outlines and makes the greatest privations seem light. '91.

COOKERY.

"God is perfect in proportion as he comes down, not as he remains above." This thought may seem distasteful to the reverent mind when first spoken, but consider for a moment his minute creations, his tender care for them, and his wonderful dealings with man, and you see its truth. If he had not sent his Son down from heaven to earth there had been no perfect redemption, no perfect God. The perfect woman should not be unlike the perfect God. A frequently discussed question is this; Ought women to pursue the same curriculum of study as men, and obtain what is commonly called a higher education, or should they first learn domestic duties? Few women graduate from college under twenty-one, many marry before they reach that age. How many are fitted to assume the duties of house-keeping and motherhood at their exit from college? True, all girls do not marry, but few, when preparing for college, if asked, would say that they had no intention of so doing. The ideal life, I believe, up to twenty-five years of age, would be a college course, followed by faithful domestic training. For what woman would agree to be a helpmeet to a man until she had made herself in the highest sense worthy of that name! Let us consider for a few moments why she should follow these two courses, whether she afterwards marry or not, and if she cannot be sure of time enough for so much study, which she should follow first. Let us speak of domestic training, as cooking, since that occupies so important a place in life, for we must eat to live.

The poet sings:—

"O fortunate! O happy day!
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth,
Like a new star just sprung to birth
And rolled on its harmonious way,
Into the boundless realms of space."

But how many a young husband has paraphrased the stanza thus:—

O sad! O miserable day!
When a new Bridget finds her place
Among the myriad homes of earth,
And the new loaf, ill risen to birth,
Rolls on its inharmonious way,
Not bounding in the realms of space.

The influence of the physical upon the mental and moral condition can scarcely be estimated, and is certainly no less than the mental and moral upon the physical. Just where physical dyspepsia ends and spiritual dyspepsia begins it is difficult to determine. Unsatisfied appetite will not rest until it finds gratification, young ladies, if not at home, then away from home. You will find it so with your brothers. A man, unless he be more than human, will turn from a table scantily filled with badly cooked, poorly served food,—the rich man to the club, the poor man to the beer saloon. Are you satisfied to have it so?

Into all households sickness comes, she knows no rich no poor. The good nurse must be a good cook. There is no family whose door is so closed to adversity but that rapid life or a turn of Fortune's key may open it, and though to-day you are queen of the parlor, to-morrow you may be slave of the kitchen. Coming down to its drudgery? I hope not; but by wise management and knowledge of the culinary art to make yourself queen of the kitchen also. Widening the circle of home life, your boy goes out into the world, to the south or west. No city so large, no town so small, in all his travels, but he can find gilded wine-parlor, brilliant saloon, or dirty rum-shop, and any kind of liquor at a comparatively small sum; but a good, wholesome, appetizing dinner or supper,—at a moderate price, that is at any thing less than a four or five dollar hotel—next to impossible. The former leaves him unsatisfied, eager only for more, while the latter, could he but find it, would meet his needs. If our country contained more good eating-houses at reasonable rates we should have fewer saloons and fewer drunkards, making wretched wives, mothers, and sisters.

Girls, if you want to get a good husband, show him for one thing what you can make that is good to eat! A man will appreciate good food

no less than a good education, and education no less than ability to prepare good food — get both. The higher the intellectual training, the better housekeepers we shall make, brains being indispensable in cookery, and the stronger to embrace the home-life and the world at large.

No woman can tell in which sphere her life will lie, intellectual or domestic, therefore, let her prepare for both. If the domestic training cannot be attained along with the college course, let us prepare for the latter, and then ere we step upon it gain a fair knowledge of the former, trusting the future for what we like best but may not always choose.

Woman in this country and century is a potent factor in reforms of many kinds, — remarkably so.

Into the darkness of heathendom she is sending gospel light, planting in the home-land hospitals for the sick and homes for the orphaned and wandering, and even reaching her pure hand to the drunkard in the gutter.

Has the pendulum swung too far, and shall she leave the work begun? Does her own home need reform? Are her own boys straying? Listen, sisters, to the Voice divine: "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

VISITOR.

IN ULTIMA THULE.

TO L. G. P.

O MOON, where leads you path of gold
Across the silver wave?
O would that I might flee
Into that unknown sea,—
To what, an ocean grave?

O maiden with unfathomed eye,
What 's hidden for me there?
O could I wander down
That path of wondrous brown,
What should I find, — despair?

I floated adown the golden stream,
I fathomed the eye without a chart;
I found in one a quiet dream,
In the other the maiden's heart.

Bowdoin Orient.

WHEN was the first lullaby mentioned in the Bible? When David rocked Goliath to sleep.

EVENING AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA HIGHLANDS.

Sunset! a hush is on the air,
Their gray old heads the mountains bare
As if the winds were saying prayer.

ALICE CARY.

It has been a long, golden, summer day, and it is going now, just as so many have gone before it, and as so many more will go.

Do not miss this beauty. Come with me, and let us walk again, in memory, up the silent, dusky road that winds over yonder hills. Slowly the light grows dimmer, and tired insects sing their evening hymn of praise, while the daisies and clover nod a sweet refrain. A soft breeze steals down from the mountains, laden with the breath of ferns. Notice how tenderly it lifts and caresses the vines on yonder old gray face. And now a solemn stillness comes over us, for we are passing a silent city on the hillside, the eyes of whose inhabitants have long since been closed to the mystic beauty around us.

Now we have reached the top of the hill, and are in the midst of God's picture-gallery, for on sky and mountain are hung masterpieces — those bare ledges, softened in the fading light, the glowing hills, the silent river.

What unseen altar crowns the hills
That reach up stair on stair?
What eyes look through, what white wings fan,
Those purple veils of air?

Yonder is a narrow path leading through the still, dark woods. Let us turn from the road, and follow it. How the trees whisper to each other! What are they saying, think you? Their branches look like ghostly, outstretched arms, and they make strange, flickering shadows. Now and then you hear the sleepy twitter of birds, and sometimes the night owl startles you with his weird cry. Hark! what was that? A falling stone dislodged by your foot; and yet it sounded like — But look! saw you ever anything so beautiful? We are now close down to the river. Behind yonder hill is a rim of light; breathlessly we watch it. Slowly the dark scene is changed to one of marvellous beauty. The river before us is a broad sheet of shimmering light, and far away it winds in and out among the mountains like a silver thread. "Moonlight is sculpture." How

pure and distinct are all outlines : the face of your companion, yonder boat on the river. And our hearts turn towards the Maker of this beauty, "He that formed the mountains, the Lord is his name."

L. A. A.

At the annual business meeting of the Lasell Alumnæ Association, held in June, 1890, the Constitution was revised, and now reads as follows ;—

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF THE LASELL
ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS experience has shown that good fellowship can be more readily promoted by combination of effort than by single endeavor, we whose names are hereunto affixed, have agreed to form an association to be called the LASELL ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION, and do hereby establish the following constitution for its government.

ARTICLE I. The name of this Association shall be LASELL ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION, and its objects shall be to extend acquaintance, and to promote sociability and friendliness among its members.

ARTICLE II. The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, who shall be elected annually, and shall continue in office until others are chosen in their stead. Their powers and duties shall be similar to those of like officers in like associations.

ARTICLE III. This Association shall meet annually, due notice of time and place having been given by the Secretary ; and at such other times as it may be called by the President, upon the written request of six members. At each and all of these meetings six members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE IV. Any former student in good standing, not an alumnæ, may become a member of this Association upon payment of the annual fee, but such membership shall not include the right to vote at business meetings.

ARTICLE V. This constitution may be altered or amended at any stated meeting by a vote of two thirds of the members present,—provided that written notice of said alteration or amendment shall be given at a previous stated meeting.

A GRANDMOTHER'S TEA PARTY.

THE air was heavy with the perfume of flowers, the buzz of the locusts suggested forcibly the heat of a June day. All nature was bright but languid.

The sun indeed fell in burning rays on all beneath it, but it shone more on the yellow and black brick masonry of a Dutch homestead in New

York, and seemed to light up conspicuously the figures ornamenting its front. The date, in large lettering, 1670, stood out there in proud defiance of time and looked grand in its pompous position. The weathercock from the gabled roof alone seemed to withstand the power of the sun and almost crowed back an answer.

The roses on the porch clung faintly to their support and some of the little heads peeped in at the open door, as if to gain admission to the cool precincts within.

As the day wanes the rays, less powerful, perhaps, but equally persistent, light up the old Dutch house and fall upon a charming picture.

The whitened floor of "the best room" gleams cool and throws into relief the high-back furniture, the tiled hearth, and the queer pictures on the unpapered walls. How suggestive is the chest of drawers in the corner of deftly spun linen!

Through the tiny window-panes one audacious streak of sunlight rushes at length and falls directly upon the silvery locks of a demure lady seated there knitting. She sits, and her lips set firm in Puritan manner, her blue eyes now and then flashing the thoughts of her busy brain, bend over the knitting-needles, which fly so fast, and vie with the Dutch timepiece on the mantle.

The little sun-courier darts from her across the wide room and discloses, sitting half in shadow, a placid little woman, the folds of whose pearly gown sweep the floor, and whose snowy kerchief rises and falls upon the calm breast, or is stirred by a stray breeze from the window. The quiet repose of this gentle lady who would not emulate? The little sun-ray tarries an instant.

Nearer the vine-covered door sits the hostess of this colonial mansion, in short stiff satin petticoat not deigning to reach the floor but displaying to good advantage the high-heeled buckled shoes. The lacing of the red bodice holds in its clasp the buxom form of its wearer.

Farther in the shadow that we cannot see is a gleam of more buckles and dainty feet and we hear the rustle of stiff garments.

The hum of the teakettle warns these old ladies it is time to drink tea. They draw nearer, and sip the fragrant herb from the delicate blue china cups.

The little sun-courier now dances up on the

rows of shining tins and upon the strings of onions, and watches the tea-party.

Above the drowsy murmurings of the twilight come their voices mingling in soft laughter and talk of other days. The little sun-ray grows sleepy, and is borne away by a crowd of his bright companions in search for him to join in the sunset, but ere he goes he darts a last time back into the room and rests lightly on the cheek of one of the dear old ladies, who blushes faintly at the carress, and then he is gone, and night closes about them, and only the sound of their voices can be heard, and these too hush at last, and in the deepening gloom they sit and muse.

LASELL ROUND-THE-WORLD PARTY.

OCT. 16.

WE are coming to Honolulu sooner than expected, so that I have only time to give a bare outline of our way up to now and leave the "graceful filling in" until later. Oahu is showing his brown teeth to us as we round his eastern face to reach the capital. We are six and one half days from San Francisco and have had a fine trip in every respect. We come out of our way hither to leave three hundred Chinese from Canton who were refused landing by quarantine authorities on account of cholera in Japan, the steamer having touched at Yokohama. The Hawaiian Government has said it would receive them if at the end of forty days from leaving Japan no sickness had broken out. It is not yet quite forty days, and we are all wondering whether they will insist on the letter of the time or let us leave the poor fellows, cooped up so long, and go on our way.

These coolies have wives and children with them. The babies are cute little things, as cunning and pretty (or ugly) as babies and children average. They begin to shave the head and cultivate a cue in childhood, boys and girls alike, only girls are not shaved. I noticed the barber shaving on Sunday. He used no soap, and he shaved forehead, all parts of the face and neck as well as head. It looked as if it ought to hurt.

I mailed my October scrap at the feet of the great mountains. We breakfasted at Colorado

Springs which looked barren and uninviting enough. We wondered what strange change could put the "Garden of the Gods" — if it be a garden — in this desolate region. Pike's Peak, they said, was very clear and very grand. Else there was nothing to notice. We stayed one day at Pueblo, a mighty city but not yet very handsome, and went on by Denver and Rio Grande Railroad to Ogden through Salt Lake City. The cañons are rough and in some spots grand. The mountain disappointed me, and I could n't believe when we drew into the broad valley of the Salt Lake that we had passed the crest of the continent, had really climbed the mighty Rockies. They are bare, without vegetation for most part and without snow. There are no mighty peaks in sight, covered with perpetual snow and lifting hoary heads into great silences. At Salida only did I get a glimpse of such. But remember, I speak of only what I saw on this little, very little passage. I don't think I have seen the Rockies yet. On through desert and sagebrush, up and down great grades, now needing three engines to pull up, now almost three to hold back, for a day and a night, over useless land, till we strike California. Then a new land appeared, and San Francisco, the city of hills and Chinese is reached, more I'll not say now. We had come over the continent, every moment on time, with every connection perfect, and in great comfort. At Frisco we met Mrs. Lowe and others of the party, and at one o'clock Oct. 9, as per programme, we stood out from dock. But for six hours we lay off waiting for late mails. At 7.15 we passed through the Golden Gate and pointed our bow straight for King Kalakaua.

The "China" is a fine boat every way, very spacious and comfortable. Some oddities strike the Atlantic seafarer. The time is changed for the day before breakfast, on the Atlantic at noon. I like this way better. The waiters, chambermaids, etc., are all Chinese or Japanese men. Their strange talk is new music but not unpleasant. The Pacific has long swells, which have rolled us about some, but the boat does not pitch at all. It has surprised me to find so much sea with so little wind. Our passenger list includes English, French, Spanish, Chinese, Jananese, Corean people, as well as Americans. We are now five

and one half hours behind you in Boston. It is four o'clock P. M. with you, and 10.30 A. M. with us. I follow you in your work and play, keeping my watch at Boston time. If I had only Maud Baldwin here now for a guide to these Kalea jaw-crackers!! We are just going ashore. Honolulu is in sight. We passed the leper island, Molokai, some hours ago.

This desultory letter is an object-lesson to you on the sad practice of "putting off till to-morrow what you ought to do to-day." I ought to have written yesterday, but I was too busy getting beaten at chess!

C. C. B.

JOSEPH A. HILLS.

AMONG the teachers in Boston who accomplish a great deal of important work and exert a large influence for good with no attempt to win a merely ephemeral reputation Mr. Joseph A. Hills holds a high position, by reason of natural disposition and talent no less than by culture, experience, and energy. Born in Hudson, N. H., he early gave promise of an artistic taste; this came rightly to him, for his father, Mr. Alden Hills, was a musician well deserving of the esteem in which he was held, being a performer upon the clarinet and an able director of sacred music. While yet quite a little fellow he had become a member of his father's choir, where his keen boy's voice was heard regularly among the altos. This practice, necessarily limited, stirred in him a desire to know more of music and to pursue it as his life occupation. With a boy's curiosity, he tried such instruments as he could put his hand upon, both stringed and wind, but eventually made up his mind that he preferred the pianoforte — a disposition which afterwards broadened sufficiently to include the organ also. His father judiciously fostered his son's desires and gave him the best instruction obtainable, Mr. E. T. Baldwin, of Manchester, being his first instructor upon the pianoforte and in harmony, the organ, together with the study of counterpoint, being taught him by Mr. John K. Paine, now professor of music at Harvard University.

It was not long before the result of the youth's studies began to show themselves in practical form, so that he was early employed as an organ-

ist, and was further moved to find other occupation for his talent in the composition of church music. By this time he had made himself a recognized position in Boston as a church director and organist, taking charge in such places of consequence as the Central Church in Winter Street, the famous old church — Dr. Young's, now long gone — on Church Green, Summer Street, Dr. Webb's on Tremont Street, and others. He also held the position of musical director and teacher at the school and sanitarium established by Dr. Dio Lewis at Lexington, which was then in the height of its fame and prosperity.

Present success made him only the more ambitious to rise and to excel. Giving up all his advantageous home connections, he went abroad to study, locating himself at Berlin, Germany, where he had among his teachers the world-renowned Carl Tausig for the pianoforte, and the eminent C. F. Weitzmann for harmony, theory, and composition, while among his fellow-students were Max Pinner, Reif, Beringer, and Joseffy.

On his return to Boston many applications for his services were made, out of which he accepted that tendered by the New England Conservatory, where he remained seven years. In the course of this connection he was solicited to add other engagements to those which he was already fulfilling. He finally accepted proposals made him by Lasell Seminary, and continued to instruct in both institutions until increase of labor became excessive and it was evident that one or the other must be given up.

Mature consideration favored the seminary, where he would be chief of his department, and thus free to impress his own individuality on his scholars and continue his own private work with more art profit to himself. Time has justified his choice, as the increase of the department shows, having increased fourfold already, and the standard has been constantly advanced to keep pace with the spirit of the times.

Technical training is pursued under his direction according to the best and latest methods, while knowledge of musical literature broadened and taste refined by frequent illustrative concerts. Sometimes miscellaneous programmes are arranged for those concerts, and at other times an entire evening is devoted to an exemplification of

some one master's style and writings. As a consequence, the many pupils who have been able to complete their course of study under Mr. Hills's directions, either as his private students or as representatives of the institutions which have had the advantage of his co-operation, have been at once accepted as educated exponents of musical science and art. Mr. Hills has edited valuable editions of standard music, has prepared helpful technical studies and commentaries, and has written many songs for various voices, anthems, part songs for male and female choirs, a sonata for pianoforte, and numerous shorter pieces, including some for pianoforte and violin, besides which he is now just finishing a trio for pianoforte and strings upon classical models, while other sketches are begun and only await a little season of leisure for their completion.

Mr. Hills is now in his seventeenth year at Lasell, and all who know the enterprising and active administration of that important seminary will find this in itself to be an indorsement of his vigorous, progressive character and of the absolute merit of his work. — *N. Y. Key Note.*

TALLULAH FALLS.

TALLULAH FALLS are heard of comparatively little yet, in my opinion, and I fancy I am not alone, they are extremely beautiful; even more grand, if possible, than those of far-famed Niagara.

Being in the beautiful mountain district of Georgia, the Falls of Tallulah have an advantage over Niagara in being able to boast of wonderful surrounding scenery. The waters fall seven hundred feet in three quarters of a mile; but they do not fall this distance continuously, there being three distinct falls. The river rises far up among the mountains and rushes down over the rocks with such violence that the spray seems almost like rain. Tall mountains rise on either side, at the bases of which it is dark and cool, even on the brightest and warmest of summer days.

By means of a rude walk, built in curious fashion, the river can be followed for nearly a mile of its course. The trouble is well repaid.

The almost innumerable baby waterfalls gushing forth from most unexpected places are a constant surprise and delight. Here were rock basins

filled with comparatively quiet water, and there were others into which the waters, dashing spitefully, after a hasty visit, rushed madly on.

At the foot of the lowest fall, a high tower has been erected, and from here a grand view can be obtained. Close at hand the unceasing roar of the over-hurrying waters, but far away, a quiet picture. The distant mountains, with their embroidery of countless water-falls, formed a wonderful background. We were told that on one had been successful in reaching many of these water-falls.

It was with great regret that at the top of the mountain I turned for my last look at Tallulah Falls.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

Written for the Lasell Party of 1890.

I remember, I remember
 A pleasant Boston day,
 The day we left the city
 To sail so far away.
 With saddened hearts and many a farewell
 We bade our friends adieu,
 And on a visit to the Old,
 Left far behind the New.

I remember, I remember
 The pleasant steamer trip —
 The games we played, the friends we made,
 Upon the "Scythia" ship.
 And also those funny days
 When all were quite content,
 Quietly in their chairs to rest,
 Or give their feelings vent.

I remember, I remember
 The pleasant concert night,
 When the singers did so nicely,
 And the pieces were so bright.
 And that interesting paper,
 Whose fault alone — 't was short,
 And those pleasant hidden places
 For those who wished to court.

I remember, I remember
 A very dismal day,
 When we left the steamer "Scythia,"
 And landed at the quay,
 And our really funny feelings
 When we fully came to realize
 That at last the longed-for Europe
 Was before our very eyes.

I remember, I remember
 A long and joyful tour,
 When we had no need to worry,
 For our plans they were all sure,
 And the many different countries
 With their very different sights,
 But towards the last so anxious
 To see the Boston lights.

I remember, I remember
 The day ne'er to be forgot,
 When after those pleasant 'leven days,
 We came to Boston port,
 And the many hearty greetings
 Of each and every one
 Showed me that after all, perhaps,
 There *is* no place like home.
 LILY FRIEDMAN.

PERSONALS.

MAUDIE L. STONE, graduate of 1888, though slow to write, is faithful to her Alma Mater. She is caring for her grandparents in her New Hampshire home, but goes away occasionally, and has met Bertha Gray Richards, whose wedding she attended, also Nan Bushnell, Annie Gwinnell, Sue Brown, Jessie Law, who is teaching in Springfield, and enjoys her work, Emma Gass, Grace Skinner, Lillie Upton, and Miss Ransom, who was going downstairs in a public place at Nantucket as Maudie went up. In a visit of six months at the sea-shore she has learned to swim, dive, and float. But it was not at the sea-shore that she studied Greek or English literature with the Chautauquans, being one herself.

MISS JOY, of Mt. Carroll Seminary, Illinois, was a recent visitor at Lasell. She introduced herself as Associate Principal of that school.

THE Association of Collegiate Alumnae, embracing such institutions as Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley, having established a "European Fellowship" to provide for the member to whom it is assigned the means for foreign study and travel, has selected as its first recipient Miss Louisa Holman Richardson, A. M., a graduate of Boston University, and professor of Latin in Carleton College. Miss Richardson will pursue her studies in Cambridge, England." We copy this from the New York *Christian Advocate*, and heartily congratulate Miss

Richardson. She was teacher of Latin and Greek at Lasell for several years.

CLIFFORD WARNOCK, and her parents were at Lasell some time in the summer.

IN the October Personals, Nellie *Angus* Caldwell should be Nellie *Hugus* Caldwell, Florence M. *Crowell*, should read *Cronise*, and Julia *Cay* should be *Coy*.

MISS ELIZA ANNA PARSONS was married to Mr. Ralph Marden, Oct. 23, at Rye, N. H. Their home will be in Montclair, N. J. Miss Parsons was at Lasell in 1882 and 1883.

MISS JANE BOWMAN JACKSON and Mr. Samuel Hughes Watts were married Nov. 11, at Berwick, Pa. Jennie was at Lasell from 1882 to 1885.

MISS JENNIE COE WILLIAMS was married to Mr. Don Channing Brainard, Nov. 12, at Des Moines, Ia. Jennie came to Lasell in 1883 and was graduated in 1885.

MISS ANNIE CLARK, of Mamaroneck, N. Y., married Mr. Alfred P. Butterworth, Oct. 29, 1890. Annie was at Lasell in 1887 and 1888.

MISS LUCIE MARIE ADAMS JOHNSON, of Auburndale, married Mr. Jonathan Parker Bishop Fiske. Oct. 29, 1890. Miss Johnson was a day pupil between 1885 and 1887 inclusive.

OF "old girls" who have visited the school in the past month are Nora and Elva Gibson, Nina Burr, Inez Sanford, Miss Merriam, Miss Ellis, Amelia Davis, May Fisher, Mrs. Sarah Corey Bray, Daisy Hanmer, Mamie Noyes, Lou Burridge, and Kitty Colony.

MR. AND MRS. OGIER, of the Maine conference, were here as school visitors, and Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Best spent a night at Lasell.

OUR invalid friend, Dr. Pierce, of Plymouth, being able to make some fancy pen-wipers, has been requested by the school-girls and teachers to make them two hundred and sixty for Christmas gifts. They are very pretty.

MISS J. GERTRUDE SMITH, of Portland Me., was at Lasell in the year of 1888. She died at Worcester, Mass., Oct. 27, 1890. She went to visit a friend, was taken ill four days after her arrival, and died in eighteen days, after much suf-

fering. Her funeral was held at the house of her father, Mr. F. A. Smith, Oct. 29. Miss Smith was an only daughter, intelligent, amiable, and attractive. She was at Lasell little more than five months, but made in that short time an excellent impression, and won for herself the respect and affection of all who knew her. Her untimely cutting off brings a thrill of profound sadness and much sympathy for the bereaved family, who have lost so much of their joy and sunshine. She was loyal to Lasell, and when her body was prepared for her last rest the Lasell pin was used to fasten at the throat a robe of delicate pink silk which she had ordered in Paris a year ago and thought to wear only upon festive occasions. Fair and strong in youth and happiness, how could she think that it would become to her the bridal robe of Death! Truly the dealings of Providence are beyond our comprehension.

✓ MR. ALEXANDER HOGG, of Fort Worth, Texas, father of three Lasell pupils past and present, spent several days in October at the school. Mr. Hogg is a prominent educator of the South. He has not only been for years superintendent of schools for Texas but has exerted a wide influence in neighboring States by his voice and pen; also in his native State, Virginia. As an educator he holds very advanced views.

LOIS SOULE, who was with us last year, has been visiting Eva Bond, also Katharine Watson at Toledo. She is now with Bessie Williams in Indiana.

MISS EDITH G. ANDREWS will marry Mr. Arthur M. Wright, Nov. 25, 1890, at her home, in Roxbury, Mass. Miss Andrews was at Lasell through the years of 1883 and 1884.

LOCALS.

SATURDAY, Sept. 13, a harvest festival was given. The gymnasium was artistically decorated with autumn leaves and wheat. After dancing for some time refreshments were served. We are indebted to Mr. Shepherd for this charming entertainment.

CICERO Romæ doctissimus; Cicero was the best doctor in Rome.

SUNDAY, Oct. 19, the Lasell Missionary Society held its first regular meeting in the chapel. The programme rendered was as follows:—

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|
| ORGAN VOLUNTARY | MISS THRESHER. |
| DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES | |
| LETTER FROM "WINONA" | READ BY MISS SARGEANT. |
| ADDRESS | MISS CHANDLER, OF INDIA. |
| VOCAL SOLO | MISS GALE. |
| GLORIA | |

We were pleased to see such a large attendance.

THE Senior class have chosen for class photographer, Holland.

BROTHERS, first cousins, and *fiancés* seem to be numerous this year. At dinner we have been known to have one young gentleman to every four tables. Is it only in the spring that the young man's fancy lightly turns, etc., etc.? "Head lights" and presentation speeches seem to be in order even at this unromantic period of the year.

NEW GIRL IN TEACHERS' PARLOR.—And this is where the teachers receive their friends?

OLD GIRL.—No, indeed, this is for the exclusive use of certain young ladies and their—ahem—gentlemen friends. It's perfectly safe, doors all warranted to lock, and curtains can be fastened securely.

THE following were elected officers of the S. D. Society. President, Katherine Hamilton; Vice-President, Laura Whitney; Secretary, Alice Goodell; Treasurer, Marie Shellabarger; Critic, Maud Baldwin; Musical Committee, May Hagar, Frances Watson; Usher, Grace Griffin.

How do you divide a fraction by a whole number? Insert the divisor and proceed as in multiplication.

DISCUSSION ON SMOKING. — *Teacher*. — Let me see, which was it, Grant or Garfield, who died from the effects of smoking? Oh, yes; I remember, it was Garfield.

Friday, Oct. 24, Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller lectured at Lasell, — Mrs. Miller with her winning ways, delightful lecture, and charming costumes. It is needless to say that she was listened to with marked attention, and the wish was unanimous that the pleasure might soon be repeated.

THAT "excellent thing in woman." These few simple words have come to mean much to the Lasell girl. We have them in the chapel, on the stairs, halls or in the secrecy of our own rooms, and they have been so impressed upon our minds that we even hear them when sweet sleep has claimed us as its willing subjects. They have been known to change a bright and happy girl into a most proper woman and a joyous laugh into a very sweet but dignified smile. We are now all practising "articulation without sound," and expect before many years to be the joy and credit of our seminary.

A MOST delightful piano and violin recital was given in the gymnasium, Friday evening, October 31. The Messrs George and Willis Nowell were the artists.

MISS CHAMBERLAYNE, accompanied by several young ladies, visited the "lumbago" tower Sunday.

THE very latest thing on the banjo is called The "Niggers' Dreams."

THE Lasellia Club's officers are:

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| <i>President</i> | JESSIE BAXTER. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | JANETTE BROOKMIRE. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | VINNIE ROSE. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | BELLE HORTON. |
| <i>Critic</i> | MABEL FALLEY. |
| <i>Executive Committee</i> | { GERTRUDE SIMPSON. NELLE DAVIS. FLORENCE SILLIWAY. |
| <i>Guard</i> | LU PINNEY. |
| <i>Assistant Guard</i> | CLARA EDDY. |

EXCHANGES.

WHY is it some colleges can edit papers so much more commendable than others? Is it lack of brains, lack of interest, lack of system, or can it be a combination of all which draws such a decided line between college journalisms. Some are hastily perused by all and the next number eagerly awaited, while others the wrappers are merely broken. Look at "A Story from Maine," abrupt as a whole, lacking the soul and sympathy of the writer while the sentences themselves are stiff and ungainly.

A question of matrimony in the Wesleyan *Argus*, which has been continued in two numbers is finished, and the end only fulfils our expectations which the first number lead us to anticipate.

"Νυὲ Γαῖς Ερχεται."

DEEP in the west the sun is sinking,
And the day's bright life blood is ebbing away.
The dark chill mist from the river, rising,
Spreads o'er the shores its mantle of gray.
While the shrill sharp voice of the chirping tree-toad
Hera'ds the last death throes of the day.

The air grows still and dark and chilly,
The stars peep forth with their blinking eyes,
As there, towards the east where the plain turns hilly,
A pale light pledges the new moon's rise.
And the muffled flap of the leathery bat's wing
Beats a weird time to the heron's cries.

Yale Courant.

THE REASON WHY.

INEZ is neither bright nor fair,
Has neither wit nor beauty;
To love her, one would think, would be
Forsooth a painful duty.

Grace is a charming little witch,
Perfect in figure and face;
She knows a little of everything,
Is at home in any place.
Yet never a lover follows Grace,
Not a solitary one;
While old men, young men, poets, dudes,
Alike after Inez run.

Now hundreds are counted by Inez's papa,
Where Grace's scarce reckons dimes,
And it's money that causes love, you know,
At least in these modern times.

And that's the reason, the cunning ones say,
As Inez and Grace go by, —
"Beauty's way below par to-day,
But money is ruling high."

Dartmouth Lit.

DID I love her? well, I guess I did!
I loved her with might and main.
Did she love me? well, I thought she did;
And that's about the same.
Did I marry her? well, not exactly. You see,
After I'd spent my tin,
A husband came down,
He'd been up in town,
And told me I'd been roped in.

University Cynic.

SHAKESPEARE'S JESTERS.

THE jesters of Shakespeare's plays have been greatly misunderstood by many of the poet's critics; and it must be confessed that the true meaning of their parts is somewhat difficult to grasp. They often help on our pleasure while seeming to hinder it; we may think they would be better left out, but, were they left out, we should somehow feel the loss of them.

The most noted of Shakespeare's jesters is the fool in the play "King Lear." It seems that, without him, Lear's character would not have been entirely developed. The fool disguised by his folly much truth which would have been accepted from him in no other way.

His affectionate tenderness overpowers all his nonsense. Lear evidently loved the fool, because he too loved Cordelia; and on this account we see a delicate sympathy between them, the more perhaps that neither of them ever speak to the other of her, showing that their hearts are too full to speak. The fool cannot be better described than as an earnest, tender man, masked as a simple foolish clown; "one in whom fun and frolic are elevated into tragic beauty," and whose mournfulness appears beneath his gayety. Who can fail to see the true man when he says, "I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, Nunch," speaking to Lear.

What a noble spirit he shows in his vain attempts to avert Lear's melancholy thoughts, while his jests come from a heart bursting with pity and sorrow! The most noteworthy point in him is, that while his own heart is slowly breaking, he never speaks or even appears to think of his own suffering.

"His anguish is the anguish of sympathy, a sympathy so deep as to make him forgetful of self."

We see him no more after he says, "And I'll to bed at noon," which simply means that the poor fellow is dying. He cares no longer to live; for Cordelia, whom he loved, is gone, Kent and Edgar are lost to him, and, last of all, his dear master has lost his wits. Our estimate then of this drama depends entirely on how we construe the fool, and how his part is interpreted.

Touchstone, the jester in the beautiful comedy of "As you like it," is one of the most entertaining of Shakespeare's characters. But he nowhere

strikes within us so deep a chord as does the poor fool in "King Lear." He lives for nothing but to make men laugh, and he speaks for effect, and not for truth. Instead of thinking of the natural force of things, his vocation is to transform true things into nonsensical things.

Yet his nature is not so formed as a fool but that, amidst the scenes in the forest, he changes from the fool into a man. "We see" beneath the affectations of his calling "some precious sentiments have been kept alive; that far within the fool there is laid up a secret reserve of the real man."

Nor must we forget to mention the clown in "Twelfth Night." Although we have much interest in him, he does not stir our sympathies as does the fool in "King Lear," nor is he so wise as Touchstone. We see him first trying to divert Olivia's thoughts from her dead brother. His chief pleasure seems to be to invent or coin names for the occasion. To prove other people fools, by his odd questions and witty sayings, delights him.

Although in his jests he mimics the grief of Olivia, yet he truly pities her, and loves her as his mistress. He will not allow himself to be called her fool, but her corrupter of words. "On the whole, he has," to quote a critic, "a sufficiently facile and apposite gift at jesting out philosophy and moralizing the scenes where he moves, and whatever he has in that line is perfectly original with him."

A great many people have complained that they could not understand this fool, which is strong proof that they did not understand the poet.

We can only mention the names of Gobbo, the clown in "Merchant of Venice," Trinculo, in "The Tempest," and the clowns in "Othello," "Winter's Tale," and "Antony and Cleopatra."

Perhaps no better description of the fool in Shakespeare's plays can be found than that of Viola in "Twelfth Night." "This fellow's wise enough to play the fool; and to do that well, craves a kind of wit. He must observe their moods on whom he jests, the quality of persons, and the time; not, like the haggard, check at every feather that comes before his eye. This is a practice as full of labor as a wise man's art.

"For folly that he wisely shows is fit,
But wise men's folly shown quite taints their wit."

What's in a name, anyway?

LASELL.

In the heart of the dale of sweet Auburn,
Whose beauty the river e'en charms,
And it stops on its way to the seaward
To linger and sport in her arms,
Lies that which will long be remembered and well,
Our dear Alma Mater, our lovely Lasell.

Oh, thy daisy-crowned hills I remember
As they glow in the first flush of dawn,
And the sun loath to leave them at even
Clings there when light elsewhere is gone, —
Oh, the beauties, the beauties words never can tell,
Of our dear Alma Mater, our lovely Lasell !

How oft in the twilight at even,
To the tune of our light guitars,
We 've watched the moon rise on the river,
As each ciphered her lot in the stars
And pondered her destiny, heaven or hell,
On earth after leaving our lovely Lasell.

God's blessing be with thee, O noble Lasell !
And when e'er of women the earth muses sing
Thou thyself a share of the glory may claim ;
For even the angels a garland would bring
Thee to crown like thy hills, if they only might dwell
For a time in thy precincts, O lovely Lasell !

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WITH the coming of winter comes suffering for all the poverty-stricken portion of humanity. It would take a perversely hard heart to pass unheedingly the poor little street waifs, patiently selling their papers or blacking boots all the cold, wintry day, with scarcely enough clothes to cover their shivering bodies. A pitiful sight they present, and one that, were it in our power to better, without much trouble, we would gladly ; but it takes time to hunt up deserving people on which to bestow our cast-off garments. Selfish we surely are in our comfortable homes with plenty to eat and wear.

"There are charitable institutions," you say. Yes ; but how many answer the every-day need ?

As you walk down Park Avenue, in New York, you see a large white marble building, which is now the "Park Avenue Hotel," but was originally built as a "Home for Working Women." The rules and regulations were so needlessly strict and exacting that to stay there was harder for the women than their former way of living, and soon the institution was closed.

A good thought, but disastrously carried out.

The poor we must have, however, all that can be done for them by the numerous charitable organizations is being done, and there is no end of good we could do if we would only forget our own selfish thoughts for a while, and try.

HAIL to the holidays ! Lasell girls have lived for many past weeks within the alluring thoughts of vacation days. The Thanksgiving, especially in New England, means much to every heart. It seems, however, to be but the initiation to the happy Christmas-tide. No longer is it customary to have the masses of glistening snow, to enjoy

the tinkling bells, or even feel the biting cold of old days ; still the thought of " what has been " sheds its influence over this season, and the one suggests the other.

If there is ever a time when hearts are light and happy, it is at this midwinter holiday season. Excitement is in the atmosphere ; it breathes through the newspaper when one reads the startling advertisement column, and makes one yearn to shop indefinitely.

The fond hopes and bright anticipations Christmas brings to the children are all about us wherever their prattle can be heard (and desolate indeed is the household devoid of little ones at Christmas) in the intervening weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas.

The hungry eyes of the poor as they gaze at the teeming stores of food and wonderfully decorated windows suggest a longing intensified at this season.

It is a happy time, and every year there is an increase in gladness and preparation. This is as it should be ; Christmas ought to be the day of days and the season of seasons. Let " Merry Christmas " ring on the air, and echo and re-echo until every one takes it up and it girdles the earth.

OUR libraries, do we value them enough ? When we step foot in one of the stately rooms where so many authors look down at us from their elevated positions on the rows of shelves, are we not awed in spite of ourselves ? It truly is an awful thing to realize, as one then does, the presence of the men and women whose works have lived after them, and seem to live so much of the throbbing lives of their authors.

It not only seems a proper thing, viewed aside from form and the comfort of the public in consequence, that voices be lowered in the library precincts, but very right and fitting to reverence such a place and people.

As the eyes rest upon the brilliant covers of some of the books, their looks attract and draw us to review hastily in the mind line after line of Mrs. Browning's sweet and tender words to and for humanity. Robert Browning's philosophy grows brighter as one is led to think of all he has done brough that very philosophy for the world of

literature. But what to say of the books upon whose covers the dust has gathered, the bindings of which are not gorgeous in array, but sober and often demure. What can one say enough of these ? Only to be lost in their labyrinths and find no expression is our lot ; to muse over the quaint sayings or the words that have echoed and re-echoed through the ages.

Not only do we think of all they contain, but the authors' faces seem to stare at us, and their forms, clad in the strange fashions of their times, stalk about in the space between us and them.

Following close behind come their characters they have so skilfully woven and fashioned, out of the many volumes. Uriah Heep's cadaverous figure again startles us ; even the three-legged stool looms up somewhere there. Becky Sharpe dashes past, Ivanhoe brandishes again his spear on high, and countless others.

As the twilight deepens in the dim old library, casting weird shadows upon even all this procession which have passed, the more glowing, perhaps, sunsets and sunrises collected in verse shine until the library is aflame, and vibrates with sound from the morning song of the lark to the mournful evening plaint of the whippoorwill.

At length the shadows indeed are too deep, and all sinks into apparent oblivion for a time. The library and its many occupants are at rest, and as we turn away we must think there are many there unknown and unappreciated and our libraries cannot be too precious or revered too much.

CHRISTMAS,—what a multitude of pleasant thoughts come to us at the bare mention of that word !

For weeks, even months before, we have been thinking and planning, then working for those we love. Since it is so blessed to give, no wonder Christmas is by far the very happiest time of all the year.

The receiving is by no means an insignificant part of the programme ; to the infant mind it is a most engrossing subject. A small boy with his " saved up " pennies is all excitement on the 24th, when he goes to purchase his one and only present—for himself.

Who can blame him, though ? All his small life

he has been brought up to think first of himself, — a model spoiled child of our enlightened nineteenth century.

A lady was overheard to say, not a great while ago, that she wished there was no such thing as Christmas: "I worry and work myself far beyond my strength, trying to give to every one I think will give to me." A kind of barter and exchange the once sweet custom has become. We are annoyed and vexed if the present we gave L is not quite so handsome as the one she gave us; while L secretly rejoices that her gift cost a little more money than ours.

The mercenary spirit which characterizes the latter-day giving and receiving is fast advancing to the time when, some one says, the custom of giving gifts at Christmas-time will be a thing of the past.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

A SMALL log-hut once stood beside a great forest, so near its cool depths that only during the hours after noontide could the sun shine brightly upon it, for the morning rays were shut out by the tall trees, which threw their weird shadows about it, so that you would imagine they were trying to protect it in their long dark arms.

Here dwelt two brothers, a solitary pair, whose parents they had laid to rest in the forest, remembering their father's parting words, "Stay together, my children, in the place where you have always lived"; for he feared that, so unused to the great world's ways, they would be unable to cope with its wickedness and vice, and had far better stay in their quiet and innocent seclusion.

They loved the forest, and had no cause to fear it; from its generous depths they gathered their support. Early in the morning you might hear their merry voices, mingled with the sounds of the axe-strokes and the crashing of the timber, for they were wood-choppers, and spent their days in the vast wood.

One of them was always at work, constantly busy, early and late, and as you looked at his muscular form and clear bright eyes, which expressed so much of determination, you would at once guess that his name was Industry; while his brother, more inclined to whistle than work,

yet still a fine fellow, could be no other than Good-Heart.

Industry and Good-Heart worked well together for a long time, and might still be doing so, if it had not happened that one day towards evening, as they were returning from their labors, they met near the edge of the forest a poor, way-worn traveller, who had evidently become lost in the wood and seemed unable to journey farther. The brothers took him to their humble home, and with care and food tried to restore his wasted strength, since for days he had had nothing to eat but a few berries and herbs which he had found in the wood.

Industry went to his work as usual, leaving Good-Heart, who was the better nurse, to attend to the sick man. From lack of food and exhaustion, a fever had set in, and for many weeks he was unable to proceed on his journey.

At first, the stranger's name was unknown to either of the brothers, although often in his fever delirium they had heard him utter the name *Worldly-Gain* over and over; but as he grew better, and Good-Heart was seated, as usual, by his side, he told him of the world on the other side of the great forest, of its beautiful cities filled with more people than he had ever dreamed of, and when Industry came home at night his brother repeated to him all the wonderful tales that he had heard from *Ambition*, for this was the stranger's name; but Industry, remembering the last injunction of his father, reproved Good-Heart for his too-ready interest in these stories and refused to listen to them.

So it went on day after day, while Industry would call Good-Heart's attention to the fact that in all these tales *Worldly-Gain*, *Avarice*, and *Selfishness* were mentioned as dear friends of *Ambition*. Industry was pained to find how pleasant these stories were to Good-Heart.

At last *Ambition* was quite recovered from his sickness and went on his way; but the seeds of restlessness and discontent that he had sown took root in Good-Heart, and he was no longer the same happy youth, but silent and moody. All Industry's kind words of counsel were of no avail; he became less and less interested in his honest labors, and would often refuse to go into the forest with his brother, but would stay at

home, musing on the words of Ambition, while vague plans gradually grew and took form in his mind.

One quiet autumn evening Industry came back from the wide, empty forest to a deserted home.

ELIZABETH CADY PRESCOTT.

KNIVES.

THE history of knives is almost as ancient as that of the human race. Doubtless our first parents fashioned some sort of rude knife out of the primeval rocks with which to turn up the fruitful soil.

Some one has taken pains to save a bit of the skin from the veritable serpent which tempted Adam and Eve, and this precious fragment is today in one of our museums. Why did not the same person preserve for us the knife with which Cain slew his brother Abel? Had it indeed been handed down to us, and could it reveal all the scenes of bloodshed it had witnessed, from the time the first murderer slew the first martyr, at God's altar, until the present day, what would we not learn of the inestimable importance of knives in shaping the world's history?

Surely no instrument of human invention has had a greater part in moulding the nations than the sword, which is only a knife of a larger pattern. Think of Attila and Alaric, of Alexander and Cæsar, and the multitudes of other conquerors, in whose mighty hands the sword has been wielded with terrible power. Think of the kingdoms that have risen and fallen, and of the countless lives that have been poured out by different members of this same great family of knives.

The sword is inseparable from those tales of knighthood and chivalry which we love to read by the winter fireside. Who can read of King Arthur, or the gallant heroes of the Crusades, and see no vision of flashing steel rise before him?

Then there is the executioner's axe, whose glittering blade has severed the life-thread of many a hapless victim as inexorably as the fateful shears in the hands of Atropos. Charlotte Corday, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lady Jane Grey are only a few among the countless multitudes whom

the world will always think of with pity. And if we could unfold still further the tragic history, we should read of many a highway robbery, and midnight assassination, and lonely suicide.

The record is a dark one, but it has a brighter side. In the physician's kindly hand, the knife, though still a bloody tool, has brought relief and healing to many a sufferer. The hatchet and axe have felled our forest kings, to build the dwellings of the people, and the stately ships which bind together the nations parted by the seas. But for the ships each country would be a little world of its own, and our America would know no masters save the Indians and wild beasts. Knives have also taken an important part in literature, for have they not sharpened the quills from which have flowed the immortal words of genius?

The scythe and sickle of our fathers have cut down the grain which has fed all mankind, and the reapers and mowers of our own day, although wonderfully disguised and complicated, are still in principle only gigantic knives, and are among the most important factors of our civilization.

And finally, there is the scythe of Father Time himself, —

“Who, with his sickle keen,
Reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.”

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

WE were to receive together that memorable New-Year's Day at my house. The other part of the “we” was my bosom friend, Peggy Doolittle, the direct opposite of me. She was a nice, tall, distinguished-looking girl, wearing eye-glasses, which gave her the appearance of being a very learned young woman. My mother said she was just the sort of girl to keep me from overstepping bounds; but I knew better than any one else that Peg was not “slow,” and not few were the good times we had had together since leaving school, not to mention those before we left. I was wild with joy when she came to live in the same town with me, a suburb of New York, and it was not long before she knew all my friends and was indispensable to the good times of our set.

This was the first time we had received together and yet alone, and we wished to make it a marked success, one to be recorded in the annals of our families; so we sent out about one hundred and twenty-five cards, and prepared for a grandiferos time (even Peg would stoop to coin adjectives sometimes). The next important question was the matter of dress, and I never saw Peg so exercised before. She could not decide which to wear, a sit-down or stand-up dress. I, being so short anyway, and having the general appearance of being cut off, could wear only one style, and my mind was at rest for once. Well, Peg consulted her own family, the dressmaker, and even my family, but no one's opinion suited her so well as my brother Tom's. Even Peg was inclined to look favorably on Tom, and I was not surprised when she took his advice, and wore some charming combination or other, — I am not very good at describing gowns, — which seemed just to suit her every way.

Of course the day came, — days generally do, — and in our extreme anxiety that everything would not be ready in time, we got down-stairs a full hour before any one could possibly come. But we did n't mind this, for we could give an extra pull to the draperies, to throw a more becoming light, and examine ourselves from head to foot for about the hundredth time. At last we settled ourselves in the most graceful attitudes which, to our minds, we could assume, arranged the folds of our gowns just right, and adjusted our fans to the most captivating position, and felt that now nothing could possibly go wrong, for even the smallest matter had obtained no end of consideration, and there was that delicious spread in the dining-room, which Tom had said he knew he should eat if he stayed at home, so we sent him to New York to do some shopping for us, — Tom is real good at buying things for girls. But I am digressing, which, Peg says, is second nature to me.

Finally, after ages of waiting, the time came when we might hope to see some one appear. It was really wonderful how we did talk on every subject under the sun, and with so much enthusiasm, but not once did we look at each other. After a short time I screwed up my courage to glance at Peg, and I saw she was staring with all

her might and main at a Christmas card, and trying so hard to look calm. Time passed on and we waited in vain for the sound of the bell. All was still in the house, save an occasional clatter of dishes in the servants' department.

An hour had gone, and still we sat there; but topics seemed to be wanting. Once or twice, I noticed, Peg took off her glasses and wiped them, — a sign of uneasiness with her, — and her face wore a remarkably brilliant color. As for me, I felt as I never felt before, — the way people must feel when paralysis overtakes them, — sort of cold and creepy all over. Still the time wore on, and another hour and a half had passed, yet no callers. By this time Peg could control herself no longer, and she rose and walked up and down the room, regardless of her beautifully arranged draperies. On my part, I might just as well have been a statue, for I could n't move, and kept getting colder and colder, while I could feel the perspiration standing out all over me. Suddenly there came a tremendous peal of the bell, and at this we could no longer keep quiet, but sprang up and indulged in the wildest kind of an embrace; but it was necessary to compose ourselves, which we did, though shaking from head to foot. Slowly and solemnly the footman opened the door and announced, "A man is at the door wishing you to subscribe for 'The Strong-minded Women of America'; I tried to send him away, but he would n't go until I had seen you." Well, if ever two girls resembled Amazons in ferocity it was then. We fairly galloped to the door; and the man did n't remain long, and I hardly think he will return soon. That broke the spell, and we just raved; but after a time Tom came in and tried to console us, and finally persuaded us to go into the dining-room and refresh ourselves with what remained, for some of the ices looked very despondent and about to drop out of existence. Tom's spirits rose every minute, but nothing could make up for our disappointment, and we went to our rooms very disconsolate. Peg had promised to spend the night with me.

The next day we did n't dare go out of doors, and we called down all sorts of unmentionable things on the offenders' heads. Late in the afternoon Tom came home, and his face was just beaming. We were getting rather provoked with

him, for he had n't sympathized with us at all, but now he took all our threats very calmly, and asked us if we cared to know something. Of course we were all attention if it were to our advantage.

It would take too long to repeat all his perambulations and sallies, but the gist of the matter was that Tom thought something must be the matter somewhere, so he took it upon himself to investigate, and found that our messenger boy had never delivered the cards at all, — had forgotten them entirely.

If Tom was n't complimented and petted to his heart's content that day no one ever was; but Tom always was an obliging brother, only, as he says, he never was appreciated. DOROTHY.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

A LASSIE fair,
Her sunny hair
Holding a wealth
Of gold.
A laddie there,
Brave, debonair.
She thought him
Rather bold.

O maiden dear!
My heart see here,
Is yours to have
And hold.
The story's queer,
But with a tear
The old-new tale
Was told.

THE OLD MONK IN THE CHAPEL.

THE gray light of a winter day hung over the brown earth like the soft folds of an outer garment, the snow on the tree-tops and hills gave just a faint suggestion of fur trimming, and the dry leaves with a mournful rustle denoted themselves outcasts from the warmth suggested in the bosom of the earth. The air blew keen and cold, and, like the leaves, I too felt an impetus to hurry on, shielding as best I could from the biting frost a bunch of fragrant violets I had hastily bought from a shivering little maid on a windy street corner. I was hurrying along when over the stilly air the clock in the near chapel rung out its peal.

I must have been in an impressionable mood, for its solemn voice seemed to draw me in at the open door.

Being drawn thus, I crossed the threshold and wandering into the dim, old chapel, a queer feeling of awe stole over me never experienced before.

The reverberations from the clock in the tower still sounded, though fainter and fainter, in the distance, until they mingled with the tones I seemed to hear pealing from the majestic organ. These together melted into a rippling murmur, which owing to the place could never quite die away. Sweet, mystical harmonies are heard playing about an organ ever, as though St. Cecilia had not left her own particular domain, but, as of old, brings very heaven to earth.

Wandering up and down the aisles, my footsteps awakening dull echoes, I became conscious that I was not alone in my religious musing in this sacred place. Even the question of who was there did not define itself to my mind, but I felt that feeling — all now and then experience — of being suddenly made aware one is not alone, as they supposed. I looked about with a stealthy glance, and there, in a far-away corner, I discerned a long, slender, nervously pointing finger. Breathless I sank down among the cushions of a seat near. Breathless I knew not why, unless it might be from the suddenness of another presence, or the weird intelligence of that finger, and what it might mean. I came to myself as the whiff from the violets I had crushed swept over me.

I peered again into the gathering gloom, and could descry the contour of a figure. Straining my eyes to pierce still farther the shadows, I saw at length a table, two white streaks standing out prominently, and was enabled to designate a quill pen. A slight breeze swept through the room and rustled among some loose manuscript, also blowing gently to and fro a light cover thrown back and hanging over the side of the table.

My eyes growing accustomed to the light, I was now better able to notice piled upon the floor several immense books, which looked as though they might contain the knowledge of all the ages. I could even see the finger-worn and ancient leathern backs. I became so engrossed in deciphering these I almost forgot my feeling that some one

was there, until suddenly there streamed through the window a streak of light. It was a ray from the brilliant sunset, and entering the chapel it borrowed an extra rubiness from the glass through which it poured. It rushed in softly, and to my astonished gaze it revealed the figure of a venerable monk seated by the side of the table, his eyes fixed upon a crucified Saviour, above and upon which the mellow light now threw a lustrous radiance. Enveloped in a dark robe, his cowl allowed to slip back, I could see escaping from his round black cap a few scant gray hairs which were swept away from the pale brow. The emaciated hand held one of the large books upon his knees, while a finger of the other pointed mysteriously to the open page.

The light died down to faint rosiness, and played upon the myriad colors of the window below the crucifix.

The monk sat calm and awful. The muscles of his neck showed his wasted condition, and the glassy eyes told plainly how oft were his vigils. His whole mien was deeply devout, rapt in heavenly contemplation of a Lord, and Him crucified, and one of unconscious warning by that wavering finger to all unbelievers. His only taint of the earthy was his weak, wasted condition, so evident in the whole quivering body.

Silently I fell upon my knees. Hark! did he not speak? My throbbing heart for an instant beat less loudly. I listened intently to catch the sounds, if sounds there were. Then out of the pulsating stillness I heard a weak voice which came in faltering accents through the thin, drawn, and blood-settled lips, "Thus — it — is — written." How the words thrilled my very being, as they stole over the calm of that lonely chapel! "Thus it is written," — yes, life, death, and the great hereafter; and must such weak, emaciated fingers point the way, and God's own bright sunsets discover such heralds? I crept as noiselessly away as I could, leaving the sweet violets to pour incense over the scene.

One day many years after, I entered that chapel in broad daylight, and to my consternation there sat the old monk the same as ever, but in a picture. So 't was but a picture. Ever to me he lives and breathes, and ever can I hear those words, "Thus it is written."

ADAM'S FIRST SUNRISE.

It is night in the Garden of Eden. Nature and the animal kingdom are at rest. Darkness pervades the scene, and the garden lies silent and peaceful, wrapped in the sable robe of night. Even the soft cooing notes of the little birds are hushed, and Adam lies in his leafy bower, enjoying such repose as only an untroubled conscience can bring, for as yet everything is pure and holy to him, and he knows not what sin is. After a space of time the darkness begins to pass away, and as one to-day is aroused from a calm and peaceful sleep by some slight cause, so Adam, to whom everything is new, is awakened by even this quiet change in the elements.

Already the sky in the east is perceptibly lighter, and of a somewhat yellowish cast, which slowly changes into a rosy, crimson hue, and as the first rays of the sun begin to streak the distant horizon Adam's attention is fixed in that direction, and it seems to him a thick veil is slowly drawn from his eyes, and the view becomes more and more distinct.

As the rays climb rapidly farther and farther up the sky, did he but know with what lightning rapidity they travel he could realize how great is the distance his vision spans, and how powerful indeed is the Creator and mover of it all.

There is a wondrous calm about Adam's solitude, but there is nothing oppressive in its stillness. He sees the faint rays of the sun first peep, and then, as if bolder grown, shine bright and warm over the Garden of Eden, while the foliage exhibits every shade of green, from the pale, delicate leaf of the maple and the silver-gray of the willow, to the deeper tint of the oak and the sombre shadow of an occasional pine. Then, too, there is the soft, tender blue of the sky, forming a rich, solid background, which is banked here and there with fleecy white clouds. The pale azure, as tender and cool in its appearance as the neighboring rivulet, is intermingled with the faint streaks of orange, which gradually grow brighter, forming little dashes of crimson, which so much help to enhance the beauty of the scene.

The effect upon Adam of all the exquisite mingling and blending of colors is depicted in his countenance as we see him wandering about among the flowers and beasts of his wild-wood

home. From the satisfied expression of his face, we are able to judge that he is contented with his lot.

THE VERESTCHAGIN COLLECTION.

VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN, the artist concerning whose work so much has been said and written in the past three years, is by birth a Russian, and is a man of middle age. He is not only an artist, but an author as well, and has even written poems descriptive of or relating to his paintings.

The collection which bears his name consists of his paintings, together with many articles gathered from Oriental countries, — woven materials, metallic laces, fanciful head-dresses and articles of apparel, and of many wonderful pieces of workmanship made of stone, of metal, and of human bones.

This collection is exhibited at present in the Arena Building, on Tremont Street, Boston. It has already been seen in other large cities, notably in Chicago and New York, and, it is said, will soon be returned to the latter city, where the different articles will be offered for sale.

The pictures, which range in size from those of ordinary dimensions to immense canvases measuring eighteen or twenty feet across, represent in a most realistic manner the scenes portrayed.

Many of the larger ones treat of the horrors of war, of capital punishment, or of the interiors of mosques and tombs.

"The Conquered" shows a battle-field strewn with dead bodies. At the left stand two figures, a priest in his official robes, and a man, no doubt a soldier. They are holding the last solemn services over the dead bodies of their countrymen.

At first, only these two figures are plainly visible in the picture, but as we look closer, the dead men, with open mouths and glassy eyes, are seen. The sun is "drawing water," and we feel as though the sky itself is weeping at beholding such a scene. "The Night," though not a large picture, is a wonderful piece of work. On each side rises a mountain (the scene is laid among the Himalayas), and at the foot of one is a camp-fire, beside which a man is standing. In the darkness his face is not visible, and were it not

for the light of the fire his presence would not be suspected. Away at the top, between the mountain peaks, we see a little patch of white sky, and this, with the red sparks rising in the smoke, is all that relieves the utter blackness.

"Hanging in Russia," "Crucifixion by the Romans," and "Blowing from Guns in British India" are pictures worth seeing. A fair idea of their nature may be obtained from their titles.

The interiors of the mosques are particularly well executed. The kneeling figures, the shoes on the marble floors, the lights and shadows are perfect. One seems almost able to look through the grated casements into the apartments beyond.

An important department is that taken up by the portraits. They show all types and nationalities, and all alike are pleasing in that we feel them to be accurate and natural. Everything Verestchagin has painted is natural. Nothing is overdrawn, and nothing is omitted for the sake of sparing the feelings of the sensitive.

The curios displayed awaken various sensations, — surprise and admiration at the ingenuity manifested, pleasure at the beauty of some, horror at the nature of others, and at the same time a feeling that the man who has brought all this together is a genius.

Taking it all in all, the Verestchagin collection is a wonder, and to miss seeing it is to lose an opportunity that may not be offered again in a lifetime.

HOW HE WAS SAVED.

CHAPTER I.

ALICE WALTON is not old, but already her forehead is deeply lined, and the brown hair, once so soft and bright, is rapidly turning gray. Often her eyelids are stained by tears, and her lips quiver as she watches her merry little namesake playing so carelessly and happily in the sunshine. Does she grieve for the dear dead father of her child? No, not now; for she knows that he, at least, is safe in heaven.

There is her old father going out, seemingly to enjoy the sunshine on this smiling afternoon. Tall and straight, although in his seventieth year, silver hair waving above a noble forehead, should she not be proud of him? But wait.

Several hours have elapsed and he is returning. Who is this? Is it the same man? No, it cannot be! It is some old street vagrant. He totters, but as he comes nearer, you see that it is not with the weakness of age. Others have seen it, too, for behind him is the usual train of small boys, hooting and throwing stones. His clothes are torn, his face and eyes red, and except for the snow-white hair, there is little resemblance in him to the stately old gentleman who left the house a short time ago. He walks unsteadily up the steps, and sinks down after a feeble pull at the massive bell handle. A portly butler comes to the door, but his face changes as he sees the heap at his feet. As he motions to the interested children to run away, he mutters under his breath, "Poor mistress! indeed she has a hard time of it." He gently lifts the fallen man and closes the door, shutting out from curious eyes and ears the world of trouble within.

This, then, is the bitter sorrow that makes the beautiful Alice Walton look so old and haggard now. Not long ago she came, at her father's request, to live with him in his beautiful mansion, a young and happy bride. Her mother had once told her of his fatal appetite, but as he had seemingly conquered it, she had not thought much about it, in her new joys and anxieties. Her husband was killed suddenly in an accident; but she soon finds that this trouble is nothing in comparison to another. Her mother's death embittered her father, and he had been secretly indulging in his old habit for years. But he is able to hide it no longer, and although he often repents, and curses his weakness and folly, yet the demon is too strong for him, and again he yields. Day by day he goes out, still a noble-looking man, sometimes to totter home, a wreck of his former self, and sometimes — oh, whisper it not! — to be brought home at night wholly unconscious. The police of the city know him, and his daughter is spared the anguish of seeing him in prison with other victims, for, partly in pity for her, and partly out of regard for her money and station, they bring him home, to sleep off the effects of his wretched spree upon his own bed. The advice and treatment of celebrated physicians are secured, but all in vain. At last he, the noble and talented man, dies the death of the common drunkard.

Mrs. Walton's hope now centres in her daughter, golden-haired Alice. She lives to see her the wife of a Christian man, and she instils into her heart and mind the sad lesson taught by her own bitter experience. Soon she too dies, and her daughter resolves that her children shall not become victims, if her prayers and teachings can help them. But she forgets the solemn words, "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, unto the *third* and *fourth* generation of them that hate me." Too soon she learns the bitter truth. Her only child, a boy, has been cursed with his ancestor's fatal appetite. Even at an early age he shows it, in his increasing desire for much meat, and highly seasoned food, and when his baby tongue can scarcely lisp the words, he begs for Jamaica ginger and sugar, which, once given as a *medicine*, is now taken as a *beverage*. Earnestly his mother talks and prays with him, and his young mind seems to understand what she says, and at an early age he "signs the pledge," and she thinks the fatal taste eliminated; but it is only silenced for the time. Oh, why did she not realize what she was doing when she married his father! You say she was young, and, ah, yes! she *loved* him. But would she have sacrificed this love upon the altar of duty if she had known of the curse which must surely fall upon her descendants?

Her ancestors, on both sides, had always been what is called "high livers," eating much meat, and consequently drinking much. They possessed at the beginning strong constitutions, and many had lived to a good old age, but more had died of apoplexy and congestion of other organs, and some, like her grandfather, of delirium tremens. Tradition only said that the Waltons had been mighty hunters of the deer and wild boar, and had quaffed from the foaming drinking-horn with rather too much pleasure and frequency.

But, thinks the fond mother, as long as I am with him I will shield him from the temptations of the world, until he is strong enough to resist them. Intoxicating liquors are never found on the sideboard or table, and for the time all seems to go well. But suddenly she dies, and the grief-stricken boy, remembering her words and prayers, vows solemnly that he will never touch the vile

stuff that brought so much trouble to his mother, and whose effects he sees around him daily.

His father almost worships him, and in him all his hopes are centred. He goes to college, with the intention of studying law afterwards, becoming, as he hopes, and his proud father thinks, a second Lincoln or Webster. Young, talented, and rich, he soon becomes a favorite both with his classmates and teachers.

One night some friends urged him, "just to see how it tastes," to try their favorite champagne. He yields, and it is good, and he tastes again—and again. The taste for it grows upon him, strengthened by the food he eats, the basis of which is strongly seasoned meat, accompanied by various sauces. But still he remembers his mother's prayers, and does not descend to the drunkard's level. He goes through college alternately signing pledges and breaking them, and at twenty-five he graduates with high honors, for his are no mean talents. But the professors shake their heads, and his father looks grave, when they hear of his over-indulgences. He laughs at their fears, and tells his father that he will know how to control himself when the time comes.

Finally, as it happens to all, he falls in love with a beautiful girl, the sister of one of his classmates. "And now," he says to himself, "I will never drink again; for what is the pleasure in looking at the sparkling wine-cup in comparison to what I feel when looking into her eyes?" He has not yet told her of his love, and when he receives an invitation to a reception at the house of a mutual friend, soon after his graduation, he says to himself, "That will be the time."

[*To be concluded.*]

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

It had been such a bleak, snowy day! Since early morning the snow had been busily at work, piling up high, billowy banks of frosty down. Everything without was dismal and gloomy. The busy, hurrying crowd of people, with bright, animated faces and armfuls of mysterious bundles, were the only signs of happy, cheerful life, unless, indeed, it were the shop windows, which glowed with variety of form and color. Still life it was,

but, nevertheless, a welcome oasis in the surrounding desert of gloom.

But gloom did not enter in the pretty Queen Anne house that stood on one of the principal avenues of the great city, for a bright fire was burning in the open grate, and a happy family group was seated around its genial blaze. Two little stockings were hanging from the mantel, and two children, a boy of eight or nine and a baby girl of three years, were bidding an early "Good night, and pleasant dreams," all around, and then Bob and Baby Bess were carried off by nurse to be snugly tucked into their warm little beds.

It was Christman Eve. What bright, happy pictures and thoughts arise before the minds of some of us! What sad, mournful memories crowd themselves before the vision of other minds! This world brings alike to all sorrow or gladness.

* * * * *

It would have been quite dark were it not for the solemn row of snow-capped street-lanterns, one of which casts its rays along the snowy pavements, till they fall on the frost-covered frames of a bakery window. Just enough light to distinguish the tempting array of flaky pies, doughnuts twisted into every conceivable shape, nicely browned rolls, and delicious little plum-cakes, and such whiffs of savory spicy odors pervade that bakery window. Indeed more that one passer-by hastened his steps supper-ward, after a glance and whiff at this goodly array.

But one person stopped, he stopped because the delicious odors reminded him very forcibly that he had no supper in store for him,—a ragged little urchin, his shivering, purple hands thrust into his pockets, that were little more than holes. The remnant of what was once a hat partially covered the scrubby hair, sprigs of which were plainly discernible through the numerous apertures in that old piece of felt.

He was one of the numerous band of boot-blacks with which the large cities abound. His working utensils hung by an old strap from his arm, and he gazed hungrily at the delicacies before him. Oh, could he only have one of all those nice things!—just one roll: he was so hungry and so cold.

The heedless people jostled rudely against him, never noticing the shivering form. They were all

happy, going to warm, bright homes, to sit before blazing fires, or to eat dainty meals. Alas! he had no home, no blazing fire or dainty meal.

He knew the morrow was the Christmas Day. How he longed to be happy with the coming happy time! How stiff and numb his hands and feet were becoming! Why did those pies and cakes swim so strangely before his eyes? Why did he feel as though he were falling? Then some one jarred against the numb, weak, little body, and it fell. Did they know he had not strength to get up again? Did they stop to think that a little boy was nearly frozen to death? Somebody—but whether from kindness, or because he was blocking the way—had put him on the broad doorstep of the baker's shop, and there he lay, half conscious, and then—

A broad sunbeam danced across Bob's eyes, a childish face was close to his, a chubby hand was pinching his cheek, and a baby voice was shouting in his ear, "Merry Christmas, Bob!"

Bob sat up and looked about him. Yes, he was in his own nursery. The bright fire was crackling a merry Christmas to him, and Baby Bess was waking him to give the same greeting.

And he had really been dreaming, dreaming he was that little bootblack boy that made papa's boots look so bright the other day. How real it did seem! But was n't it funny?—Bob a bootblack! Well, the little urchin had a merry Christmas after all, did n't he?

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CLASS OF '79.

WHEREAS, it pleased God in his wisdom to remove from her earthly home to a heavenly and better home our dear friend and classmate, Cora Flint Anthony,

Resolved, I., That the class of '79 feel most deeply the death of our dear friend, and most sincerely grieve with other friends for her untimely end: We remember Cora in the old school-days as an industrious student, a kind and loving friend, and above all a sincere and earnest Christian.

Patient, thoughtful for the feelings and interests of those about her, she endeared herself to a large circle of friends, and all these years since the old school-days have only served to ripen and strengthen those early friendships.

Resolved, II., That we extend our warmest sympathy to all sorrowing friends, to the old teachers and scholars at Lasell, to that larger number of acquaintances in the world, and, most of all, to that circle of mourners in the darkened home at Fall River; for not only have they lost Cora, but also a younger sister, Jennie, who was also at Lasell, and who "passed on before" only a week or two since.

Only God can comfort such sorrow, and to him we commend in our prayers and sympathies the bereaved husband, father, mother, and sisters.

Resolved, III., That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to LASELL LEAVES for publication, and to Cora's family.

IRENE J. SANFORD,
LIZZIE D. R. ATKINSON,
CARRIE KENDIG KELLOGG,
Class of '79.

"WHAT IS MY FAVORITE FLOWER," DID YOU SAY?

YOU ask a gracious question,
And I will answer truly;
And all my floral favorites
Set down in order duly.

Roses, and pinks, and periwinks,
And stately, tall sunflowers,
And hollyhocks, and four-o'clocks,
That mark the passing hours;
The violet blue, of heavenly hue,
Lilies of dazzling white,
And ten-weeks stocks, and goldilocks,
And pansies, heart's delight.
The mignonette I can't forget,
Or lily of the vale,
Nasturtiums gay, or flower of May,
Or evening primrose pale.
The flaunting phlox, or green of box,
Wake childhood memories;
The harebell frail, and swamp cat-tail,
And fair anemones,
Forget-me-nots, in quiet spots,
The glory of the morning.
Sweet-peas, I ween, have winsome mien;
Indeed, I have no scorning
For golden-rod, or milkweed pod,
For thistles in the lane;
And asters bright entrance my sight,
And daisies on the plain.

I love them all, both great and small:
Cheap were this world of ours,
Its toil and pain, its loss and gain,
If 't were not for the flowers.

H. F.

PERSONALS.

MISS EDITH G. ANDREWS, now Mrs. Arthur M. Wright, sends her cards for receptions in February, Laurel Street, Dorchester. Miss Andrews was at Lasell in '83 and '84.

MISS AUGUSTA S. E. BENTE was married, in New York City, Nov. 12, 1890, to Mr. Charles A. Meyer, Jr. Miss Bente was at Lasell in '87 and '88.

MISS GRACE ELIZABETH ACKERLY was married to Mr. Henry Duncan Kerr, Nov. 12, 1890, at Northport, Long Island. Miss Ackerly spent a part of last year at Lasell.

MISS JENNIE S. FLINT, of Fall River, Mass., died Nov. 22, and ten days later an older sister, Mrs. Cora F. Anthony, passed away, and the two were laid side by side in Oak Grove Cemetery at Fall River. Both were victims of consumption; both had been in New York City, under the care of a specialist, making together a brave struggle to retain the hold on life that was fast weakening. Death became the conqueror, and each of them in turn, and so near together, passed peacefully away, Mrs. Anthony dying in New York. Mrs. Anthony—Cora Bell Flint—came to Lasell in March, 1875, and remained there till her graduation, in June, 1879. In this long stay her teachers and schoolmates had an opportunity to know well her quiet, modest worth and strength of character. There are still those at the school who feel her death as a personal loss, for she was thoroughly respected and loved. Of four sisters, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Flint, who have been pupils at Lasell during the last fifteen years, Jennie S. and her twin sister, Jessie C., were the youngest. They seemed so much like one person that it is hard to think of them now as separated forever on earth. These two came in '85 and left in '87. Jennie, like Mrs. Anthony, was retiring, and not very demonstrative, but strong and sweet and lovable. It seems strange that she has gone in her young loveliness, that both sisters should have gone so early. Lasell extends her warmest sympathy to the bereaved family and friends, and deeply mourns her daughters so untimely snatched away.

THREE of the Lasell graduates paid a brief morning visit to the school together Nov. 19: Miss Lillie Potter, Mrs. Carrie Kendig Kellogg, and Mrs. Annie Kendig Pierce. The latter thinks her hands full with the care of two lovely, but very lively little girls. Miss Potter has pretty well recovered from her long illness, caused by overwork. She has made surprising success with the classes she instructs in European lore. The pupils are many and enthusiastic. Next year she will not only take her usual party to Europe, but will conduct them also through Spain and Northern Africa.

DR. PIERCE writes that she is improving in health, and even intimates the possibility of visiting Lasell next summer. May it be! She hears from Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy, who have another little son added to their family. Miller grows apace in many infantile graces, though he has not yet developed a great talent for talking.

MRS. E. THRESHER, of Monson, Mass., died suddenly on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27. She was the mother of a beloved member of the present Senior Class, Helen Thresher, who arrived at home the night of the 26th, quite unprepared for the shock that awaited her. The illness of Mrs. Thresher had prostrated her only a few days, and had not been recognized as of a dangerous character till just before her death, so that the absent children had not been notified. The son in the West arrived too late to see his mother alive. The school deeply sympathizes with this friend and mate so suddenly bereft of her good parent.

 LOCALS.

THE second regular meeting of the Missionary Society met in the chapel, Sunday, Nov. 16. The programme was as follows:—

| | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| ORGAN VOLUNTARY | MISS SHINN |
| DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES . . | MISS SARGEANT |
| ADDRESS | MISS CUSHMAN, OF CHINA |
| SOLO | MISS PEABODY |

OVER two hundred dollars was raised by subscription.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 19, in the chapel, the Rev. Dr. Shinn delivered his delightful lecture on

"The Passion Play," which he witnessed at Oberammergau the past summer. It was as much enjoyed as his course of lectures given at the Seminary two years ago, "*Why is Savonarola Dead?*"

MR. AND MRS. SHEPHERD gave the third in a series of Saturday-evening receptions, Dec. 22. Mr. Butler, of Auburndale, being present, entertained the girls by what he called making "wiggles." A sheet of charcoal paper being suspended, some one made on it a "wiggle," from which Mr. Butler quickly developed forms. The girls were surprised and delighted, some of the drawings being wonderful.

THANKSGIVING at Lasell was this year, if possible, more of a success than ever. Of course the dinner was the principal feature. The tables, which were decorated with flowers, and handsome dinner cards, were arranged in the form of a hollow square, one end being left open. In the centre of the square were palms and potted plants. The menu was:—

| | | |
|----------------|--|-------------------------|
| Consommé. | Oysters on Half Shell. | Turtle Soup. |
| | Baked Whitefish, Tartar Sauce. | |
| | Saratoga Chips, Dressed Lettuce, Celery, Olives. | |
| | Roast Pig. | |
| | Roast Turkey, Oyster Dressing, Cranberry Sauce. | |
| | Green Goose, Apple Jelly. | |
| Venison Steak. | | French Peas. |
| | Squash. | Baked Sweet Potatoes. |
| | Mashed Potatoes. | |
| Salmon Salad. | | Boned Chicken in Jelly. |
| Mince Pie. | | Baked Indian Pudding. |
| | Frozen Pudding, | Banana Ice. |
| | Lady Fingers, Fruit Cake, Almond Cake, | |
| | Fruit, Confections, Bonbons, | |
| | Tea, Coffee, Cheese. | |

After the coffee toasts were given. Miss Tappan, toast-mistress, called upon the guests representing the following different schools and colleges to respond:—

Rev. Dr. Gannett, Gannett Institute; Mr. Algeron, D. P. Tassin, Harvard; Mr. Wirt Tassin, Cornell; Mr. Frank Holden, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The other expected guests—from Wellesley, Harvard Annex, Vassar, and Boston University—were unable to be present. Rowe's Band, from Waltham, furnished the music.

EXCHANGES.

OUR calendar is turned back, we are turned back, the world is turned back, but the *Yale Courant* has come to the front and greets us with an April Fool, November number. Startled! Words cannot express the feeling, as the breath became shorter, the pulse lower, and the thought too late took full possession of the brain. If they will only turn back one leaf now and then and cover the blank pages, we may be able in time to keep pace with their rapid progress.

"The Personality of George Eliot as Revealed in her Heroines," in the November number of the *Ægis*, is deserving of brief mention, for it indicates careful reading and a thorough understanding of the subject its author undertook.

In the later numbers of college publications an increase in the quality and quantity of articles of fiction is noted and commended. It is one of the most difficult of tasks for an editor to furnish good stories. They do not grow on bushes, but are the result of hard work and much thought.

PRIDE.

LET him whose heart is filled with pride
But watch the leaves of autumn fall,
The high and low that, side by side,
Drop silently at nature's call,
Without regard to where they grew,
Or at the top or bottom flew,
And learn from them the law of all.
All meekness must with him abide.

Dartmouth Lit.

KISS ME TWO.

THEY sat in a curtain-hung recess,
With no other one near by,
Save one of her little nieces,
Too young to be thought a spy.

We sat round the open fire,
The lulls in our talk were few;
But once when our speech chanced to tire,
We heard, "Aunty, kiss me too."

Rare presence of mind was made use of,
For, in tones that were guileless and nice,
" 'Kiss me two,' is not right, little nuisance:
You would properly say, kiss me *twice*."

Bowdoin Orient.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN comes with fiery brand,
 Scattering glory through the land,
 Yellow, purple, blue, and gray,
 Mingle in her bright array,
 All the world starts into flame,
 At the sound of Autumn's name.

Stands majestic on the hills,
 Leaves her brightness on the rills,
 Touches earth, and sea, and sky,
 With her wand in passing by ;
 All responds, and starts anew,
 Autumn, at thy grand review.

Then the rustling leaves fall down,
 Clothing earth in sable gown ;
 Trees are standing bare and tall,
 Having lost their children all ;
 Autumn now has turned a thief :
 Earth has plunged in deepest grief.

But, O season, bright and fair !
 To forgive thee all we dare,
 Though you promised, you 've bereft
 Us of much, but still you 've left
 Harvest rich and glowing sky,
 And we sing a fond good-by.

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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

"If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work."

THE holidays are over !

All that we have talked and dreamed off since September has come and gone, and now we are working as soberly as if we had never heard of such a word as vacation. After our two weeks of fun, we have come back refreshed, and eager to begin studying in earnest, for, now the initiation is over, we know what to do, when and how to do it, and realize more fully than ever before the value of each day, hour, minute.

Let us profit by the experience of the past three months, and, forgetting the mistakes, trials, and broken resolutions of those days, with earnest resolution, renew our endeavors, so that at the end of this year we can feel that a part of our purposes has been carried out. Some of us begin new studies — and here is our opportunity ; we can make a fresh start, and see how perfectly and how thoroughly each day's lessons can be mastered. Those of us who have been home or have visited friends feel satisfied ; there will be no complaints of homesickness this term ; while those that have remained here have had their pleasures also, and have forgotten that they ever sent home a homesick letter. It is exceedingly amusing to hear the different descriptions of what apparently constitutes jolly times. From one, we catch a whisper of a reunion of some of our girls in Chicago, and the gay time they had together.

Each and every girl vows that she has had a "perfectly lovely time" ; but had she returned promptly the remembrance of that "lovely time" might have been sweeter. This late girl has missed something, — she has missed meeting at every other corner a group of girls eagerly discussing their Christmas presents, each one try-

ing patiently to await her turn to enumerate her gifts; however, do not think these girls selfish because they are talking of the presents they received, they are happier still for having made others happy.

Not only have the two King's Daughters circles contributed to the happiness of others, but there is scarcely a girl — yes, we will say there is not a girl — at Lasell who has not enjoyed her Christmas more for having done something for some one more needy than herself. We see a few new faces, and heartily welcome them to our already large family, and, although we feel now that we are "old girls," we must not forget that many of us but twelve weeks ago felt exactly as these new-comers do; so let each of us see how quickly we can make these girls feel "at home."

THE Arabs have a saying that there is no such thing in life as a trifle, but the wise and observing become more impressed as each year slips by with the truth of the proverb which we vary in saying, that trifles make up the sum of life. A pleasant home is not the result so much of one or two happy circumstances but of a thousand little conveniences, thoughtful acts, and loving foresights, which go to make up daily comfort and happiness. How many a family quarrel a button missing from my lord's shirt has caused! How many a man has found a dainty, well-cooked dinner, with which his wife has really taken pains, all distasteful because she did not remember that he did not like onions in the soup or oil in the salad! Unreasonable? Yes, and a little thing to put him out; but who, dear madam, finds the grain of sand in the eye less irritating because of its minuteness? and have not you yourself had all your pleasure in your new bonnet destroyed because the ostrich plumes and the ribbon were a little different in shade? It was so little that no one but yourself probably ever noticed it, but, nevertheless, you always hated that bonnet, and felt cross when you wore it.

Little things are not alone confined to the home circle, but are necessary elements in all spheres. Some men are popular in a business way, some in society. Have you examined their traits? have you analyzed their actions? If so,

you have found it is not the result of great deeds alone which endear them to the hearts of their companions, but the little acts of kindness and love.

Look at the students in our schools and colleges. Are not the popular ones those who are ever mindful of their companions, who win admiration by showing their thoughtfulness in little ways?

It is not for all of us to do great deeds, but every human being on God's green earth has the power to do the little things. Trifles they may seem, but how important!

AN entertainment at which I "assisted" lately, and enjoyed very much, was the Kirmess.

This word, which was formerly spelled Kermesse, seems to have come directly from the Flemish word Kirkmess. Strange as it may seem, this was originally a religious festival, while now it is simply a collection of national and other dances acted upon a stage, the profits being usually devoted to some charity.

The first dance upon the programme was the dance of the Baby Nation, and to the baby lovers this was one of the most interesting features of the performance.

The curtain rolled up, disclosing an immense wooden shoe, which held about sixteen children together with "the old woman who had so many children she did n't know what to do," only in this case she did know what to do, and, what is more, did it well, as she marshalled the babies through the dance. The little ones were dressed in long white gowns, white caps, and red cloaks, which they threw off during the dance. It all went very smoothly, even until the little ones, drawn into a line, each with a pillow upon the shoulder of the next child, and its head upon it, marched slowly off the stage.

The dance of the gypsies was the brightest and, on the whole, the most popular of the dances. There were two bands of gypsies, and the two queens, coming on first, exchanged friendly greetings. Then there was a call, and the followers came forth, each beating a tambourine, and all in perfect time. At the close, some of them, coming to the front of the stage with their tambourines, received silver given by the audience.

The Greek dance was a difficult one, owing to the slow time and the postures. Eight blondes took part, and with every change of position a different light was thrown upon them, the shades being very delicate and beautiful.

Two little girls danced the Highland Fling in a manner which would have done credit to any one.

The dance of the Seasons was performed by thirty-two young ladies, eight for each season. Those representing spring were dressed in blue and white, summer in dainty white with garlands of flowers, autumn in bright red, winter in soft thick white, with sleigh-bells thrown across the shoulders.

There were many other dances, which I will merely mention: the American dance, the Minuet, the Irish dance, the Spanish dance, Little Lord Fauntleroy dance, and the Fisher's Hornpipe. In the latter, The Lone Fisherman figured largely and received a great deal of applause. At the close, the participants in each dance came upon the stage, gradually forming a hollow square with one end open, the seasons coming last. Spring advanced to the front of the stage and laid down some seeds, Summer covered them with flowers, Autumn placed baskets of fruit upon them, and Winter covered the whole with snow-flakes.

L. R. T. W. P.

IF the "China" does n't take this back more speedily than she brought us hither, I fear the December number will lack the intended letter. I have been so lazy and busy, — perhaps I may put it busy and lazy.

If I remember aright, I closed the last as we were rounding Dead Man's Point, —no, Diamond Head, —into Honolulu harbor. Diamond Head is a grim, bare, sturdy headland of volcanic rock, but the city it guards so well from the boisterous deep is fair to see, nestling among its groves stretching up from its gently rounding shore, fringed by green waves curling over coral reefs, into darker green valleys and purple hills. We make out the old banana groves, the Government house, the palace, with its flag, and long to set foot on shore. The anchor-chain rattled out at

eleven o'clock, but we waited till two for the "Jas. McKee."

Three wasted hours, when hours were so precious! The waves were running pretty high, and the women did n't like to trust the small boats, as we should have done.

Once on land, we found a city which one could hardly have told from Charleston or Savannah: the white folks and darkies were there. The signs were mostly in English. The two-seated carriages for hire looked very American, and we spoke to no one who did not understand and answer us.

We walked to the Capitol, seeking Mr. Baldwin. Not finding him, we listened to a debate over a motion to appropriate ten thousand dollars to send boys abroad to school. Both houses were sitting together. It seemed odd to hear one man talk in English and another answer him in Kanaka, then No. 1 reply in Kanaka, and so on. I think one half the Parliament is American. Maud's father is "Noble Baldwin," if you please. We looked at the palace, which seems a finer building than our White House (but the king did n't ask us in!), and the grounds are much more charming. While the women went shopping I continued my search for Mr. Baldwin, by telephone from the Hawaiian hotel and by carriage for a half hour. Then we all took a "barge" and drove through the streets and up to the "Punch-bowl," a hill just beyond the Portuguese settlement. Beautiful view, — get Maud to tell you about it in chapel! Think of mango, tamarind, guava, cocoa-nut, and a dozen other palm, banana, monkey-pod, bread-fruit, algeroba trees, not to speak of vines and flowers! Called on Mary Beckwith's uncle, and saw uncle, aunt, and cousin, and heard a fresh and pleasant word about Mary.

The stable-keeper tried to take in the stranger, of course, but the Lasell party was too bright for him. We had been told the boat that brought us in would take us out at 6.30 o'clock. At 6.30, thirty or forty persons gathered in the dock at the foot of Main (?) Street, but the wharf gate was locked. Some one crawled in and found the "Jas. McKee" deserted. The agent had failed to keep his agreement. Who the agent is or who the owners are I don't know, but it was a clear breach of a positive contract, and a mean trick.

While we waited around we met old-time friends, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, who are missionarying here, and, much to our surprise, for we thought her still in Newton, Ada Jones, with her father. We were most cordially urged to stay overnight, but thought we ought to "go with the party." So Capt. Jones and Mr. Waterhouse helped us to get small boats, and in the dark and terror (of the women) we were pulled out to the "China." The water *was* pretty rough, and we were afraid of getting into the breakers, and I guess we all breathed better when we were safe on ship.

It cost fifty cents to get ashore and one dollar each to get out. The "China" did n't keep her agreement, either, to go at 7 A. M. the next day, but gave out it would go at 1, afterwards at 2, actually did go at 3.40. Went ashore as soon as I could. Had to go in a sail-boat, and it would have done you good to see Mrs. Lowe and Miss Oskamp and some of the men go down on their knees when the sail went round.

The gentleman from Great Britain did not get low enough, and his brand-new pith helmet, which he had brought in a bandbox all the way from London, was knocked into the water. Round we luffed, and a dark-skinned islander swam for it, and after three tacks he was neatly picked up, but just as he was climbing in off went the hat again. The G. f. G. B. said, "Oh!" and I ordered the yacht to proceed to shore. Had time to call on Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Damon (Maud's aunt), where I met Miss Campbell and Stella Smith's brother, and waited awhile for Mr. Baldwin and Ada Jones. Elegant homes; only sorry I could n't stay a week (I was, I mean, not they).

But if I write such foolish little particulars, I shall never get Japan into this year's volume.

Mrs. Damon made me drink some delicious home-made milk and ice-cold bananas, and Ada Jones made me eat some more, and gave me a bottle of guava jelly and basket of bananas to take to you. This was Friday. A week from the next Wednesday we dressed to the tune of Japanese "Home, Sweet Home," and going on deck saw Sampaus and Fuji, just as we had read we should. We were nineteen and a half days coming from San Francisco to Yokohama. Five thousand six hundred nine miles (nautical, how many statute? Senior class, stand and answer—quick!), with

fine weather (except a "white squall" one day, which interested John and sent the women below awhile), good food, and a good time.

In Yokohama harbor were two of our war ships (to one of which we had brought a surgeon, Dr. Wise, from Virginia), one British, one Japanese, one French. Our good guide, Hakodate, whom we have learned to like very much, provided by Mr. Vail's care, quickly presented himself and took us into his charge. A little tug took us to shore, a little man showed an intense interest in our personal effects, — the most intense we have ever experienced, — a little kodak on which they said duty must be paid—ask them where that is! A little walk along a little street brought us to the Grand Hotel, facing the harbor, and where we found a delightful home. As eager as children, into the 'rikshas, we jumped, and off went the trotting-men — anywhere, only so it's on land, and in these funny little buggies, and through these funny streets of yours. I may as well now say that there are horses and carriages in Japan, but not many or fine. It would have made you laugh to see the turnouts in which the "notables" in Tokio were driven to pay their respects to the Emperor on his birthday, Nov. 3. Old Fan was a brisk and comely colt, as compared with some of these. But the people evidently thought these very fine. One of high rank had a carriage like a London "growler," and a horse like our cart-horse both in build and gait, and the driver looked like "Misther Carey," of Auburndale, in Sunday coat and Mike's hat.

The kurumas, as the Japanese themselves call their man-carriages, are convenient, easy (for the rider), and cheap. I think they must help folks to be lazy, their cheapness preventing the walking they ought to do. Ten cents an hour is the usual fare, though there is no fixed rate, — or five to ten cents for ordinary distances. They are a great convenience in a level country; in a hilly they are not cheap, because so many men must be taken.

Three days in Yokohama, four days in Tokio, three in Nikko, one at Kamakura, two at Myanoshita, one each at Shidznoka, Nagoya, and Osaka, five at Kyoto, one at Kobe bring us (through busy hours and many experiences, of which I must tell you later) to our dreaded leave-taking of this

gentle people and their fair land. We sail for Shang-Hai to-night. Not one of us wants to go, we dread China; but if we don't go we can't get home.
C. C. B.

Kobe, 11, 20, 1896.

LOCALS.

ARE we to have any Christmas vacation next year?

THE Gertrude Franklin song recitals at Steinert Hall, Boston, Dec. 4 and 11, were attended by several of the girls.

ECHOES from the practice kitchen, — "Is yeast the sediment of wine casks?"

SEVERAL concerts and entertainments before the holidays were passed by unnoticed by our staid young women. Of course, the reason was our devotion to our studies, — no one hints of the Christmas gifts we were making. However, Dr. E. E. Hale's lecture on "My Double, and How He Undid Me," Dec. 2, at West Newton, proved an exception. We helped to fill a very fair portion of the house, and certainly had our full share of enjoyment.

PROPOSED question for debate, — "Who is Lasell's Jimmie Blaine, the power behind the throne?"

IN spite of some reluctance on the part of our principal, we were allowed to attend the fair held at the Auburndale M. E. Church, Dec. 10 and 11. Several improved the opportunity.

AFTER chapel service, one morning before the holidays, Miss Peabody, upon opening the piano for her accustomed duties, was pleasantly surprised to find it filled with lovely flowers. They were the gift of the girls, given at the suggestion of Miss Call.

BRILLIANT SENIOR (*in one of the pauses of the Bible class*). — "Why was Ananias like a clock?"

SECOND SENIOR. — "Because the young men wound him up."

And the brilliant Senior is still wondering why her best original conundrums are always guessed so easily.

FRIDAY evening, Dec. 12, the usual Pupils' Musical Rehearsal was given in the gymnasium. We think the teachers and pupils may be justly proud of its success. The programme was as follows:—

PROGRAMME.

PIANO-FORTE DUET. Polonaise *Saran*
MISSSES M. SHELLABARGER AND TULLEYS.

CHORUS. Stars Look o'er the Sea *Smart*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANO-FORTE. Capriccietto *Scharwenka*
MISS HAWES.

VOCAL DUET. The Good Angels *Gumbert*
MISSSES CRAWFORD AND C. WHITE.

PIANO-FORTE. Phantasie, F minor, First Movement, *Mendelssohn*
MISS THRESHER.

SONG. Crown of Love *Löhr*
MISS L. WHITNEY.

VOCAL QUARTETTE. { *a.* Oh! Boat upon the Waters } *Rees*
 { *b.* Santa Lucia }
MISSSES OVERMAN, TULLEYS, PFAU, AND GALE.

CHORUS. Expectation *Hofmann*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANO-FORTE. Nocturne, B major *Chopin*
MISS PALMER.

SONGS. { *a.* The Vow *Meyer-Helmund*
 { *b.* Was hab'ich arme Dirn'gethan? *Bohm*
 { *c.* Snow-flakes *Cowen*
MISS PEABODY.

PIANO-FORTE QUARTETTE. Coriolan *Beethoven*
MISSSES SILLOWAY, RICE, CRESWELL, AND MERRILL.

CHORUS. Come, Flit Around *Wekerlin*
CHORUS CLASSES.

AFTER the rehearsal, — "What a beautiful tenor voice Miss G—— has!"

ALTHOUGH we enjoyed Miss Clark's rendering of the Sunday-morning Bible lessons, we were all glad to welcome Dr. Peloubet back after his absence.

THE avoirdupois of the girls is on the increase. Perhaps this is the effect of "indefinitely postponed" midnight feasts.

WE have heard of the refusal of Ulflas to translate the Book of Kings for his Gothic brethren, but now one of our maidens is wondering if some one refused to translate Enoch. She thinks she has heard something about his translation, but such a book does n't seem to be in her edition of the Bible.

MR. SHEPHERD, with his usual thoughtfulness, provided the annual game dinner for us the evening of the 13th. The menu was as complete and varied as usual.

THE same evening ended the pleasant informal receptions given by Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd to the school, this evening being devoted to the German and Senior tables.

THE latest syllogism illustrating irrelevant conclusion was heard in the Art class : —

The Art girls must get into the Venetian spirit.

The Venetian spirit is said to exclude horses and cows.

Therefore, if the Art girls go to Venice, they must use condensed milk.

THE result of the last election of officers of the Y. P. S. C. E. is as follows : —

| | |
|---|------------------|
| <i>President</i> | MISS GALE. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | MISS FARWELL. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | MISS PRICKETT. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | MISS VILAS. |
| <i>Lookout Committee</i> | { MISS MANN. |
| | { MISS FALLEY. |
| | { MISS TAFT. |
| <i>Prayer-meeting Committee</i> | { MISS COLE. |
| | { MISS HACKETT. |
| | { MISS V. STOWE. |
| <i>Musical Committee</i> | { MISS SNYDER. |
| | { MISS WARREN. |
| | { MISS BROOKS. |

HOW HE WAS SAVED.

CHAPTER II.

IT is long past midnight. In his luxurious study sits an elderly man. Around his temples his hair is white, but you can see that it is so from grief, not age. The oaken table and chairs, the carvings, the pictures, all the appointments of the room, show refined taste aided by wealth. He holds in his hand a picture, the picture of his son. Yes, he is the father of Harold Middleton, the talented young lawyer, who is already becoming famous. But it cannot be pride that causes him to gaze so steadily at this likeness of his son, for he groans, and tears drop down upon it. "Oh my son, my son!" he whispers, "why is it thus?"

He seems now to be thinking of his dead wife, for he mutters, "Did we do wrong? I knew and she knew of the curse that had been visited upon our ancestors for generations, but — I *loved* her. — Oh my son! have I brought this upon you?" And he totters to the table and opens a Bible lying there, and with trembling hands finds the wished-for place, and reads, "For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me"; and then he comes to the words, "and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments." "O God!" he cries, "save my son, and show mercy unto him and me." Even as he speaks his breath grows shorter; he feels a strange pain at his heart, although it is not the first of the kind he has felt; he gasps, his head falls forward, and a few moments later his soul is with its Maker.

That night Harold Middleton had gone to the reception with a heart full of hope and joy. Now he lies in a drunken sleep upon his bed. This, then, is the cause of his father's shame and agony in the room below. His son brought home by the pitying coachman, to be carried to his room, and left there, — so different from what he had been a few hours before.

Little wonder that this trouble was too much for the father, who had long been suffering from heart disease, which, the physicians said, was hereditary, and could not be cured, but that he might live for years if nothing disturbed or shocked him.

The next morning the servants find his lifeless body, and his son awakes from his stupor, to find bitter trouble awaiting him. At first his mind is confused, but soon the events of the previous night become clearer, and he sinks down upon his bed with a blush of shame and a cry of pain. He remembers that the lights, the music, the people, the consciousness of *her* presence excited him. He knew that there was wine, and that *she*, with smiling lips, had offered it to him; that he forgot his resolve, and drank it, drank to *her* health again and again. Then, that people began to look at him and smile significantly; that some friends whispered to him to go home; that he had reached his carriage, and been driven there. Then

he remembers his father's cry of agony when he was half led, half carried up the steps, and he cries, "Oh! to think that she whom I thought I loved should have offered it to me. And yet I must not blame her, for she has taken it all her life, and it must have been my lack of self-control, but I forgot everything when I looked at her. I see now that what I felt for her was passion, not love; it was her beauty that fascinated me. But it has taught me what women are, and how much soul they have. Oh this cursed thirst! I must have more wine, and now. But what am I saying? Am I to become a drunkard? My mother's prayers, why are they not answered? What is life? what is love? Is there a merciful God?" And he laughs bitterly, and adds, "In the future Nature and Necessity shall be my gods." Then a servant knocks at his door, and a frightened voice gasps out, "Come quick, sir! your father's been in his study all night, and we can't wake him, sir, and I'm afraid — he's dead, sir!" He rushes down-stairs and enters the room. Before him, on a sofa, lies the body of his father. Two physicians are bending over it. He looks at them. They shake their heads, and sadly turn away. He kneels beside the body, and cries, "O father, I have killed you! O God, if there be a God, save me! that I may meet him again, and ask his forgiveness."

The next day there is a long article in the leading papers telling of the sudden death "of one of our prominent citizens," giving a sketch of his good Christian life, and adding that "it was a strange providence that cut him off in the prime of life," and ending with the statement that his son's dissipations had something to do with it, and that the young man had given up his profession, abandoned his club, and left the city.

CHAPTER III.

It is a golden summer afternoon in August, and two girls are walking slowly along one of the many beautiful paths that wind in and out among the woods and waterfalls and over the hills and mountains of Northern Pennsylvania. They are nearing a beautiful gorge, through which the water sometimes pours fiercely, but to-day it lazily glides along, making safe their passage across the narrow log which spans it at its narrowest

point. Not far away they hear the gun of the hunter, and one of them, the youngest, shudders as she says, —

"Another harmless bird killed! Oh, why will people never realize what they are doing? I wish — I wish I could tell them. Now you need n't laugh, and call me an enthusiast, a personification of the whole S. P. C. A. itself. I don't care if I am an 'insipid vegetarian.' I will prove to you — and perhaps the whole world, in time — that what I say is true."

But just then they look above them at the steep path which they have to climb, and before she can help it, Helen Greyson, the speaker, plants her foot upon a huge black snake which had been sunning itself across the path, and which, busy talking, they had not seen. They know that it is not venomous, but it is so black and long, and they have heard of people being crushed to death in its folds, and look! it raises its head, and — but there is a quick shot from behind, and it falls dead over the rocks into the water below.

They turn around, and see a young man with a smoking pistol in his hand, who had come up behind them unheard while they were talking. He was interested in what they were saying, but saw their danger and fired in time.

"Pardon me," he said, "for killing the poor snake, but he might have killed you." Turning pale, they thank him with grateful hearts, and seeing that he is one of the new arrivals at their hotel, and knowing his name, and so forth, they are about to say more when suddenly Helen turns pale again, and sinks down limply upon the path.

"Oh!" gasps her companion, "she has fainted, and it is the first time for months, and we thought she had gotten over it. You know," she says in explanation to the young man, "she has a slight heart trouble."

He quickly produces the convenient whiskey flask, and by the aid of this and the cold water near at hand she soon opens her eyes and sits up. But, strange to say, she does not laugh, or cry, or do any other ordinary thing, but simply says, as if no one were near, "It is too true; but" — and a noble light comes into her eyes — "God's will be done."

"Come, Helen," says her friend, "you are not yet back in this prosaic world, I am afraid, and

I am so hungry, and it's ice-cream day: come, let's go." And saying good by abruptly to their slightly astonished deliverer, she takes hold of Helen's hand and helps her across the log, and they are soon lost to sight in the woods.

"Helen," she says, when they are out of sight and hearing, "you must not say such things before people: they cannot understand you; and I don't know what you would have said if I had not stopped you in time."

"I know it," Helen answers; "and I thank you for doing it so cleverly; I did not realize that any one was there."

CHAPTER IV.

A BEAUTIFUL trait in Harold Middleton's character was his sincere love of nature, and nature in the summer-time and among the mountains of Pennsylvania is all that one can wish. His college poems showed this love, and people who had visited those beautiful regions read them with surprise and pleasure, for they expressed what they themselves had so often felt.

After his father's death, he was tempted more strongly than ever. Sometimes he felt as if he must drown his despair and grief in drink, but still something held him back. All his mother's words seemed to ring in his ears, and then he would think, "But she was a good woman: why are her prayers not answered? why are my prayers and those of my father not answered?" And then he would think of the beautiful woman whom he had made his ideal, and how she had, perhaps unwittingly, helped him one step farther on the road that leads to destruction, — nay, more, she had even shattered his faith in God; for he did not know much of the Bible, and his faith did not rest upon a strong foundation. And then he would take a certain pleasure in reading the thoughts and creeds of the old heathen philosophers, and the works of Voltaire and other more modern thinkers of the same kind became his daily companions. But this could not last long. He knew himself that it was partly physical, and that he needed rest, and change of scene, and so, with almost a throb of pleasure, he thought of a place far away from the hot city, where he would not hear its noise, feel its loneliness, or be subject to its temptations. But he

resolves to keep away from womankind, for, man-like, he judges them all by the one he has known, and he intends to spend his time in hunting and fishing.

And the very first day he is thrown unexpectedly with two girls, and one — well, there is something in her face he cannot forget; and those words of hers, — what can they mean? "I must know her," he says, "for a woman with such a face must have a soul, and perhaps — she can help me."

Of course, when he goes back to the hotel every one has heard the story, although the black snake has by this time become a large rattlesnake seven feet in length. He is praised by every one for his promptness and good aim. But he only remembers her words, and wonders what they can mean. "She evidently believes in God," he thinks, "but I am afraid she does not realize how soon that faith can be shattered."

Of course, such an incident as the one just related always brings people together, and many were the long summer days that Harold Middleton and Helen Greyson spent together; sometimes reading, she lazily swinging in a hammock, and he in a chair beside her; sometimes rowing upon the beautiful river, and sometimes visiting the wonderful glens and waterfalls in which the region abounded; and each sunset and moon-rise that they watched together seemed brighter than the last.

[*To be continued.*]

THE ORIGIN OF THE GYPSIES.

FOR more than four hundred years the Gypsies have been one of the riddles of European history. Much deep study and learned research have found plentiful employment in the endeavor to point out the land of their origin; for they appeared within the space of a few years at every point of a circle of which Germany was the centre, and everywhere they were regarded as foreigners, even in Egypt.

It has been asserted that the Gypsies are not of Asiatic origin, and not heathens, but that they are Europeans, and of the results of the religious wars of the fifteenth century. Bohemia is the land of their origin. John Ziska, or Tschischka,

the greatest of the Hussite leaders, in the brave struggle of that sect against the Roman Church, is the man who may be looked upon as the father of the race. The word "Gypsy," which is only the English name for this remarkable people, is, no doubt, a consequence of the ancient error that called them Egyptians.

Ziska became prominent as a leader in the year 1418, and in that year was authorized to raise forces. Probably he had been busy in that way even earlier; and so, from the first, secrecy and deception would have been necessary in the organization of his innumerable small bodies, so suddenly made one great body when he extorted the royal authority. He carried on hostilities with great success until his death, in 1424. By this event, the Hussites were divided into three bodies, one of which was called the Orphans, or orphan children of Ziska. These dwelt in their wagon-camps in the open country, and were under a vow never again to sleep beneath a roof. They also refused obedience to any sovereign. Driven out of Bohemia in the disasters to which the death of Ziska led the way, and still more effectually driven out in the expatriation of all non-Catholics, the whole sect became fugitives and wanderers; and it is easy to see what kind of wanderers the Orphans particularly would be, with their wagon-camps and their oath against houses.

At this period — between 1418 and 1427 — the Gypsies made their first appearance in Europe. But the earliest circumstantial notice of a company of Gypsies relates to the one that visited Paris in 1427. Pasquier gave a particular account of them, and remarks, that, though they had a very bad name, and though he was with them a great deal, he "never lost a coin." These were called Bohemians, and the French have adhered to that name ever since.

Various circumstances point to the probability that the Gypsies were, at their first appearance in different countries, fugitives from religious intolerance. They always called themselves pilgrims, being desirous of concealing their real character, and of commending themselves to strangers, in whom their difference of faith made them expect to find enemies. They called themselves Christians also, and declared ostentatiously their conformity to the Roman Catholic rites; but they

carefully kept away from the churches. This assumption of a character which they knew would protect them is in keeping with the whole craft of their lives.

In all the original Gypsy parties there were dukes and counts, who called themselves Lords of Little Egypt, and bore such Christian appellations as Michael, Andrew, John, and Peter. The Gypsy name for a Gypsy is Romany.

Their language is a mixture of corrupt words from the Wallachian, Slavonian, Hungarian, and other nations. Their complexion, habits, and character resemble those of the Cechs, who are an eminently gay and musical race. As regards complexion, it is found that the Gypsies in the Austrian army, who have been compelled to relinquish their wild life and dwell in houses, are as white as Europeans generally.

PERSONALS.

DURING the holidays one of the Lasell family saw Myrtie Sinsabaugh and her parents in their beautiful new house on K Street, in Washington. This new house, like the former one, seems to be dedicated to the kindest hospitalities. Mrs. Sinsabaugh and Myrtie are both devoted to their art work. Myrtie made rapid strides, especially in water colors, under the instruction received abroad. She is now decorating china. She proposes to paint a whole dinner set for her winter's work, and has it well begun. The ladies have a kiln, and fire their own work.

SOME one met a friend of Hallie Beach's in Philadelphia and heard pleasant reports of her well-being.

SOME one has friends in Berlin, Germany, who are boarding in the same house with Willie Kennedy. It is painful to learn that the latter is in a condition of extreme nervous exhaustion. Having gone abroad, like most tourists, for the pleasures and benefits of sightseeing, she is compelled to lie upon her couch or sofa a great part of the time. She made the mutual friend a medium for communicating pleasant messages to her Lasell friends.

INDIANAPOLIS papers pay tributes of singularly high praise to the late Judge Mitchell, father of

our late pupil, Hattie. He seems to be mourned with a sense of personal loss, not only by the bench and the bar, and by his circle of friends, but by the public generally, who respected and trusted him as widely as he was known. It is much to lose, but that daughter is favored who possesses even memories of such a parent.

CORA DAWES, now Mrs. Denison, is living at Newtonville, and promises to visit her Lasell home one of these fine days.

BESSIE SAYFORD is at home learning to keep house. There seemed to be a plausible reason for doing so, a handsome one in fact.

MARY COE'S sister is going to Europe in February to join her in Florence, — not Allie, of course. Mary and Mr. and Mrs. Goodridge are charmingly busy, and happy, of course.

It grieves us much to hear that our dear pupils, Fanny Watson, of this year, and her older sister, Katherine, of former years, have lost their father. We have known for some time that this result was not wholly unexpected. Further particulars have not yet reached us.

MISS EMMA GENN was called home by the severe illness of her father, who died only a quarter of an hour before she reached the house. It made a sad Thanksgiving for her and her family. The sympathy of the whole household was heartily given to her; also that of many friends whom she has made during her long residence at Lasell. Some time before Miss Genn took her present important position in the office, she was a pupil of the school. This notice was, by some delay, excluded from the December LEAVES.

MISS GRACE A. VAN BUSKIRK was married to Mr. William D. Field, Nov. 15, 1890. They will live in Stockbridge, Mass. Grace was with us in '86 and '87. Cards came too late for the December LEAVES.

MISS MARTHA LOUISE HALL married Mr. Clinton G. Ferguson, Jan. 1, 1891. Mattie was at Lasell in '88 and '89. Her home was then in Belfast, Me., instead of Atlanta, Ga. We understand that it is now in Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

We hear that Sue Stearns and Jane Ninde are in Vienna.

DR. HELEN F. PIERCE'S New-Year's letter is very bright and cheerful. It was full of gratitude for the sale of the pen-wipers and for Christmas gifts from Lasell and individual Lasellians, as well as from many others.

MRS. WARD and Minnie drove over from Brookline, where they are all living, and made a brief call on Mrs. Shepherd. We are hoping they will come and stay longer, that all may see them.

MISS BEATRICE WITTE was with her sister during the Christmas holidays.

MARY PACKARD and Mrs. Nellie Packard Banks have been lately at Lasell.

MR. BRAGDON'S last telegram, during the holidays, was dated at Ceylon. His letters will speak for themselves.

CARL BRAGDON'S illness, though not at all severe, has kept him from appearing at table or being seen by the pupils. Every one misses his bright face and merry ways. He bears his banishment with patience. His return will be most welcome.

PROF. GOLDMANN, of Berlin, has fulfilled Mr. Bragdon's order, and sends us another large oil painting called "The Minor Chord." It is a companion piece to the Mediæval Monk "It Stands Written," which is such a general favorite.

MR. W. T. SHEPHERD entertained the pupils who spent their Christmas vacation at Lasell by evenings with the magic lantern, illustrating his travels in Europe last summer. Mr. Shepherd is a born artist, which accounts in part for the facility and skill with which he does anything of the kind, making it interesting.

MISS CHAMBERLAYNE entertained a select and elegant lunch party Dec. 29 with her own inimitable social skill. The guests were from Boston and its environs, including Auburndale of course.

THOSE who heard the lectures upon Architecture by Prof. E. B. Homer of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology two years ago will welcome him cordially this year. This course, however, is to be longer, ten lectures, and the audience will have the nature of a class, only pupils of the Junior and Senior classes being admitted, besides Miss Farwell's free-hand drawing class.

MY SUMMER GIRL.

How it came about I know not ;
 She was merry — I a dreamer,
 With never thought of aught at all excepting studious art.
 The story goes as usual —
 She, the pretty little schemer,
 With her arrows deftly pointed, made a target of my heart.

I am not, as a rule, contented
 To be lured from 'neath my skylight,
 But the outing days continued as the summer longer grew ;
 And hours filled with pleasure
 On from dewy morn to twilight,
 And full often somewhat later, winged their flight as hours
 do.

One morning in September
 She was standing on veranda
 As I started for reflection, in a walk along the shore.
 She said, " Before you go out
 On your usual meander
 Perhaps you 'll like to know I 'll be your summer girl no
 more."

I think I must have shown her
 That the news was far from pleasing,
 For she came a little nearer — near enough for me to see
 That her blue eyes were a-twinkle
 With the ecstasy of teasing,
 And she whispered, " Why not ask me, too, your winter
 girl to be ?"

The outcome ? I surrendered —
 Church and parson did their duty ;
 And when she pinned in my cravat a creamy jewelled pearl
 She said, " It 's not an emblem
 Of your own transcendent beauty,
 But just a small reminder that I 'm your all-season girl."

DAYS, RARE AND DONE.

HARRY. — Was it Longfellow who wrote " What
 is so rare as a day in June ?"

EDITH. — Oh, no ; Longfellow wrote " The Day
 is Done."

A SUDDEN GROWTH.

O 1891, hurrah !
 We 're glad that you are here ;
 But how is this ?
 Some one 's amiss :
 You are no child, we hear.

We pictured you a little babe
 Fresh-born, — Time's youngest son, —
 Yet, by strange means,
 You 're in your teens, —
 You 're eighteen, '91.

ODD BITS IN JAPAN.

It costs fifty cents in Japan to get one's hair
 cut. It costs more than that to get one's " eye-
 teeth cut." It is so near China that the " ways
 that are childlike and bland " begin to have their
 effect upon strangers, especially those who " have
 travelled, and know all about tricks, you know !"

I paid that, and came out of a " Paris " shop
 with a Boston cut. The doctor thought the ex-
 penditure extravagant, so he went up street to a
 native shop where the charge was only ten cents.
 He told the barber (it was " Baber " on the
 sign — to attract English custom) to " cut it
 medium." The barber said " Heh " (yes), and
 went to work. By and by the doctor thought he
 had cut enough on that side, and told him so, and
 pointed to the other side. " Heh," said the compli-
 ant native, and worked away on the other side. It
 seemed that a good deal of hair was falling on the
 floor for a " medium " cut, so the doctor explained
 to the barber that he considered he had given him
 his money's worth and might draw the operation
 to a close. " I only wanted a little taken off, —
 just trimmed, you know, — a *very* little, you see —,
 so much," by which the obliging knight of the
 shears understood him to mean he wanted it left
 " so long," so he clipped away with great eager-
 ness to please his foreign customer until the doc-
 tor had to force himself out of the chair. When
 he crept into dinner we looked at him, and asked
 him if he had been in a fight or what had hap-
 pened to him. He seemed unwilling to dwell on
 the subject. He looked like a Shang-Hai rooster
 picked. He got his ten cents' worth, and we, first
 and last, have had a good deal more than that.

The doctor has a great deal of confidence in
 his ability to make the Japs understand him talk-
 ing Americanese. " Mary," said he to the pretty
 maid who served us at the charming Japanese
 hotel at Nikko, where we had infinite bows for
 greetings, left our shoes out of doors, and shuffled
 about in fur slippers (furnished by the house), and
 slept on wadded quilts, with the same for pillows, —
 " Mary, this tea is too strong : bring me " (with great
 care in enunciation), " a larger cup " (here a motion
 with both hands to indicate size) " with the same
 amount of tea and some hot water. Fill it — up —
 with — hot — water." Disappears Mary to reap-

pear with a bowl of hot water about the size of a foot-bath. "No, Mary," patiently explains the doctor, "this is not it. I want a coffee-cup with weak tea, — weak, — you know, w—e—a—k, not strong." Disappears Mary, and reappears, bringing an after-dinner coffee-cup full of the black liquid and the teapot! "See here! can't some of you call the guide?" roared the thirsty doctor. "I don't see why these folks can't tell good English."

Dear little Mary tried her best; she was really a splendid waiter. I tried to get her to come to Auburndale with me, but her parents said she was going to be married pretty soon (I should guess her to be about fifteen years old), and they could n't spare her. Whereat Mary opened her little eyes a bit wider, and explained to the guide that that was the first she had heard of it, but it was all right, she supposed. Most Japanese girls have nothing to do or say about getting married: their parents fix it all for them, and tell the girls when they are ready, and if they don't mind their mother-in-law or sisters-in-law the husband says, "I don't want you any longer"; and off she trudges home to her papa again!

Japanese children are said to have their own way. Parents seldom coerce and rarely, if ever, punish them. If they don't want to do a thing the parent does n't make them, no matter how good a thing it may be. They say "they don't want to do it," and that's the end of it. So in school: if the pupils think a teacher ought to do differently they tell him so, and the teacher never resists. Foreign teachers find this rather funny, but it is the way, and the wise ones fall into it. Still it is the universal testimony that the children and youth are gentle and in the main obedient. One told me that in sixteen years she had never had to speak harshly to any pupil. I can't reconcile the two facts. I have n't studied it out yet. Very unlike the Chinese custom of beating knowledge into children. They figure it, "so much whipping so much learning."

But I left you in Yokohama. The weather (Oct. 29 to Nov. 20) has been like October days at home. We went northward to Tokio and Nikko, and westward to Kamakma, Myanoshita, Shidznoka, Nagoya, Kioto, Osaka, and Kobe, by rail. The railroads are purely English in bed, stock, signals, and general working. All trains

have cars for first, second, and third class passengers (usually one first-class car empty, unless a prince or some English are travelling, one second-class, containing a few natives and what other foreigners are going, and ten or twelve third-class, crowded with natives). Tickets are punched as you go on to the platform, and taken as you go from it. I don't see what hinders a man with a third-class ticket riding second-class. All trains stop at all stations, and the best speed is from eighteen to twenty miles an hour. The fares are about one cent a mile for third-class, two cents for second class, three cents for first-class. We began on the first-class, but soon came to second as just as comfortable. The cars are small, making one think of our narrow gauge. The gauge is between our narrow and wide. They are very careful in starting or stopping a train; no jar is ever felt.

We left Kobe on a steamer of the Japanese mail line, than which I have never seen a finer boat on Atlantic, Pacific, Hudson, or Sound, elegantly fitted everywhere. Captain and mates were English; the chief steward, Chinese; understewards, partly Chinese, partly Japanese; owners, Japanese. Three days through the Inland Sea was a delight never to be forgotten. It made me think of Norway and Lakes Lucerne and Como by turns, — a succession of beautiful lakes, not a sea at all. Water as calm as a river, except where the tide rushed like a mill-race between two islands. The captain had a pet deer, which followed him about like a dog. When plagued, it butted like a goat. We passed Sunday, Nov. 23, with the missionaries at Nagasaki, one of the pretty harbors of the world. We are so far more indebted to missionaries for valuable information than to any other class of people. They know more and know it more intelligently than the natives, and our obligation to them at every place is unbounded. On Tuesday A. M., Nov. 25, we sighted China, after a smooth passage of the dreaded Yellow Sea. China here looks like Holland. Farther south, by Swatow and Hong Kong, the shore is hilly, sometimes mountainous. We went twelve miles up the Yang-tse-Kiang, then twelve up another river (I leave you girls to find its name, — a chapel question) to Shang-Hai. Spent our Thanksgiving day here, dining at the palace

of Dr. Perkins, the brother-in-law of Miss Coe, of West Newton, who was with us to Yokohama, and, by a pleasant chance, again from Kobe to Shang-Hai. The mail goes to-morrow, and we leave Hong Kong for Canton early in the A. M. So I close abruptly, wishing you all a happy New Year. We are almost half-way around the world ; when we are exactly at the half I'll rap so you'll hear me. I think it will be Dec. 15.

How often I think of you all by name and recall your dear faces ! C. C. B.

EXCHANGES.

WE wonder if there is any one in this wide, wide country who does not know that Christmas comes on the 25th of December ! And is there any one who imagines that the wind does not blow, and that the weather is very warm ? If any one is ignorant of these things let her read the *Exchanges* which crowd our desk.

How many versions of "Red Riding Hood" there are ! But still in the *Miscellany* we find another Red Riding Hood. This time she lives in Germany, and has the name of "Gretchen." The old story evidently had not enough interest for modern readers, so a little sentimental affair is introduced in the rescuing scene.

THE *Yale Literary* opens with a very vivid "Dissertation on Going Home for Christmas," in which the feelings of the Freshman and Senior on this occasion are contrasted. We rejoice with the Freshman, and regret that the Senior is disposed to take such a serious view of life.

THE *Swathmore Phoenix* for December is unusually interesting, and we think fully pays for the short delay in publication. It contains a sketch of their new president and a little about their recent foot-ball victories.

GERMANY has 21 universities, 1,020 professors, and 25,000 students ; America has 360 universities, 4,240 professors, and 69,400 students ; England, 11 universities, 834 professors, and 18,400 students. In Europe 94 universities have more professors and 1,814 more students than 360 universities of the United States have. — *Acta Victoriana*.

IN New York bemühte sich kürzlich ein Wanderlehrer in einer Vorlesung seinen Zuhörern zu erklären, was ein Phänomen sei. "Ich will es Euch recht anschaulich machen," sagte er, "was denn ein Phänomen ist. Ohne Zweifel habt Ihr Alle schon eine Kuh gesehen ? Nun, eine Kuh ist kein Phänomen. Ihr habt aber auch schon einen Apfelbaum gesehen ? Nun, ein Apfelbaum ist auch kein Phänomen. Wenn Ihr aber eine Kuh auf einen Apfelbaum steigen sehen würdet, um dort mit dem Tchwanze Aepfel zu pflücken — sehet, das wäre ein Phänomen !" — *The Crescent*.

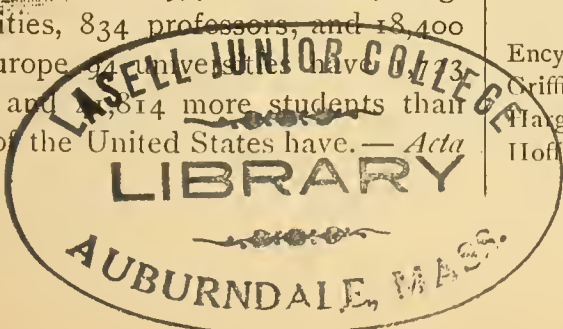
LOVE follows but rarely the laws which you name,
And we know lovers always will boast of their flame ;
Their passion will rise every censure above,
Even faults have their charm in the object they love.
E'en defects in the loved one the lover ne'er blames,
And he only will give them instead pleasant names ;
The pale will in color with jasmine compare,
The fearfully dark is a brunette so rare ;
The thin and the lean is most graceful and tall,
And the stout, in her gait, more majestic than all ;
The careless, who has no attractions to claim,
Is defended, and "beauty neglected" they name ;
The giant a goddess appears to their eyes,
The dwarf is a marvel abridged from the skies ;
The proud has a heart they would crown if they could ;
The tricky has spirit ; the fool is so good ;
The talker too great has a manner so gay,
The mute has a modest and lovable way.
It is thus that a lover, one worthy the name,
Loves e'en the defects of the cause of his flame. M.

Swathmore Phoenix.

AN important "find" is reported from Basle, namely, of more than a hundred wood blocks of Albert Dürer. — *Ogontz Mosaic*.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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WAKE up, Lasellians ! and mark yourselves, you who are worthy, so that you may know, and be known, by your sisters. Every girl who has had an "honorable discharge" should have a Lasell pin. We wish your old Mother Lasell could afford to give you each one, but there are the many things which she so much needs, — the new organ, the art gallery, the new chapel, and the music building.

IT was afternoon study hour. I was sitting alone in my room, deeply engaged in developing the theory that beauty is merely relative, and had almost arrived at the most comforting conclusion that all that is necessary is to have beautiful relatives, when suddenly I was startled by a wild scream, heart-rendering in its pathos.

If it had been night, I should have inferred that the watchman had merely tumbled down the stairs, crushing in his fall a tender somnambulist ; but it was broad daylight, with no romantic associations.

Another still more piercing shriek followed, dying away in agonized sobs. What could it mean ! I felt my hair standing on end, and cold shudders creeping down my back. The cries continued — this suspense was terrible. I could endure it no longer. Either I must learn the cause and seek to give relief, or flee. Scarcely daring to look about me, I hurried across the hall for a companion, who, I found, was also in great consternation. How the soul of man naturally seeks to unburden its greatest emotions to a fellow-being !

With this reinforcement I ventured forth, and traced the sounds to their source. I was fearful that by this time my assistance would be of little avail in any case, but could not decide whether to

call doctor or minister, so, mustering up all my nervous energy, I knocked. There was a sudden cessation of the shrieks and groans; but this dead silence oppressed me nearly as heavily as the cries. My courage failed me. I was about to flee in haste, when my heart was gladdened by a faint "Come." Opening the door with hesitation, and dreading to see some distressing picture of grief or suffering, I entered, to behold — a pretty smiling maiden standing before her mirror. And this is elocution!

BE ye not weary in well-doing, and renew your subscriptions for the literary offspring of your Alma Mater.

It is certainly not forgetfulness but simply neglect (what a multitude of sins that one word has to account for!) which allows you to let pass the opportunities of adding your mite to make up the whole. You are interested in literary work; you are interested in your school; now make manifest your feelings of loyalty, and show us how deeply rooted are your sentiments of fealty, by sending us subscriptions for the LEAVES.

FOUND. — The following unaddressed letter on Auburn Street,* by a Lasell girl. The writer or intended recipient of this letter may have the same by calling for it at the Seminary, and paying for this advertisement: —

AUBURNDALE, MASS.,
Jan., 28, 1891.

My Dear Friend, — Your most welcome letter came to me several weeks ago, and ought to have been answered long since; but I have n't dared to inflict upon you an account of my visit here.

Life at the junction may seem dull, but I can give you full assurance that, compared with Auburndale, your little hamlet is a roaring metropolis. This place is, without an exception, the most quiet spot on earth. It is a beautiful village, but a Sabbath stillness hovers over it, with an effect most depressing.

You remember that I came here with the expectation of a most delightful visit, thinking that in a Massachusetts town, and especially in one so near the "Hub," that there would be gayeties innumerable.

But, alas, for human hopes! I came, I saw, and my spirits fell. Not a soul was on the streets; not a voice was to be heard; the stillness of death was upon everything. "Verily," I thought, "this must be the 'Saint's Rest,' of which I have heard my dear old grandmother speak."

My aunt greeted me with much kindness, but, clearly, she didn't realize that the object of my visit was pleasure and not rest and quiet, for she said to me, "My dear, I will do all in my power to make your stay with us pleasant, but I fear you will be greatly annoyed by noise, for in a few days those seminary girls will return and *then* our peace is at an end."

"Seminary girls," I thought; "then there will be a little excitement." This opinion was strengthened by the words of the various ladies who occasionally called upon my aunt. They were all so grieved at the approaching disturbance, the break into their peaceful quiet, that I was prepared to see a horde of young savages take possession of the town.

And then these gentle ladies always closed their remarks with a pathetic: "And, you know, most of them are from the West." What could be worse than that?

Anxiously I awaited the end of vacation; but the first days of the year were stormy, and for a time I saw nothing of these wild specimens of humanity.

Finally we were blessed with a pleasant day, and I set out to find a shop where I could purchase a shoestrapping. After much search, I found one, not by the lines of vehicles or crowds of shoppers, but by the accidental discovery of a peculiar but suggestive sign of "Brush and Hair-pin." On my return, I became aware of a bevy of girls approaching me. They were laughing and talking, but not obtrusively, and were so ladylike in their demeanor that I said to myself that they could not possibly be the seminary girls of whom I had heard, but as they stepped aside to make room for me to pass, one or two remarks which I overheard convinced me that I was wrong, and that these very girls were a part of the much-maligned disturbers of the peace.

Well, I *was* disappointed that I could gain no excitement from their advent, but now I am beginning to envy them greatly, for they have such a pleasant life in that cheery, old building "Lasell." Of course, girl-like, they complain; but when you meet them on their daily walk, they look like anything but ill-treated and ill-used mortals.

These girls work, too; for play and work are wisely mingled at Lasell, and in just the right proportions.

Happy girls like these cannot be silent; and it does me good to hear their voices, so merry, but not boisterous; and I cannot understand why there should be so many objections to them, — the one bright and active part of Auburndale.

At any rate, I am convinced that Auburndale without the Seminary would be a fit companion for the Cave of the Seven Sleepers.

Why, when I came here, my presence, as a stranger, was so startling that even the dogs were frightened and ran away in astonishment.

But I have written enough, I am sure. Life is so dull here that I may soon go home, though I have thought of

*We wish to defend our mate from all false accusations for her appearance on *Auburn Street*. She, having obtained permission of her "in-loco-parentes," was on her way to make a purchase of Miss Sprout.

entering Lasell this term as a day-scholar, just to get with people who are *alive*.

Your letters are so bright and cheery that I want one very soon.

Very lovingly,

NAUD.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

IN a little village, prettily shaded by trees, stands a small, red-brick structure, surrounded on three sides by a board fence six or seven feet high; the ground between the fence and building and the street in front serving as a playground for the children.

The outside of the building is highly decorated with various specimens of art, embracing literature, poetry, and drawings. The most common example of the first is a girl's name joined with some masculine name by long lines drawn vertically through the letters, the significance of which is to show whether the two love or hate each other, are friendly, or engaged.

The drawings are done with pencils, crayon, or colored stones. In front are two long board steps extending nearly to each end of the building, where the children play "Beggar's Land."

Over the two large, green-painted doors — of course there are two, one for the girls and one for the boys — are two paneless windows, though you may still see a few fragmentary pieces of glass, — evidence that the window has not always been in that condition.

Inside, the walls are gray and dingy, and bare excepting where the large maps of the continents hang. These maps show the political divisions of the continents as they were some decades back, — a great advantage to the pupils. The ceiling is thickly studded by paper wads, thrown by some sly boy while the teacher's back was turned. In the ceiling is a large hole, evidently the result of an accident caused by some disobedient boy, who, having climbed to the little floorless garret, tried to walk the scantling, but made a misstep and fell through.

The single black-board, which is a small one, is so cracked that one is unable to distinguish a decimal point from a hole.

In the middle of the room is a large wood stove,

by the side of which lies a hugh pile of wood ready to replenish the fire when necessary.

But the stovepipe is the principal part of the stove, if we judge of a thing by its size, for it extends up nearly to the ceiling, then across the room to the back wall, at every little distance suspended from above by a wire. The crackling of the fire can be heard above the din of studying lips, — the same kind of a fire Carlton speaks of, that roasts the faces "the while they are freezing their backs."

The desks are old-fashioned, green-painted, uncomfortable, a combination of seat and desk, each serving for two persons, and in the winter many of them for three, ornamented as usual, with various jack-knife carvings and ink stains. The teacher's desk is also of plain boards, green-painted, something like an oblong box on four legs, with a sloping cover, underneath which are concealed the rulers; for in a country school discipline ranks above learning; and the teacher is considered successful according as the discipline is good or bad. On the first day of school the rules are written on the black-board, and any scholar who disobeys them is not dealt very mildly with. The rules read something like this: No whispering, no eating or chewing, no communications, no throwing of paper wads, no turning around, no picking up anything without permission; a list which if one were able to keep, he would be, in my opinion, too good to live.

But not to present the play without the part of Hamlet, we must say something of the scholars, from the great overgrown boys down to the little tot who can scarcely peep above the desk. I have said that the village was a small one, and you may wonder how there are so many children. Most of the families are very large, and they send the little ones to school as soon as they can walk, so that they may "know where they are"; and, since they are less precocious in using their organs of speech than those of locomotion, they learn to read before they can speak plainly, as one little girl reads, "Tan a tat tatch a mouse?"

There is no time for kindergarten work here, and, as they are too young to study, the poor little things when tired of marking on their slates lay their heads on their arms and take a nap. It is interesting to see the "first class in spelling"

take their places in a long row at the side of the room as the numbers are called, the boys passing along with their great homely boots and patched knees and elbows; the girls, with their hair tightly crimped and neat little aprons on. This class seems to contain all ages. Next to a tall boy of sixteen or seventeen you see a little girl of ten or eleven apparently half as high as the boy: the girls are not obliged to remain out of school and work during the summer; then they say girls are naturally better spellers than boys. All have the same long column, all strive to reach the head, which is the place of honor.

The recitations are necessarily short, as the teacher is obliged to crowd six or seven lessons into one short hour. No rules in the text-book are ever omitted, all are to be learned by heart.

But granting that there are many disadvantages and inconveniences in a country school, I would ask, Where will you find a healthier or a happier lot of children than you find here? They are toughened to all kinds of weather, and as one sees them coming in after sliding down hill on their "double rippers," their cheeks red, their eyes bright with excitement, he wishes himself a pupil in a country school.

ELECTION RETURNS.

LASELLIA CLUB.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>President</i> | MISS CHARLOTTE WHITE. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | MISS RICE. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | MISS LORD. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | MISS PALMER. |
| <i>Critic</i> | MISS HACKETT. |
| <i>Executive Committee</i> | MISS A. HARTWELL. |
| | MISS DONALLEN. |
| | MISS TAFT. |
| <i>Guard</i> | MISS BROOKS. |
| <i>Assistant Guard</i> | MISS MEANS. |

S. D. SOCIETY.

| | |
|------------------------------------|----------------|
| <i>President</i> | MISS BURR. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | MISS HAGAR. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | MISS ANDERSON. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | MISS S. ROWE. |
| <i>Critic</i> | MISS BIRCHARD. |
| <i>Usher</i> | MISS JOHNSON. |
| <i>Musical Committee</i> | MISS HATHAWAY. |
| | MISS M. COON. |

LOCALS.

THE sudden loss of a certain rebate affected one of our hopeful contestants for the bread prize so seriously that she has been economizing on the extravagant use of yeast, and making her bread without that commodity.

AMONG the outside attractions of this month, the lectures of Stanley and Stoddard have received the most attention.

IN THE LITERATURE CLASS:—

MISS C.—Tell us what you know about St. Cecilia.

THOUGHTFUL JUNIOR.—Well, she was a Christian martyr, and was born in—I think, in the 3d century B. C.

ADMISSION tickets to the Boston Art Club Exhibition were very kindly sent to us through Mr. Frost.

MONDAY evening, Feb. 9, we had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Maud Howe Hall lecture on "Social Usages." An unusually favorable opportunity for securing Mrs. Hall's services was furnished by her visit in Boston.

THE young ladies who remained here during the holidays wish to extend a vote of thanks to Mr. George Johnson, of Auburndale, who so thoughtfully gave them their pleasant sleighride.

MEDITATING SENIOR (*who is fond of Dr. Pick's method*).—Let me see, when was Cæsar born? He died in 44 B. C.; was n't he born 404 B. C.?

CONFIDENT CLASSMATE.—Oh, no; you are confusing him with Moses. It was Moses who was born 404 B. C.

MISS CHARLOTTE WHITE was the winner of the prize in the annual articulation match.

DR. HOYT's physiology lectures and Miss Harkin's dress-cutting class have been added to the winter's work.

It has been rumored that one of our seniors (not the maiden naturally to be suspected of such conduct) was found in a darkened parlor, one Sunday evening, with—whom? How mysterious!

JAN. 25 proved so stormy that it was thought imprudent to go out to church; but we all felt repaid for staying in when Dr. Peloubet gave us one of his excellent sermons in the chapel.

SUNDAY afternoon, Feb. 1, the Temperance Society held a meeting in the chapel. The programme given was as follows : —

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| Organ Voluntary | Miss Shinn. |
| Devotional exercises. | |
| Address | Miss Fessenden. |
| Vocal solo | Miss Peabody. |
| Gloria. | |

“O DEAR ! it seems years since the beginning of this term.”

“Years ! Nay, *months* !”

AN invitation to the gymnasium, Saturday evening, Jan. 24, was quite generally accepted. The entertainment provided by Mr. Shepherd was a surprise to most of us, and evidently proved a success, if applauding and merriment are any test. The recitations and mimicries of Mr. Emerson, the humorist, were greatly enjoyed, also the music provided for the dancing. The evening appeared to end with the refreshments in the dining-room ; but no, the delightful surprise of a serenade was given us, a little later, by the quartette.

FRANK SOPHOMORE (*to innocent friend*). — “Why, dear, there is some white powder on your collar. How strange !”

INNOCENT FRIEND (*overcoming embarrassment*). — “Not at all. My new gloves were full of powder ; that must be the reason.”

F. S. — “Pshaw ! that does n’t go down.”

THE day of prayer, Jan. 29, was observed in the usual manner. The following programme was announced, but in the absence of Dr. Haynes, on account of sickness, Mr. Cutler kindly led the morning service.

| | |
|--------|--|
| 7.45. | Morning Prayer (S. D. Room). |
| 9.00. | Teachers’ Prayer-meeting (S. D. Room). |
| 9 00. | Students’ Prayer-meeting (Chapel). |
| 10.30, | Morning Service. Rev. Emory J. Haynes, D. D. |
| 3.15. | Afternoon Service. Rev. W. E. Huntington, Ph. D. |
| 7.30. | Evening Service. Rev. Wm. R. Clark, D. D. |

The senior class had the unexpected pleasure of meeting Dean Huntington during the short interval between the afternoon service and train-time.

IF any one wishes to know who has been holding Stephen’s “old clothes” since the inquest at which “Saul was consenting unto his death,” let her inquire at Room 38.

MISS LOIS SOULE, Miss Nan Brown, and Miss Alice Maloon have favored us with visits over Sunday. We were also glad to see Mrs. Bray, or, more familiarly, Miss Corey, among us once more.

A LITTLE maiden at Lasell grew ;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe !
She wore a six glove and a number-two shoe ;
And to this shoe the trouble was due,
Was due, was due ;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe !

Hard trials for them two,
Our Lasell girl and her number-two shoe
And the skates which would n’t undo,
Too true, too true ;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe !

One afternoon on the ice so blue,
Oh, listen to my wail of toe !
She skated more than she ought to do,
And the crowd went home before she was through,
Was through, was through ;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe !

Hard trials for them two, etc.

This maid sat down her skates to undo ;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe !
But she understood not the act thereto,
And her skates to her boot sole stuck like glue,
Like glue, like glue ;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe !

Hard trials for them two, etc.

Now what do you think this maid did do ?
Oh, listen to my wail of toe !
Straight from her feet her boots she drew,
And ambled home, *sans* skates, *sans* shoe,
Sans shoe, *sans* shoe ;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe !

Hard trials for them two, etc.

Now this sad tale is *entre nous*.
Oh, listen to my wail of toe !
For you to tell would never do,
But ’twas told to me as strictly true,
Quite true, quite true ;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe !

Hard trials for them two,
Our Lasell girl and her number-two shoe
And the skates which would n’t undo,
Too true, too true ;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe !

HOW HE WAS SAVED.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE Harold Middleton was yet a child, if any one had known the history of his ancestors, that is, their traits of character, virtues and vices, moral and physical defects; and then could they have known of the formative influences that would surround his early and subsequent life — if they could have known these things, they would each have predicted a certain result. The physician, the man skilled in diseases of the mind and body, would have predicted lunacy or insanity as a final result of intemperate ancestors; or perhaps entire absence of taste for drink, as often happens. The ignorant would predict a common drunkard, or a fast man. The psychologist, an artist or a poet, — perhaps a second Byron, — a man with a wonderful soul, but governed and swayed by the passion he depicts. But how different, yet how infinitely sad the real result. A man with a soul, but, like the men of Bible times, possessed by a devil.

First, he has escaped one of the sad things with which Nature often punishes the children of diseased or wicked ancestors — physical deformity. His skeleton is well-made and well-covered, and his face, not handsome, but striking, full of latent nobility. Then a mind free from morbidness or tendency to insanity, and a nature strong in many ways, yet *seeming* to lack control in this one thing. Then, although as yet he knows it not, a strong religious element, inherited from his mother. If she had lived it might have been developed, but after her death the effect of her teachings slowly died out, and at college his study of the Bible was merely that of a student of literature and history. And yet at times he feels *something* stir in his inmost being, and this is when listening to beautiful music or looking at nature, animate and inanimate, in her wonderful manifestations. And then he writes a poem, full of sensuous delight in beauty in all its forms, yet lacking — something. At college, unlike many dreamers and poem writers, his manner of study was systematical, and his knowledge, as a result, more technical than vast. He was deeply interested in the exact sciences, but felt no interest in Kant or Kantian philosophy, and no sympathy

for the grand and tragic pessimism of Schopenhauer. He detected unscholarly errors in most theories, and had no patience with the fantastical. Books interested him, but did not affect his opinions or character. But he was not narrow, as many of like tastes are, and had it not been for this fatal appetite he would have become a brilliant lawyer, and then would have risen higher higher; and men would have trusted, but would not have loved him.

Almost his opposite in many ways was Helen Greyson. Her ancestors had been good, upright men and women, with few exceptions. Many of them had been divines, all of them religious, even to fanaticism. No curse like intemperance had rested upon them, but many had died suddenly, in the prime of life, from heart disease; but this had been latent for years. The physician would perhaps have talked of disease skipping several generations and then appearing; but all, psychologist and ignorant alike, would have predicted for her a peaceful, religious life, undisturbed by doubt or passion. The psychologist might have added, that, should occasion present itself, she might become a martyr for conscience's sake. And in her case, also, they would have been partly wrong. Her father and mother had not been happy together; before her birth her mother had discovered their uncongeniality, and even her faith in God could not keep her from brooding over her bitter mistake and finally becoming a victim of hysteria; dying when her daughter was but sixteen of that form of insanity known as melancholia. Helen had showed neurasthenic symptoms long before this, and soon after was taken with nervous prostration, from which she recovered, but never to be the same girl again.

Her illness unfitted her for college, for which she had begun to prepare at an early age, but at twenty-three, her knowledge, both of the seen and the unseen, is far beyond that of any college graduate. She is conscious of her powers, and one day glories in them, and the next day is utterly despondent. Unlike Harold, almost everything she reads has an unseen, subtle effect upon the waxen tablets of heart and mind. It is well that she did not go to college, for she would never have realized her dreams there. Other girls, with less brain and nerve power, and more

patience, would have outstripped her. Her knowledge could never have been technical, for her mind was not formed for steady drudgery; sometimes she would study from morning until night, and then would be idle for days. She had never read systematically, but whatever came within her reach. She could not bear to discuss her favorite books and authors, theories and reforms, with people, for when they admired she had a strange feeling that they did not really appreciate and feel as she did; she liked it better when they laughed or scorned. She knew how utterly alone she was in reality, but sometimes she took intense pleasure in that solitude. For was it not peopled with dear companions? She held communion with the souls of those with whom kings had conversed, and sometimes she felt as if they knew her and loved her. She read character immediately, but her heart was full of charity and love, and pity for all. Her earnest prayer was for light, wisdom, understanding. Her faith in God was wonderful, but it was sometimes darkened by a cloud of fancied sin, which, in her case, was almost wholly a result of a morbid condition of the mind to which she was subject at times. Her friends admired but pitied her, and her enemies called her a crank, or something worse. She seized upon all theories, old and new, and adopted all reforms. A thousand and one traits of her character could be mentioned, but they can be summed up in one word — *genius*. That genius which lives and dies unrecognized, because it can find no outlet. She had an intense love for beauty and color, and at an early age had shown talent for drawing, especially faces. But strange to say, this trait seemed to die out, and in after years its only traces were her perfect taste in dress, and appreciation of nature itself, and as depicted by artists. She might have become one herself, for she had the soul, but not the patience for carrying out detail. She saw the end, but must needs leap over the long path leading to it in one bound. And this could be seen in everything she attempted. And she knew all this, and could have described herself better than anyone else.

For years she had been longing to meet some one who could thoroughly understand her. And then she met Harold Middleton. Soon she

began to idealize him, as she had done many others before, only to find —

CHAPTER VI.

Oh, that road, that winding country road! Beautiful in the morning when the dew is still upon the grass and flowers; beautiful in the afternoon when the golden sunlight streams across it; beautiful in the dusky twilight; but still more beautiful at night, with stars twinkling above it, and the moonlight transforming fence, rock, and bush. On every side dim mountains, and far away a glimpse of the river, silvered in the moonlight. But to-night, as Harold and Helen walk slowly up that road, they look at the scene with new eyes. Oh, what is it that makes it seem the most beautiful spot in all God's world?

They are nearing an old gate at the head of the road that leads to the river. As he opens it carefully for her to pass, he says, "Let us sit down yonder upon those logs under the trees, and watch the moon rise over the mountains." And after he tenderly guides her steps and they are seated, they are silent for a few moments, and gaze at the still river and dark hills; and the sweet breeze fans their cheeks, and the birds twitter sleepily, and the katy-dids and crickets sing softly.

"Helen," whispers Harold, "you know, you must know, for what I have brought you here to-night. To tell you that I love you." And he draws nearer to her, and then suddenly moves away. "But do not speak until I have told you all, and then perhaps you will despise and condemn me as they all do." And then he tells her of his grandfather, his mother's prayers, his broken pledges, his college life, his father's death, his blasted hopes and ambitions; all he lays before her and then says, passionately, "O Helen, can it be that there is a God so unjust, so cruel, as to give me a soul capable of better things, and then to punish me for the sins of my ancestors; or is it a law, an inexorable law, that I must suffer so, and then die a drunkard's death? Oh, why was I ever born! No, I will not say, as many others have said, that my love for you will save me. I know that I have been stronger since I met you; but I will not make another promise, and drag you too to destruction. Still I feel the thirst, but, O God!

it cannot be! I feel better things within me, and —” and then he buries his face in his hands and groans in despair, “but who can save me?” But a gentle voice says, “Harold, darling, look up, do not despair.” He raises his eyes and looks at her in awe. She is standing, and the moonlight is on her face, transforming it as with a heavenly light, giving it a nobility not of this earth. “Think you,” she says, “that your mother’s prayers will go unheeded, unanswered, by Him who loves to answer prayer? I feel, I know, that God has appointed me to help you, — now I know for what I was put upon this earth! O Harold, poor boy, you think that you have sinned deeply, and that I will condemn you! Ah! you have been more deeply sinned against. Do you not see that in your case, what you, what the world calls sin, is disease? Oh! if I could have begun with your ancestors! Your whole life has fostered this taste, I know. O Harold, this is a phase of the temperance question that is not often considered; that temperance in *food* will lead to temperance in *drink*. Oh that I could tell it to all—to those who suffer as you do! O Harold, study this; it is not a theory alone; you can be, you must be cured. There is hope for you; will you not believe me?” And he looks at her and is silent, for a great hope is in his heart which can find no expression in words—it fills his whole being.

CHAPTER VII.

Again it is summer; and the stars twinkle, and the moonlight transforms that winding country road. Down by the river upon a pile of logs sits a solitary figure. It is Helen Greyson. “It was just one year ago to-night” she whispers; and then her lips tremble, and she bows her head and murmurs “Thy will be done.” “Helen” says a voice behind her, “Helen, I am here; I came by the late stage, and—O Helen, darling, I am cured. I did what you said. I read, I studied your theory, I put it into practice. I—why, now I can hold wine to my lips and feel no thirst! O Helen, you are an angel from God. I believe in Him now. I love Him, I trust Him, I thank Him. And now—I may hope—Helen can you—there is nothing now between us—can you, will you, forget the past, and be my wife?”

And he leans toward her, and Heaven seems nearer than ever before. But she trembles and cries, “O Harold, how can I say it! O God, help me!” and then the noble light comes into her face, and she says, “Thy will be done.” “Tell me” he cries, “what do those words mean? I heard you say them the first time I saw you.” “Harold” she says, “Harold, I *love* you—but it cannot be—no, not in this world! Our marriage must be of the spirit. The curse must stop with this generation. For years there has been heart disease in my family and intemperance in yours, and shall we bring them upon our descendants? Oh, this is bitter,” she cries; “for I love you so!” As she ceases speaking all around them seems to have grown strangely quiet. The crickets and katy-dids have hushed their song, and no sound disturbs the silent flow of the river. The moonlight, as before, tenderly rests upon her, transforming her gown of white until it seems like an angel robe. All thought of earthly love fades from Harold’s mind. He seems for the first time to be in the presence, to *see* a human being—a soul. His spiritual eyes seem opened, and God’s glory pours into his heart. He seems to catch a glimpse of what has before been hidden from mortal eye. He kneels, and reverently kisses her hand, and this time he whispers, “Thy will be done.”

Thus a mother’s prayers were answered.

And when their life-work here is ended, and their spirits are free from the burden of the material body, and they go where there is indeed no marrying or giving in marriage, who shall say that their souls will not be united, and live together throughout eternity!

[THE END.]

HONG-KONG TO SINGAPORE.

WE are sweeping along before the northeast monsoon, though why so friendly a wind should be called by so dreadful a name I can’t imagine. It has been very pleasant to us, giving us smooth seas, a little fresh air, and a quick passage.

The boat actually “slowed up” last evening, lest we should reach Singapore too soon, not daring to go in at night. We shall be there early

to-morrow A. M. Already we are half-way round. We passed the point opposite you yesterday. Did you hear me rap? I did, and thought much of you all down through the earth so deep, and wished I could be with you for an hour, to hear you sing the dear songs I love so well. How odd it is that some find no pleasure in that kind of song! To me it is sweetest music, and next to prayer, if "in the spirit." Don't sing lightly of sacred themes, will you?

I left you as we were nearing Hong-Kong. We were there two days; then went to Canton for four days; then back to Hong-Kong, and sailed thence Dec. 11. The trip up Pearl River we made on a Chinese river steamer, under a Capt. Blethen, from Bath, Me. He and his first officer, a Swede, were very helpful and pleasant, showing and explaining all the sights by the way.

We have our first sight of a real Palestine Jerusalem Jew on this boat. He is a short, fine-looking man, of gray beard, accompanied by wife, daughter (women with decided noses), and their Hindu maid, a girl of delicious black eyes, but of no use, so far as I can see, except to decorate a certain bench with her many-colored costumes.

Be good, "my children."

C. C. B.

SINGAPORE AND PENANG.

OVER the sea toward two C's we move calmly on. The sea we realize, for it is all about us, and now and then, under the coaxing of the northeast monsoon, it moves us unpleasantly up and down as well as on. The restless green or blue is a kaleidoscope picture. The first C, which is Ceylon, we believe in, for the chart says it is before us, and all the other strange lands to whose on-coming it has testified have come. The second C, which is Christmas, is hard to believe at hand. For none of the conditions of Christmas, as we know it, are here. We are dressed, this twenty-second day of December, in our least and lightest clothing, and envy those who have still less. The sailors, in their thin, muslin gowns through which their yellow or black skin shows glistening, seem to us to have attained the highest felicity. The

double awnings and sultry breeze hardly make the deck endurable, and we are all "wilted."

I wonder what you are doing to keep cool! The steward gives us lemon-ice and ice-cream, and cool drinks, and the punkah-wallahs mop their faces, as they pull the fans that make it possible for us to stay below long enough to eat a little rice and salad and the coldest puddings we can find. We fervidly and fervently hope the thunder-clouds that are massed on the horizon will materialize to wet us down and cool the heated ship. So you see the conditions of Christmas-tide are wanting, so far as weather is concerned. And the home-gathering and meetings of friends are lacking as well; and the churches, decked to celebrate the birth of our Lord, with the bell calling to praise to Him "who so loved the world" are not here. Instead, we have the ugly idols, and half-naked priests giving them cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit and flowers, and hallooing to them with gong and bell. Oh, what a difference Jesus Christ makes in a land and people! and I grow humble as I think how little I have prized blessings which are no more mine by right than theirs who "bow down to wood or stone," and humbler yet as I remember how many times I have, with all my training, set me up other gods than God.

If the money that goes off in tobacco-smoke on this boat in one week were given to missionary work, it would support ten Christian women a year while getting schooling or training as nurses, thereby preparing them for entire life-work as Christian helpers among their own people. Something to think of. I wonder how far what some of us spend in candies in a year would go?

In Penang we saw pepper being put into bags, and hot tin (a product of this section) into moulds, for America. We left Hong-Kong Thursday noon, and early Tuesday A. M. were in Singapore. Left Singapore 5 P. M. Wednesday, and were in Penang early Friday. Left Penang 1 o'clock Friday, and will reach Colombo about two or three o'clock to-morrow (Tuesday) P. M. Remarkably quick and easy passages. The heavens are propitious, the waves are kind. I hope the snakes of Ceylon will be as considerate.

C. C. B.

DEC. 22, 1890.

WHO is it that doth so aspire,
As soaring ever higher, higher,
To lead in song the young church choir?
A Senior.

Who is it that with downcast look
Is ever bending o'er a book,
And says she must learn how to cook?
A Senior.

Who is it that with stately mein,
Not liking to appear quite green,
Declares "things are not what they seem"?
A Senior.

Who doth prayer-meetings so well lead
Is always sowing some good seed,
To heathen she'll be a friend indeed?
A Senior.

Who is it that is quite as good,
Is always doing what she should,
And would be better if she could?
A Senior.

Who is it good in a debate,
But when a teacher doth her rate
She only murmurs "Such is fate"?
A Senior.

Who is it, always at her ease,
Is, therefore, people sure to please,
Still some with dignity doth freeze?
A Senior.

Who came to us from foreign lands?
Who hailed from India's coral strands,
And to them is bound by unseen bands?
A Senior.

Who's chosen vocal for her art?
She cannot give it her whole heart
For she's been struck by Cupid's dart, —
A Senior.

Who is it with the curly locks
Is noted for her pretty frocks,
And to her mates her heart unlocks?
A Senior.

Who is it that with breezy air
Is always tumbling up the stair,
Yet with a look of "I don't care"?
A Senior.

Who's the musician of the crowd,
Reserved and stately, cold and proud?
She never speaks in accents loud, —
A Senior.

Who is it with a face so pure
Is always of her lessons sure,
And others' faults she tries to cure?
A Senior.

Who knew a thing a moment ago
But now that thing she does not know,
She's very sorry, but 't is so?
A Senior.

Who are they who have not a doubt
That when from school their class goes out
There'll be nothing left to talk about?
The Seniors.

A FOREST FIRE.

EVER since they were children their families,
who had cottages at the same summer resort on
Lake Michigan, had "gone up North" together.

Cyril Ward, a this year's college graduate, and
Beatrice Belmont, a bright college girl, had always
been the best of friends, and many a merry trip
had they had together on this road.

But this time a cloud seemed to rest over their
friendship. When all the berths had been made
up, the numerous children belonging to their
party put to sleep at last, and the sleeping car
generally hushed for the night, they stood at the
rear end of the car, looking out on the shadowy
landscape and dim outline of the woods, without
speaking a word.

Cyril at last broke the sullen silence: —

"I scarcely expected you would go with us
to-day; Paul Martin told me you intended visiting
his sister."

"I did intend to, but, — did you have a nice
time at your last college reception?"

"Yes, rather, — only you were not there!"

"That's scarcely complimentary to Miss Wal-
ton!"

"What has Miss Walton to do with it?"

"Only that you took her, and so —"

"Who told you that I did?"

No answer.

"You were misinformed. You ought to have
known I would take none but you, Bee. If you
had cared to know, you would."

"I don't see that it matters, any way, whom you
did take."

This coolly enough; then, with a sudden
gasp, —

"But what is that?"

Far on either side of the track the woods were
burning, some trees blazing merrily away like
torches, others smouldering and smoking sullenly.

It was a beautiful but fearful sight. In a minute the car was filled with smoke, and Beatrice was trembling with fear.

"I am sure there must be danger. I do wish they would stop the cars!"

"If there was any danger it is passed."

In fact, the cars had rushed on and everything around them was dark and still again.

"Our conversation is not likely to entertain you. You had better go to your state-room and sleep off your fears. I will go to my berth."

How could he think she could sleep! What with the forest fire, and — well, not that alone. But though hurt and even frightened she was too proud to show either, and coldly said, "Good-night."

"Good-night," said Cyril.

He had not reached the door before a smothered cry of fear reached him. Again around them the trees were blazing, and Beatrice, subdued by fear, exclaimed, —

"I am so frightened, I wish you would not leave me alone!"

Could he help coming back and standing by her, while she gazed with the fascination of terror on the beautiful but weird scene flashing by them?

"I like this better than any reception," said Cyril, at last. "O Bee! how could you go away just the day before, while I —"

"Did n't even come to see me off, when I wrote to you I wanted to see you at the station, as I had to go home before Commencement."

"I never received the letter."

"And did n't care if you did!"

"If *you* had cared you would have written again!"

"To hear what a nice time you had with Grace Walton? Thank you!"

"If neither of us cares, what's the use of talking any more about it? I hope your fears are allayed now, and I will go."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

Were there tears in Bee's eyes this time?

Before he could move there broke out a blaze around them, and Beatrice, who in her excitement let go her hold of the door-handle, was thrown violently against him by a lurch of the car.

"I do beg your pardon!"

Was it granted? A steadying arm was laid

around her, and she did not recoil. She was breathless and trembling. At length she whispered, —

"I am so scared! Oh, I am so glad you are here!"

"I am always glad when you are glad, darling. Why should we ever live apart? Tell me you will be mine, you will be my wife!"

But Bee had drawn herself away, rigid and white.

"Are you sure you did not say the same thing to Grace Walton at the reception?"

"Oh, Grace Walton! I wish —"

His wish was unspoken, for in an instant the car was stopped with a sudden shock. The same minute frightened Beatrice was clinging to him.

"O Cyril, tell me once more that you love me, not her, for I had rather die here than live without you!"

Around them the trees were blazing; the lumber yard just ahead of them was one surging mass of flames; a danger signal had barely saved the train from rushing to its destruction.

The frightened passengers scrambled out of their berths, crying and shrieking, every one questioning, none listening to the calmer ones' assurances that all danger was past, and nothing more would happen to them if they would go back to the last station and remain over night. But what had passed between Cyril and Bee in the few seconds before the car was all astir? Surely, the glow of the fire could never give that light to her eye and that radiance to her face. What is it he is whispering when the train is side-tracked at the station, and he is at last really saying good-night to Beatrice, —

"The forest fire did it after all, only the forest fire!"

PERSONALS.

It has only very recently come to our knowledge, through a letter from Lizzie Whipple, that she and her family met with a terrible loss early in December in the death, by a railroad accident, of her brother Will, a bright, capable, interesting young man. It was truly a crushing blow. They have our heartfelt sympathy.

GERTRUDE PENFIELD, Mrs. Seiberling, from Akron, Ohio, took lunch at Lasell early in February, and sung a little to oblige old friends. She keeps up her music by study and practice, and sings as charmingly as ever.

ELLA STEDMAN, Mrs. Frank, from Nebraska, paid us all too short a call. She is spending the winter with her mother, in Western New York, and is in Boston for a short time. Ella keeps her warm attachment to the school and the friends of her school days. She seems to be a progressive woman in all good ways, and is truly an honor to her Alma Mater.

MYRTIE SIUSABAUGH sends to the library a Sunday-school book which was dedicated to her by the author.

MRS. MILBANK, Carrie Johnson's sister, came to Lasell while Carrie was having tonsillitis. She is always welcome.

DR. MILAN BAKER, who recently died in Buffalo, N. Y., was the father of our former pupils, Anna, Mrs. W. T. Jebb, of Waukegan, Mich., and Jersive. He was a man of ability and of much active usefulness and worth.

OUR good Miss Corey, now Mrs. Bray, spent a night at Lasell, early in February.

THE marriage of Alice Gardner to Mr. Ernest J. Rogers, in Chicago, Jan. 8, was announced too late for the LEAVES of last month. It is said to have been a charming wedding.

HARRIET SHAW JOY, who was at Lasell in '86 and '87, was married to Mr. R. Delos Martyn on Sunday, Jan. 25, in Trinity Church, New York City.

MARY HAZLEWOOD writes that she and her family have moved into a new home. They still remain in Grand Rapids. She is studying book-keeping.

MRS. NOYES was a most welcome guest the last of January, but remained only a night and part of a day.

SARAH PEW, Mamie Noyes, Lizzie Burnham, Bessie Merriam, Lois Soule, Nan Brown, Rena Day, and Ada Langley are "old girls" who have looked in upon the school lately, and report well of themselves.

MISS FRANCES WILLARD conducted the chapel services Tuesday evening, Feb. 10, with prayer and an address to the pupils which interested them very much.

THE READING OF FICTION.

HOWEVER much in times past the reading of books of fiction may have been condemned as wicked and pernicious for both old and young, yet in this day it would seem, and perhaps would be indeed, presumptuous and foolish to maintain that reading of every kind of fiction is wholly and entirely evil, hurtful, and unprofitable. This I shall not attempt to do, especially in view of the fact that men and women of the most exalted minds and characters, among them the most eminent divines both in this country and abroad, have written works of fiction which bring forth great moral truths, advance reforms, and better mankind. But I am justified in this position by the universal belief "that thorns and thistles grow beside rich herbage, and deadly poisons lurk where beautiful flowers bloom."

Fiction may have, and perhaps has, a broad field, which, if cultivated by right minds and with right motives, may yield a harvest of good results. But we must remember that by far the largest number of works of fiction, thrown broad-cast over all the land, read at all firesides, are neither good nor beneficial, either for the formation of correct taste in literature or the establishment of right conduct in social, public, or private life.

Much has been said and written on the uses and abuses of fiction.

Novel writing and novel reading have both been generally held in low estimation by grave and sensible people.

As Mr. Whipple said, in a lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, a great many years ago:—

"Against good novels, that is against vivid representations or idealizations of life, character, and manners in this or any past age, there would seem to be no valid objection; but this department of literature has unfortunately been a domain in which the hosts of stupidity and immorality have encamped. Ink wasters, who could write nothing else, whom nature never intended to write any-

thing, have still considered themselves abundantly qualified to write fiction. Consequently, all the nonsense in human nature has been fully represented in this style of romance.

Of all the books that ever vexed the wise and charmed the foolish, a bad novel is probably that which best displays how low the ruined can descend.

In the art of embodying imbecility of thought and pettiness of sentiment, in a style mean and gauzy, all other men and women have been fairly distanced by certain novelists not altogether unblest with popularity and influence."

Another person has said: "There are three kinds of reading: first, that which is designed for the discipline of the mind; second, that which is designed for information; and third, such as is intended for amusement only."

It will not and cannot be disputed that the chief aim of all works of fiction is to please and entertain, and herein lies one of the grave evils of fiction reading. In the first place, if our time for reading is very limited, which is the case with most of us, we certainly can find in the world "of making many books there is no end" enough of truth and reality to occupy us, so that the time spent on the fictitious works seems wasted. They certainly give us very wrong impressions of life and make us think too lightly of vice. Life is too serious a business to spend it in such entertainments; the mind too great to be amused by unreal pictures.

Another reason why fiction is not only without benefit but really injurious, is that such kind of reading costs no effort and necessarily dissipates the power to study, weakens the mind, and destroys our taste for reading that which will edify and enlarge our comprehension. Any kind of reading that tends to impair the faculties of the mind, or weaken it for the higher duties, ought to be condemned; and this, none will deny, is what results from the reading of fiction.

The characters in most cases are overdrawn, either above or below the standard of human perfection, and this is likely to unfit the mind for associating with real men and women.

Any reading that does not make us better, more capable of meeting and mastering the needs of the time in which our lives are cast, is reading which can be entirely dispensed with. In

historical novels the authors take so much liberty with facts that we are very often given entirely wrong information regarding historical events.

"The novelist naturally shapes the facts to suit the story, instead of shaping the story to suit the facts; and again, if the novelist were to begin his story by acquainting his readers at the onset with the issue of the whole, so that we should know who is to be married or killed, and how things generally turn out (which is the main reason for which we read it), it is safe to say that not one novel in a hundred would ever be read."

Another grave reason why novel reading is injurious, is the lack of distinction made between right and wrong in the conduct of the characters displayed.

In such books, "a grand and virtuous criminal" is often made the hero, and the heroine, a "beautiful, designing, and faithless woman." An instance of the former may be found in Bulwer's novel of "Eugene Aram," and of the latter, in George Eliot's Gwendolen, in "Daniel Deronda."

Many of the works of fiction have no characters depicted in them worthy of imitation, and life as represented in them is a life not worth living. Suicides have not unfrequently resulted from reading of such books, and it is not impossible that such things could be, since the writer ignores all correct principles that give to this life its dignity and beauty.

It seems to me, then, that the beneficial results of fiction reading are like "three grains of wheat, hidden in three bushels of chaff; when you have found them, they are not worth the finding."

'93.

EXCHANGES.

IN the *Exchanges* for this month our attention is called to the many articles on Y. M. C. A. work in the different colleges and schools. The Y. M. C. A. seems to have a great influence for good among students, and is growing very fast in our best schools and colleges.

ONE of our best schools for young women applied to us lately for information about starting a school paper. We consider it quite an honor that they should apply to us, and we did our best to give all the useful information that we have gained through our years of experience.

How does an Amherst student know so much about girls' "boxes and feasts?" Surely the writer of "The Comedy of a Box" has a sister at boarding-school who is disposed to be confidential to him, for he seems to know accurately the way some things happen in girls' schools.

A VALENTINE.

To send a heart as others do,
I know is fitting at this season;
And I would gladly send one too,
Except for one important reason.

For even if I surely knew
That if I did I would repent it,
I would to-day send mine to you
If I had not — already sent it!

THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE.

Thoughts: the children of earth's deathless sages —
That thro' the strife and turmoil of the ages
Have boldly borne the brunt of Life's fierce fray,
Or soothed the heat and burden of the day.

Words: the armor in which Thought must fight,
The weapons piercing Error, flashing light;
Or else the pure white robes of joy and peace
In which high thoughts give sorrow some surcease.

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THE Lasell maidens, unlike their sisters, have not been longing for that time when "the young man's fancy —" you know the rest; on the contrary, we have been earnestly desiring a snow-storm ever since we heard there was a possibility of having a sleigh-ride to Boston. At last, our hopes have been realized.

A heavy fall of snow, a fair evening, and a hearty invitation to all, made us one of the merriest of companies, as we piled into the barges, ready for our ride. Amid jingling of bells, blowing of horns, singing, and numerous Lasell yells, we started out. No doubt the strength of our lungs would have surprised and pleased our vocal teacher, and even "just once more, ladies," was unnecessary to bring out repeatedly, "L-A-S-E-L-L. Rah-rah-rah. Ist-boom-ah, Lasell," even to such an extent as might have shocked cultured Bostonians.

We reached Boston in safety, with appetites well sharpened for the oyster supper awaiting us. And such a chattering as we made while we were doing it justice! Evidently, every one had recklessly intended to have a good time.

We were somewhat earlier than usual this year, and about nine o'clock were ready to leave Boston for home. The ride was greatly enjoyed, even to the end, but a certain subdued atmosphere was noticeable, and the school yells became fainter and hoarser at each mile.

Tired, but good-natured, we came in sight of the seminary about 11 o'clock, and after a parting Lasell yell, proceeded to emerge from our Esquimaux costumes and become civilized school-girls once more.

Mr. Shepherd has our hearty thanks for the great pleasure he gave to us. It was one of *the* enjoyable events of the school-year, and something long to be remembered by all.

MR. BRAGDON'S heart was gladdened at Calcutta by two letters from old girls. One from Louisa LeHuray and one from Alice Mayo Hicks. He bids us say that if letters for THE LEAVES fail it is not because there is nothing to write about, but *too much*. He feels he ought to be writing all the time, so as to share with his girls the delights he is experiencing, but, he says, is positively too lazy. He will try and give the trip over to us next year with pictures. Meanwhile, "That's where his heart is turning ever,—back to the young folks at home."

OUR annual "Fancy-dress Ball" was a great success. The express packages had been many, and, although the girls wore anxious expressions, fearing the contents would be too closely inspected, and kept until too late, judging from the costumes, no one had cause to weep.

At 7.15, we formed in the gymnasium for the grand march, which was soon followed by a waltz. The evening's frolic had now begun. All historical, political and social differences were put aside; even Widow Hamilton and Aaron Burr were best of friends. In fact, we were all best of friends, from the Grecian goddess, Charles II., and Bonaparte, including Dixie, Muney, a Trojan peasant. Sir Walter Raleigh, Ophelia, Little Boy Blue, Folly, with her jingling bells, Queen of Hearts, a Dutch peasant, English dudes and American young men of fashion, down to Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn with their pipes, and Jack and Jill with patched faces gayly carrying the pail between them.

At the height of our merriment, there was a sudden silence, and, much to our surprise, our preceptress appeared in the most becoming garb of a Quakeress. We tried to show our appreciation by applause and greetings.

The evening's gayety continued until 9.45, when every one pronounced the evening a grand success.

GRUMBLING has ever been held an inalienable right of the free-born American school-girl, and far be from us any wish to deprive her of her high privilege, yet we should like to call attention to the freedom, comforts, immunities she enjoys

compared with the restrictions of European boarding-schools, and see if we shall not find the destiny that has placed us at Lasell one to be thankful for.

The first difference to be considered is a radical one: in America the girls *go*, in Europe they are *sent* to school.

This may seem a play of words, but it is not; if reasoned out closely, it will prove to be the most clear line of demarcation between us and our sisters on the other side of the Atlantic. An American girl generally has a voice both as to whether or not she shall go away from home to school and where she shall go.

The cause of this is that in America girls go to school at a much later age than in Europe; we might almost say that they begin at the age at which the others leave off. In most Catholic countries, the oldest boarding-schools, as well for girls as for boys, were undoubtedly conventual.

The monastic principle of education was, and is, not to teach girls how to grapple with and overcome later the difficulties and temptations of life, but simply to keep them out of harm's way during their childhood and early youth, as their parents and future husbands were expected to do afterwards. Hence the teachers tolerated no outside influence, not even home influence.

Some went so far that pupils were never allowed to pass even one whole day and night outside the convent walls, from the moment they entered — generally not more than twelve years old — to the day they were returned to their parents. The schools of Ripoli and the S. S. Annunziata, in Florence, though both now under government supervision, still adhere to these strict rules, which, for Ripoli at least, were laid down three hundred years ago. A child summoned to her mother's death-bed and obliged to pass the night outside the school walls would not be readmitted.

From this resulted an estrangement from the family, the consequences of which are scarcely desirable. Both in France and Italy these conventual schools were and are attended by girls from the highest families in the land, and even by princesses of royal blood.

Some of them used to require, indeed, proofs of nobility; although they do not now, some are still very exclusive.

Under these conditions, it can be easily imagined that the education given will be rather an affair *de luxe*, and traditions have been handed down of a certain exceedingly aristocratic institution where the girls were obliged to go to dinner in white kid gloves. The education given them at that school was considered of the best, and it was sufficiently thorough as far as it went; of course it never entered any one's head that a girl educated there would ever use her education as a means of livelihood.

With changing times, even these conventual schools have changed.

The schools of the Sacré Cœur, in France, compare favorably with any school in any country in Europe or America. Latin and mathematics are not taught, but other solid studies and all accomplishments are taught thoroughly. A great deal of attention is paid to deportment and to religious instruction. In one respect, American schools have a vast superiority over any school abroad, and that is attention to physical well-being, — better food is provided and better arrangements for out and in door exercise. The life in a European boarding-school is generally simpler than in an American school. Very little necessity is seen for giving girls amusement during their school years. Intercourse with outsiders, especially as regards the other sex, is restricted to their very nearest relatives. That girls in American boarding-schools are not only allowed to receive young men but even to correspond with them would scarcely receive credence in some of the best European circles; nor would the unlimited consumption of candy, which takes place in some American schools, and which, like all over-indulgences is a fault that sometimes amounts almost to a vice. On the other hand, Americans would cry out with horror at some of the hardships and privations which European youths undergo in some schools which are even considered good.

There is one school, a boys' boarding-school, which, at a time when it accommodated about eighty boys, provided meals daily only for sixty, the other twenty being punished daily, on an average, by loss of their regular meals and put on bread and water; and, although this is an extreme case, there are girls' schools where the treatment is scarcely more tender. In a school in Berlin,

which, as far as the teaching went, was excellent, the girls never had fire in their bedrooms, though there are snow and ice early all winter, and the water would freeze in the pitchers. In this school, dinner consisted daily of soup, meat, and one kind of vegetables, desert being served only on state occasions.

We might multiply these examples indefinitely; but now girls, are we not thankful we live in America, and at Lasell?

JANE.

HER full name was Jane Calista Uniac, but we always called her Jane for short, or, rather, I always did, for John, in spite of my remonstrances, would persist in nicknaming her The Maniac, — men can be so hateful sometimes.

Jane was a very pretty girl when she was well dressed. Her hair was light and curly, and her complexion of a delicate tint, that looked as if no breath of air had ever touched it; while her big blue eyes were charmingly dreamy in their expression. Indeed, when she sallied forth on her afternoon out, arrayed in her best black velvet gown and pink silk sash, we were obliged to confess her by all means the most striking member of the family. But Jane at home, among the pots and kettles, was a very different looking specimen of humanity from Miss Jane Calista Uniac, as she appeared on Main Street or at church. Now, I am the last person in the world to expect a servant-girl to wear black velvet and pink silk when she is washing dishes, but, on the other hand, neither do I like to see a waist with ragged sleeves, however plump and fair may be the elbows, visible through the tatters, nor slippers in the last stages of dilapidation. I am sure none of you will think me over-fastidious, but poor Jane could never understand my scruples about little matters like these.

Another thing that often tried my patience was her carelessness in the housework. Many a time have I found little piles of dust swept behind the doors with surprising care, or dishes tucked away unwashed into all sorts of unheard-of places. But Jane was so unfailingly good-natured, even under the sharpest reproof, and so patient when one of us was sick, or when little Helen teased

her for the "baby cakes" small maidens love so dearly, that I was disposed to be very lenient with her failings.

One evening John and I went out to an entertainment, but, as he was very tired that night, and I was suffering with a headache, we came home early. Imagine our astonishment to find a strange man reclining on the parlor sofa, calmly amusing himself with one of our books, whose pictures had evidently taken his fancy. I do not know how John may have felt, but I know that I shall never forget the chill of horror that seized me when I beheld those grimy fingers on the delicate pages of my Dante. For a moment, we were both too dumfounded to speak. The visitor arose, looking rather sheepish, but not at all alarmed nor dangerous, and said, with a comical attempt to bow politely: "Good avening, sor; I was just a-waitin' for to see the Miss in the kitchen. She's got another beau out there, and said as how I might stay here a whoile." The fellow's whole appearance showed his innocence so plainly that it would have been ridiculous to think him a thief; but he did not wait longer for Jane that evening, nor did John invite him to call again.

In the kitchen we found just what we expected. There sat Jane, radiant and beautiful, and at her side another adorer was simpering and giggling, with his arm dangerously near that velvet waist. It seemed almost too bad to spoil their pleasure but we were inexorable, and in less time than it takes to tell it No. 2 was following the footsteps of No. 1.

The next morning, Jane Calista Uniac departed, bag and baggage, and I have never seen her since.

LOCALS.

"To lie in calm content
Within the gracious hollow that God made
In every human shoulder where he meant
Some tired head for comfort should be laid."

TEACHER. — With what event did you say the Iliad closes?

FLURRIED PUPIL. — Why, with the obseeks of Hector.

FEB. 14, the Missionary Society gave us a very pleasant evening in the gymnasium, which

was prettily decorated for the occasion. The chief feature of the entertainment was an allegory of Columbia and her messengers, and the young ladies certainly deserved the compliments they received for their pretty costumes and graceful acting. During the evening, flowers, classic lemonade, and tea were sold, and, judging from the cluster of girls about him, Carl, with his valentines, was not the least of the attractions.

ACCORDING to the highest authority of our faculty, six from fifteen leaves eight, or, possibly, on second thought, seven.

A NEW elective for the Senior year — Daily Lectures on the Evidences of Insanity.

THE Lasell Battalion was visited by Capt. Landon, of Bordentown Military Institute, also by the military instructor of Ogontz Seminary, and it is said that the young ladies made a very favorable impression, considering the time they have been drilling.

It was during the sleigh-ride, and we were passing a house sparkling in the electric light with icicles hanging from the roof. "Oh, what a pretty frieze!" exclaimed the brilliant Senior of our party. She has been the object of the Freshmen's admiration ever since.

SEEKER AFTER WISDOM — What does insomnia mean?

COMPETENT INFORMER. — Sleeplessness, of course.

S. A. W. — Well, who teaches it here, Prof. Hills?

C. I. — Prof. Hills! Why, child, you surely can't mean Ensemble?"

But the Seeker meekly confessed she could and did.

THE celebration of Washington's birthday this year took the form of a lecture by Col. Thomas W. Higginson, on "History as an Inexact Science." Although we had been previously reassured by his message that it wasn't "very bad," we were scarcely prepared for such a delightful address. Certainly his audience felt far more interested in history and much better acquainted with "six feet and a half of the Father of his Country" when Mr. Higginson had finished.

ONCE more that famous Lost Drawer has yielded up its contents to entice the unwearied bidder into a purchase. When the auction was announced a weary murmur from the old girls filled the room, for, truth to tell, this was the first experience for our younger sisters in such temptations. But, thanks to Mr. Shepherd, the combinations of articles for sale were so skilfully made that wonders were accomplished in a short time. One visitor, at least, appreciated this rare opportunity for furnishing his home at a moderate price. As usual, the money will be used for some charity.

PROMISING PUPIL (*with serious air*).—Is it proper to say bacteria is a plant?

YOUNG PROFESSOR.—No, say bacteria are plants.

WEDNESDAY evening, March 11, a concert was given in the gymnasium, by Mr. J. Eliot Trowbridge assisted by Mr. Arthur B. Hitchcock, Mr. Willis Nowell, and Miss Louise E. Trowbridge. The programme was as follows:—

PROGRAMME.

ORGAN AND PIANO-FORTE.

SONATA PASTORALE, op. 28 *Beethoven*

ALLEGRO, ANDANTE.

Air for Organ and Piano by J. E. TROWBRIDGE.

SONGS.

a. WANDERER *Schubert*
b. HUMILITY, }
c. THE POET'S LAST SONG, } *Grieg*

ORGAN.

THEME AND IMPROVISATION.

PIANO-FORTE.

PRELUDE, E minor } op. 20 *Blodgett*
FUGUE, G major, }

VIOLIN.

FAUST FANTASIE *Gounod-Sarasate*

SONGS.

a. OLD HEIDELBERG *Jensen*
b. THE THREE SINGERS *Tours*
c. CLOVER BLOSSOMS *Thayer*

PIANO-FORTE.

FANTASIE IMPROMPTU, op. 66 *Chopin*

VIOLIN, PIANO, ORGAN.

PRIZE SONG FROM "THE MEISTERSINGER" *Wagner*

TEACHER.—Yes, you may tell us about Benjamin West, Miss —.

MISS.—As a child he was determined to be an artist. He obtained paints from the Indians, and pulled hairs for his brushes out of the tail of some wild animal—oh yes! it was his sister's cat.

SYMPATHETIC FRIEND (*after retiring bell*).—Awful sorry you have the toothache. Here's the Pond's Extract, right outside the door!

THE physiology lectures have been suspended, on account of Dr. Hoyt's illness.

MISS SPYKER has once more assumed her duties here, after being called home on a very sad errand.

ONE of our number thinks we, too, might be fashionable, and have one maid to relieve us of hat and coat, and another to take our scoldings.

THE latest proof that the spirit is present in this world after death is that Simonides enjoyed among other pleasures an elegant funeral ceremony.

MISS MARION TALBOT has commenced her course of lectures on "Sanitation." These take the place of the lectures on "Law" given by Miss Mary A. Green last year.

It has been thought best to change the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting from Tuesday to Sunday evening, and so have it take the place of the students' prayer-meeting. There will still be a weekly prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening; but attendance will be optional for all.

THURSDAY evening, March 12, we were favored with an excellent lecture on "George Meredith," by Mr. Richard E. Burton, of Hartford, Conn.

THEY were speaking of Bernhardt as Cleopatra, and of her part in the final tragedy, when one innocent maiden, who has evidently read the catalogue's opinion of the theatre, remarked, "Well, what does she do with those *wasps* anyway?"

THE officers of the battalion attended the Newton High School drill, given in Eliot Hall, Feb. 23. It was greatly enjoyed by the young ladies, especially the sword drill, and although they were denied the pleasure of accepting the invitations to the dance which followed, they reported the afternoon in terms as glowing as the badges of which they seemed so proud.

THE Lasellia Club celebrated its tenth anniversary, March 7, by an informal reception in the club-room. During the evening a fitting and entertaining programme was given and dainty refreshments served.

A moonless night, and bitter cold it was,
 That saw eight sleighs of Lasell girls depart.
 Each girl with head well wrapped, and gloves, because
 Her teacher's precepts she had learned by heart,
 That chilly winds will through thin wrappings dart;
 They all were there intent on having fun,
 In which each girl should have a share and part,
 With laugh and joke, and many a brilliant pun,
 Until the gay festivities of night were done.

At length, through Boston's learned streets they drive;
 The girls a'l eager expectation wait,
 As, at their destination, they arrive,
 Each asks her neighbor, "Is my hat on straight?"
 And then their school-girl appetites they sate,
 While mirth and fun abounds on every side.
 But all good things must end, and it is late,
 And many long and wintry miles divide,
 So wraps are brought, and we begin our homeward ride.

The lights in city streets all disappear,
 As farther from the giddy throng we go;
 The well-known sights of Newton are so near;
 And there's the candy shop, our deadly foe,—
 But we shall by that safely pass, we know.
 Soon Auburndale is reached, but rather chill,
 The girls reclining in a sleepy row;
 But all arise and cheer with right good will
 When they ascend the Seminary hill.

INDIA TRAVEL.

THERE are some odd things about travel in India.

First. Every particle of luggage — handbags, satchels, or what not — is weighed, and the free allowance deducted from the total. They have not insisted on this with us, but foreigners have some notable privileges in this conquered land, such as entering mosques with shoes on, right of way in the streets, first serving at ticket and post-offices, etc., and I have seen this rule rigorously followed with the poor natives, and on our landing at the southern tip of this peninsula a missionary was forced to pile on to the scales everything he had, in spite of protest in most vigorous Telegu.

But then, you may take into the car with you the most outlandish shapes and quantities. An actress and her friend had a good cart-load in the car with them, piled up on floor and seats, till it looked most inhospitable for other comers; and most English people travel with a remarkable amount of "hand" luggage.

Second. But they give you an abundance of room. A carriage which could hold six or eight is often occupied by one, two, or three, and officials do not try to put more in.

The people of the little island like plenty of elbow-room out here, perhaps because they have so little at home. Houses are large, rooms are big, yards are immense. No foreigner crowds another. In church each has a good three feet of width. Where the English have remodelled cities (the case with a good many after the Mutiny), the streets are broad. The climate doubtless has a good deal to do with this, and the likelihood of infectious diseases. It is easy to engage a railway car for the exclusive use of a party. They have not yet reached the point of arranging through cars over connecting lines, except from Bombay to Calcutta. On one train one must change cars whenever he changes lines, which is not seldom.

Third. Every first or second class car is a sleeping-car, that is, there are seats which can be let down for upper berths, and the seats are supposed to be used for the lower; but there is nothing else, — no porter to let down berths and make the bed, no bedding of any sort; so a traveller must provide pillow and blankets and sheets, if he has them, which few do. It is not safe to presume on warm nights, for at least at this season quite cold damp nights follow the hot days. No extra charge is made for night use of the cars. As there is but one fast train in the day, and as the others are unbearably slow (the fastest fast train makes thirty, the other fast trains twenty-one, the ordinary trains fourteen to fifteen miles an hour), one almost needs to travel by night a good deal.

Fourth. But what is funniest of all is the fact that most hotels furnish no covers for your (their) beds. You come into the room given you, and there is one sheet over the mattress. If you ask for another sheet and some blankets the manager is surprised. If you insist on them, and tell him it is a cold night, and you can't sleep without something more, he is affronted. He asks you where are your blankets, says he has none, that "every gentleman brings his own," etc. If you are stubborn, he may, or may not, send you up another sheet, apparently just from the wringer;

but usually it is not possible to get blankets, so it is safer, and a deal pleasanter, when you walk about India to take up your own bed. Now see how customs interlock ; for

Fifth. Most people in India take servants with them. Travellers are expected to have one each, or one for two. These are on hand to make your bed in the car and carry your bedding, to wait on you at table, black your boots, and do all which one expects hotel servants to do. When we reached Calcutta (the demand was not so noticeable in South India) the first thing the hotel manager did after giving us our room was to ask "Have you your servants with you?" "No," said I: "what do I want of servants?" "Why, you must have your personal servants ; everybody does : you can't get along without them." "What for?" "Why, — why to wait on you at table, care for your rooms, and get your carriage, and — and — everything." "Well, if I hire my own servants what do the hotel waiters do?" "Why, no hotel keeps enough servants to do its work." If I had been alone, I should have told him that Americans had enough bother with servants at home without lugging a lot along with him when he travelled for pleasure ; but others were dependent on me who, I knew by experience, would be greatly grieved if their table wants were not fully met, so I said, "How many do I want?" "Seven will do, I guess, for nine of you ; or perhaps you could get along with six." "I'll try four and see how it works." So he picked me out four from a crowd standing by, and told me to pay each twenty cents a day, and as much more as I liked if they suited. (I believe now that they were hotel servants, and this ruse only got this much extra from me per day for hotel expenses.) I partitioned the turbaned and frocked among my party, and for twenty-four hours most of the party spent the larger share of their indoor time wandering around the halls calling "Boy ! Boy !" (servants are called "boys" here, gray-haired and all), and half the time they should have been eating picking out which boy belonged to them. So at the end of twenty-four hours I paid off two of them, and at the end of forty-eight hours the other two ; have had none since, and have fared as well without any as with four. How it would have been if we had had the orthodox

number I don't know, but I believe I should have been gray. One or two hotel managers have kindly asked after my "servants," but I have promptly said, "I have none, and don't wish any ;" and things have gone as smoothly as skating, and as prices were arranged beforehand, I know I have not paid extra for my poverty in the matter of "boys."

Sixth. The servility of natives toward the conquering race is one of the strangest things to an American. I have mentioned a few signs of this under first head. There are many well-bred natives make the military salute to every foreigner. At first, you look again, to see where you have met this friendly saluter, thinking he may be a former guide, hotel servant, or shop keeper. But he is a stranger, making his obeisance to you as one of the stronger people. That is all the relationship he knows. Then, in your gharry (hack) overtakes a native's cart, no matter how heavily loaded, the native patiently draws off to one side, and gives you all the road. More than once, I have seen a tardy driver struck with the lash for not doing this soon enough. On a card of directions in this very room one clause is: "Visitors will please not strike the servants. Any neglect will be punished by the manager." In Africa and Spain, a foreigner may not enter a mosque without removing his shoes, if at all. Here, foreigners may tramp all over their most sacred spots, even into the sacred "mihnat," and no one ventures to suggest the taking off of shoes. But once have I seen a foreigner reproved, and that was for spitting on the floor of the court of a mosque. The people seem well conquered, yet I don't like all the signs of it.

Seventh. At many places there is no hotel. Provision for travellers is made on a very limited scale, by setting apart two rooms in the second story of the railroad station, or by a "Travellers' Rest House," a bungalow of two rooms, containing bed and wash-basin. From Tuticorin, the southernmost town of India, to Madras, we found nothing else. At Madura, there being some Germans ahead of us, five of our women slept in one room, on the floor, while the men found what rest the soft side of an iron settee and the mosquitoes would allow in the ladies' waiting-room of the railroad station. I think those Madura mosquitoes

could give odds to the most merciless of New Jersey creatures. They were not noisy, but very hungry and very diligent. One of us slept while the other kept the mosquitoes off with a handkerchief. So we took turns. At another place, four of us slept in the Rest House and the other five in a car at the station. Intending travellers to such cities should telegraph for these accommodations as early as possible. One of the rules is that no persons may stay over twenty-four hours. These places are managed by the railroad company or by government.

Eighth. The meals are at odd hours. "Chota hazree," or early tea, is served in your room any time from five to eight o'clock. It is a cup of tea or coffee, with a slice of toast, perhaps a banana or two. Breakfast comes at 9.30 or 10; tiffin, or lunch, at 1.30 or 2; dinner, at 7, or 7.30, or even 8 o'clock. We have very much neglected the early tea, only taking it when we wished to make a very early start. The average cost of hotel life is five rupees (\$2.00) a day. The food is about what one gets in any hotel, except that ice-cream or ices are very rare. Every large city has its ice factory; and ice is not scarce. The water is, in the main, good, being filtered through several earthen jars. We have found no need anywhere for wine or other strong drink. There are plenty of eating-houses at the stations along the railroad, and plenty of time is given. The cost is sixty cents for breakfast or lunch, and eighty cents for dinner. Fair meals are served. A cup of tea with bread and butter costs twenty cents.

Ninth. The railroad cars are built with a double cover, which comes one third of the way down the side of the car. Mats are hung across certain windows, upon which you may, by turning a faucet, pour water. The air coming through these wetted mattings enters the car cooled. The window glass is colored a light shade. All this to temper the great heat. There are ample lavatories in every car, sometimes containing full-sized bath-tubs. First-class cars are less comfortable than second-class, except at night. I counted in one train, four first-class, fourteen second, and three hundred and twenty-six third class passengers. This shows how much the natives travel. They crowd them in unmercifully—I suppose so as to give room for their better-class passengers.

A foreigner could hardly travel third-class here. For stations off the railroad there are bullock carts, and a very queer-looking double-storied camel cart. These make very decent time, the long stride of the camel marking off a good distance with each step.

C. C. B.

A TRIP TO BOSTON.

Starting from Chicago, on a Wagner train,
After a vacation in the slush and rain,
Manimas fondly warning, maidens all forlorn,
Train is steaming eastward on that Monday morn.

After we were settled, and the baggage stored,
Then we began to feel just a little bored,
Till some cute Yale students walked along the aisle,
Took us in from head to foot, and then began to smile.

After introductions all around had passed,
Seats in state-room crowded to the very last,
Banjos gayly twanging, hearts so blithe and free,
Sat the happy party, and this is what you see:—

Daisy in the corner, Streetie just across,
With his little tan cap on his curleys tossed;
Next to him was Lealia, playing with a vim,
Thinking of the morrow when she'd be far from him.

Blocking up the doorway, seated on a stool,
Sat the little Dupie, sweet, and calm, and cool;
Next to him the Sargent, Oh, if him you knew,—
"Is 'nt there something that I can do for you?"

Then, just beside him, came little Ethel Runne,
Who was looking out then for every bit of fun.
Following then in order, glasses, distingué,
Sat the Boston Baby, who always had his say.

But the most important members of the crowd
Listen now attentively while I read aloud,
Over the banjo cases, satchels, candy, nuts, and fruit,
Chocolate cake, olives, and everything else to boot.

Sallie, watching over these with a longing eye,
Wonders how the candy tastes, thinks she'll have a try;
Others think it quite a scheme, and they follow suit;
Now what's your mind concerning us,—don't we think we're cute?

Bright and clear and sunny dawns the second day,
And from the maids the students cannot keep away;
Albany is coming, students there depart,
Oh, we think it almost will break our little hearts.

Good-bys are said with gentle sighs,
Hand in hand is clasped,
Gibbie's hat and Walker's eyes with the rest have passed
We are off for Boston, they for dear old Yale,
All that fun is over, school here is so stale.

SUGGESTIONS.

In the time spent at Lasell, and especially during my Preparatory and Freshman years, I often wished that the one hundred and one little things that a person should or should not do to make life at a boarding-school less a burden might be written in plain characters. Even the "Guide to Life at Lasell" did not altogether satisfy me, so, hoping that I may partially fill the aching void which some innocent may have, I hereby dedicate these suggestions to the coming generations:—

As soon as you enter the school, ring for a maid to assist you in unpacking, so that people will understand at the outset that you are a person of some importance. Do not attempt to attend more than one recitation a day for the first two or three weeks, as that is all that any one is expected to do. If at any time during your daily walk you feel thirsty, go to Young's, West Newton, for a glass of soda-water. While there, you may as well indulge in some of those pleasing delicacies which will increase your popularity among your fellow-students.

Two easy and swift methods of reaching the dining-room when belated—running the elevator at full speed and descending the fire-escape and entering through the Lasellia Club-room. Do not attempt the latter unless you have been at Lasell at least two weeks, for otherwise you would not have had enough practice in the gymnasium to jump the last story.

Coming up from the dining-room, turn first to the right and then to the left, and you will find the universal finger-bowl near the chapel door.

Leave all orders for Huyler's candy at the office.

On leaving your room for the evening, leave the gas burning, some inflammable material near it, and both window and door open, in hopes that a little excitement may be created.

When the parlors are full on Monday afternoons, take your caller up to the Art room, as it is a good place for a little quiet conversation.

It is the proper thing to accompany the caller when leaving at least to the end of the walls, if not to the station, in order that you may not be "the observed of all observers" when the affectionate adieux are spoken.

Do not hesitate to express your opinions loudly, and upon all occasions criticising the teachers, girls, and school in general: it will give you an independent air.

Do not be rude enough to examine the cards in the library, as they are intended for the librarian's special benefit.

High-heeled shoes in the swimming-tank are positively forbidden, as many serious accidents have occurred from the disregarding of this rule.

On leaving, all of your superfluous toys may be stored away for your posterity.

And last, but by no means least, do *not* be enticed into the Publishing Association.

PERSONALS.

It is necessary to explain that there are two young ladies named Lizzie Whipple who have been students at Lasell. It was not Lizzie May Whipple of 266 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, who lost her brother by a railroad accident, as mentioned in the February LEAVES, but Sarah Lizzie Whipple and her sister Nellie M., of Wellesley, who were earlier pupils of the school.

Lizzie May Whipple expects to go to Iowa in April, to be bridesmaid for Tib Hosford.

HATTIE MAY CHURCH was married Feb. 19, to Dr. Cassius C. Cottle, at Marshalltown, Iowa, where her home will continue to be. Hattie was at Lasell in '86 and '87.

JOSIE ADAMS writes for a Lasell pin and the LEAVES to be sent to her. She regrets that her health did not permit her to go through the course and graduate at Lasell.

HATTIE and GERTRUDE MORSE, with their mother, Mrs. G. W. Morse, sailed for Bremen, on the North Lloyd German steamer, "Emas," from New York, Wednesday, Feb. 11.

FLORENCE RYAN wrote recently from the Ponce de Leon hotel, St. Augustine, Florida, where she was making a short stay for her health, having been very ill earlier in the winter. She says that Nell Bubb and Rachel Allen are coming to visit Ada Langley in April. Of course they will come to Lasell.

THE sickness of her mother and sister had worn so severely upon Gertrude Woodbury that as soon as they were better she came to Boston for a rest, and paid Lasell a visit.

PRISCILLA PARMENTER is studying water-color painting at the Normal Art School in Boston. When she was out she told us of our good Miss Lucy Tappan, who is now with her parents, neither of them being well. She teaches in the high school at Gloucester.

OF other "old girls" who have been at Lasell are Bessie Towle, Grace Skinner, Edith Ward, Fannie Reed, Fannie Thomas, Nina Burr, Mary Fisher, and Emma Gass.

EARLY in February, Mr. W. T. Shepherd was called to Washington by the death of his father. He took the body to Chicago for burial, as his father had spent most of his life in the West. Mr. John T. Shepherd was a man of much intelligence and Christian character, interested and active in all good works. He kept these qualities and his clear mind to the end of his eighty-five years of life.

Mrs. Jennie Hauser, who, with her daughter, is living at the Missionary House in Lucknow, is the sister of Mr. W. T. Shepherd. She has written to Mr. Shepherd a graphic account of the visit to them of Mr. Bragdon and party, Jan 22. All were taken about the city, had a camel ride of some miles, were shown the missionary work, and ascended the tower of the Residency, from which they had a fine view of the city and suburbs. They also took tiffin together, and the visitors voted it a "red letter" day in their trip. The Missionary House is like a large, nice hotel, only more homelike. Many interesting guests are constantly coming and going. Mr. Hauser was in the United States at the time mentioned.

REV. DR. ROBBINS, of Concord, N. H., visited the school March 9 and 10, officially, sent by the New Hampshire Conference. He led the chapel exercises morning and evening.

ONE LEAF.

ONE evening, as I sat in the corner of a bureau drawer happily ensconced in Miss Rosalind's dress sleeve, — a dainty affair of mull and lace, — nibbling a gayly plumaged bird on her hat, I heard her sigh, and remark to her chum, "Oh for one more leaf for the LEAVES!" Now I had often, for want of something more spicy, taken a bit here and there from these same LEAVES for my breakfast, and I must confess that I had found it a dry morsel. Nevertheless, when I heard this longing cry, I wished to respond with a contribution; for, as I had frequently taken a leaf without leave, it seemed only fair that I should add a leaf by her leave, and I would as lief do so as not.

I am very fond of Miss Rosalind. I have found her pretty garments so befitting myself; and I am sure I have enjoyed her hats quite as much as she. This evening to which I refer, as the soft folds of lace fell charmingly around my neck, I fell a-musing on my school life. Here was I born, at Hibred Manor, and in this far-famed school have I lived all my life, — a fact which accounts for my mental superiority. Constant association with so many brilliant intellects has polished my faculties quite as much as the delicious cakes and sweetmeats that Miss Rosalind and her school-mates keep for me in quiet corners all over the house, have added lustre to my sleek coat. Is it not kind of them? It must be for me that these dainties are provided, because the Faculty, that august, omnipresent body, whose looks and words strike deadly thrusts at dear little school-girls' hearts, do not sanction sweetmeats except at table, — and the dear creatures would not be disobedient. No! sooner would they sacrifice themselves to — to — Apollo-Belvedere, or one of the sacred Nine — Harvard nine, they call them, or sometimes Yale Nine; but I know not the meaning of these new designations. This statement, however, I do know to be true, for I have it from their own lips.

Sometimes my heart bleeds for these poor innocents, though I do not share their fears. I often meet the different members of the Faculty, and to me they do not seem at all dangerous. Nay, more, they usually pay me great respect, performing for my entertainment the most wonderful evolutions, genuflections, and salutations whenever

they see me approach. Though I ought to mention that there is one exception — one there is that never leaps from floor to chair, from chair to table, when he sees me ; and I think he might do these things more easily even than the others, though he would not be so amusing.

When I was younger, and used to hear the girls speaking in tragic tones of being picked all to bits in the mysterious weekly rites of the Faculty, I lived in a state of great unrest and trepidation. I often heard piercing shrieks, and would wonder if the horrible details were then enacted. I became consumed with a desire to learn the truth of the matter, until one evening I conceived the bold project of hiding in the waste-basket of the big office during a session. This plan was executed, and at the close of the ceremonies I came out a calmer and wiser creature. Instead of hours of horror, it was an evening of entertainment ; and I am sure I rattled the paper sometimes, in my endeavors to keep from laughing. It was quite like a social party

Most of those present had knitting or needle-work, while one seemed busy with pieces of colored glass, through which, I suppose, the faults of delinquents appeared less glaring. Before the evening was over, ice-cream and cake were brought in, but in the mean time the business was carried on. It began by lamentations over the lack of attention in the spelling-class. One speaker said she liked originality, but preferred it in other domains than that of orthography. The English classes received but mild criticism, though they were not marked very high. A period was placed here, and the Faculty proceeded to history. It appeared that not only was history an "inexact science," but that the recitations were more inexact than the science itself. I sat wondering if they really did expect girls to be exact in anything.

In the German classes, some pupils were very trying. When the lessons were long and hard, instead of attending properly to translating, they could be heard repeating, in plaintive tones, "Vater — Vater — Mutter — heim — heim." In the French classes, occasionally, they did not have "a bit good time," although they were excessively polite. At those times, even sarcasm failed to produce the desired effect. The passive became active, the regular, irregular, and pro-

nouns, prepositions, and adverbs got mixed in hopeless confusion. In the Greek class, there was now and then a cough over an astringent root ; and in mathematics, an example in algebra was plus a headache, on a dull morning.

I thought I detected a low wail followed by a retort from the laboratory ; but there are so many marvels in that region one is not sure of sounds or odors.

In the Art Department, the drawings had been done with too free a hand, and had to be toned down a shade, but the lights and shadows fell softly across many a sketch in the studio that gave promise of success.

Instrumental music was found to be up-Hill work, and voice culture, though it tried the voice, was still more trying to the ear.

Table etiquette failed in some points of good form. Notwithstanding lectures on social usages, a plate is sometimes passed for a second supply without the knife and fork. The contents of the sugar-bowl are sometimes found on the stairs, and chocolate creams make connections with pockets at 5.30 P. M.

In the swimming class, the downward stroke is most popular. There is a tendency to remain on the bottom of the tank. A fishing-pole is found a necessary article ; and many a slippery form is brought to the surface and put in harness, as a preventive of drowning. Unmindful of expense, the girls persist in swallowing quarts of water, and the affection they manifest for the railing at the side of the tank is a touching spectacle ; all this notwithstanding "it is so easy to swim."

It did seem as if there was a skeleton in every closet ; especially was this true in respect to the lecturer on physiology. She had remarked the one instance worthy of note, where young ladies failed to be interested in themselves. Apropos of this, the last number of "Harper's Monthly" had been surreptitiously taken from the reading-room, and the "North American Review" was suffering an interview out of its proper sphere. Loud whispering had been heard in the library, and the glass had been taken from the water-tank by one selfish girl, and all the others were standing about in agonies of intolerable thirst ; no comments needed. I blushed to think that it was all true.

At this point a thoughtful silence ensued, and

when the conversation was resumed it took a more cheerful turn, and I was made happy again by the assurance that one thing was as it should be. Prominent among the magazines in the reading-room is "Good Housekeeping," a periodical that is producing its legitimate results.

The order and neatness prevailing in the rooms cannot be too highly commended. The decorations are tasteful, the ornamentations around the door-knobs made by dainty fingers on a white background are effective, and are often commented upon by visitors. One speaker seemed greatly pleased at this report. She said that, as one great object in the education of girls is to make happy homes, these details are of the greatest importance.

I really think I learned more in that one evening than in any other of my whole life.

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S WAYS.

THE hands of the dainty Dresden clock point to the hour of two. The library door opens, and James, the butler, comes in, moves about the room, adjusting a shade here or there, stooping to stir the fire, as if he would make it blaze even more cheerfully than it is blazing, half smiling the while, even as he mumbles, "Nonsense! nonsense! When people have been dancing all night, why can't they come home and go to bed? But no; they must sit around and drink tea and talk till the cock crows. Now if I —"

But his soliloquizing is broken in upon by the entrance of a party of young people.

They are busily discussing the *pros* and *cons* of the dance they have just left.

"Helen, did you ever before see such a dress as that Reynolds girl had on?"

The speaker, Katharine Warden, a tall brunette, pauses before the mirror to admire her own perfectly fitting gown.

Her companions have already found their favorite seats, and are settling themselves for a comfortable chat.

Charles Wentworth — generally called Prince Charming — has stretched himself upon a divan, and looks so carelessly comfortable that, were it

not for the dress suit, you would say he had been there all the evening.

His sister, Mrs. Theodore Masters, is leaning luxuriously back among the cushions of a low wicker chair. She surely is a dazzlingly beautiful woman, but as Arthur Armstrong looks at her he thinks how cruel her mouth is, and what a dangerous light lurks in the half-closed eyes.

"Really," she says, "I never saw any one make a more decided hit than you did to-night, Ruth. I suppose you are perfectly elated."

"Oh, no" returns her brother, looking with undisguised admiration at the young lady in question; "you won't find her Royal Highness pleased by such a paltry thing. She has —" But Ruth Elliott has turned wearily away, and is moving toward the conservatory. As he was talking simply for her benefit, why should he finish his sentence?

The group around the fire continues their aimless criticising of their fellow-creatures, and all seem rather to enjoy it.

All, did I say? Not all; for Arthur Armstrong has very little to say, and after nervously watching the door for a while, he murmurs something about "water," and leaves the room.

Instinct leads him toward the half-lighted conservatory. There, leaning against the door-way, idly listening to the soft, measured dropping of the scented fountain, stands Ruth Elliott.

How shall I describe her? Whoever described a rose, or a lily, or the daintiest little wild flower that grew out of sight by the roadside?

A symphony in white and purple, from the tip of the tiny satin slipper to the dark violets in the soft, brown hair.

As Armstrong comes towards her she glances up at him with a half-haughty, half-wistful look in the deep-gray eyes.

"Ruth," he is saying, "queens can afford to forgive even the lowliest of offenders. See, here at your feet, O Queen, I plead my cause! I know it is not fit for me, the humblest of subjects, to woo, but see with what boldness I give hope to my heart. A queen can make a king of any man. You, O Queen, can make of me what you will! Surely, surely, you will be pitiful, as woman should! You will not have a beggar leave you empty hearted, —

With one swift motion, she takes the violets from her hair and places them in his hand. Then, touching him lightly on either shoulder, she says, in a low, clear voice:

"Arise, Sir Arthur, Knight of the Violet! May you be ever gentle, noble, and brave; true to your honor and true to your queen!"

Bending gently forward, she imprints a kiss on his forehead. The touch brings a dark-red flush to his cheeks. For a moment he does not move. Now he has folded her in his arms.

"Ruth, darling! do you know what you have done? You have made me the happiest man in the world. Oh, that I may always be worthy! What shall I do to prove my love?"

The soft, white arms are around his neck. The little head has lost its queenly bearing, and is nestling against his shoulder,

"Be a god, and hold me with thy charm;
Be a man, and fold me with thy arm."

.....
Soon, very soon it seems to him, she says, —

"Why, it must be quite late, or (I should say) early. They will wonder where we are."

In a minute the group by the library fire sees a picture not to be easily forgotten.

No words are needed. Even did the heavy-linked watchchain, with its golden heart, in which the diamonds sparkle so merrily, fastened firmly around the slender throat, not tell its tale, one glance at the faces in the doorway explains all.

To Katharine Warden, what she sees is a romance, some one else's affair, and it delights her. To Helen Masters it is a picture of her defeat. To Charles Wentworth it is — what? He does not know. Surely not real! Mrs. Masters is the first to speak. She says, in her low, mocking voice, —

"For people not on speaking terms, you have had a remarkably long *tête-à-tête*."

"Long," answers Ruth, with a little, conscious laugh; "why, it didn't seem so. You see, we — I — that is, the moon is so beautiful. Oh, you must see what a lovely night it is!"

Dead silence, broken only by the whistling of the wind and the driving rain against the pane.

"Strange!" murmurs Helen Masters, "strange! First of April — storm — full moon. Strange what phenomenon you Westerners bring with you!"

"No," interrupts Charles, rising. "I — believe she is right, Helen. Surely, it is a moon, or something. The light is uncommonly strong. It quite makes a fellow dizzy. Armstrong, you are a lucky dog: here's my hand." Pleasant words, but his voice is choked and he turns abruptly away, saying, "Arthur, man, make her happy! You must make her happy, do you hear?"

EXCHANGES.

WE are indebted to the *Bruonian* for the pleasing "*Discovery of Bhrouhn University in 2951*," which is very interesting, and written so much in the style of the "Last American" that we could hardly believe that another had taken up the pen to write the missing part of "Khan-li's Journal." We quote this passage, which sounds very much like college talk: —

"Ride a trot horse
Into class, why, of course,
To see a stern tutor
Become very cross;
And show what respect
In his nibs you repose
By riding your pony
Right under his nose."

This is very puzzling. It seems hardly possible that the students rode into their classes on horseback; yet Nofuhl declares that that is what it means. In the last part we have mentioned a curious form of salutation. "Nibs" was probably a title of respect given to the officers or president of the college.

THE Lasell girl could hardly be recognized as described in one of the college papers that we receive monthly. A Boston girl is quite accurately pictured, but the description does not seem much like us, for we are mostly Western girls, and only a few of us wear glasses and look sober, although we do read Browning, and try to look very learned sometimes.

THE "Vacation of Nelson Daniels, LL. B.," in the *Yale Courant*, is a very interesting and well-plotted story, and shows considerable originality. Snakes in a love story are rather new; but the story ends as nearly every love story that was ever written ends.

LABRADOR.

REGIONS of rocky headland, shore, and sea
 Gray with enduring mist;
 Chill sea-winds blowing as they list;
 And ragged rain-clouds roaming mournfully;
 Haunts of the blue-bill, widgeon, coot, and plover,
 Where gray above the sea
 The slow-winged sea-gulls hover
 Aloft, aloft in sad supremacy.
 Summers of little sunshine and much cloud,
 And winters lingering long,
 And deathly silence clinging like a shroud,
 Stretching from noon to noon;
 While clear and shrill, the silence to prolong,
 Gibbers the nightly loon.

Harvard Advocate.

AN IMPROVEMENT.

I'VE read of the swain of olden time,
 Who sought from the maiden of his love,
 Because it had touched her dainty hand,
 The gift of her little cast-off glove.
 Poor fool! Our youth shows wisdom's gain,
 For slyly, with skilful hand he snips
 A bit from his best girl's spotted veil,
 Because it has pressed her rosy lips!

Ex.

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SOME of our Lasell girls, after due consideration,
Decide to take two instead of one week for vacation,
And just about the time they see Auburndale's pretty
station,

Each and every heart is seized with sudden palpitation;
For the Faculty, the worst thing in creation,
Must know the whys and wherefores of the lengthened
recreation;

Therefore they receive many a dissertation,
On mumps, tonsillitis, colds, the result of dissipation,
And the grippe, which gripped without commiseration
"Our 'uncle's cousin's aunt," or some other near (?) rela-
tion.

But alas, that Faculty — they lack appreciation,
And one of that assembly draws her consolation
From remarking that next year there will be no vacation;
So the poor girls experience the terrible sensation
Of having no excuse for their little absention,
But they receive the news without a tear or lamentation.

ALL too soon has the Easter time come and
gone. The rest and change was sorely needed
by us all, and now we have returned, enthusiastic
to begin work again. Many of the girls went to
their own homes for the holidays, while a few
visited friends near here. Those who remained
at the school report a most delightful time, and
as for the Washington party, every adjective has
already been employed by its members in telling
the pleasures of that trip.

We fully realize how much hard study must be
done this last term, but with our renewed strength
we feel the work can be faithfully accomplished.

GIRLS, ye that are in the architecture class,
groan no more over the lectures that come once
in two years on that subject. Think not at all
except with pleasure on the fifty-page lesson and
ten-minutes' quiz, given from any part of the book
or on any subject which may attract the instructor
at the moment; but just meditate on the unsus-

pected talent which may be in the progress of development, and make the most of every minute. When we come to consider that two Boston girls and one of Chicago have won prizes for plans of buildings for the World's Fair, and that one has gone to Chicago for the purpose of superintending the construction of the woman's building, it seems worth one's while to pay a little attention to the matter, and these preliminary studies may in truth be a starting-point for more than one of our number.

New fields for women are springing up so fast that no one can proffer the excuse that she cannot find her niche; her opportunity seems almost to be placed in her hands. Then let us not slight our architecture, for it promises to become one of the desirable professions of the future; and, as one authority puts it, "I have often wondered why so few young ladies have not taken the course heretofore. Architecture is the prettiest business in the world. In the designing of interiors women could make a place for themselves in architecture."

NEWS of our late affliction spread, and letters of the following style were received from sympathizing relatives and friends:—

My Suffering Sister,—It is well you ask me about this matter. It would be wrong to permit yourself to go through the humiliating and agonizing trials you are now in the act of enduring sustained by the buoyancy of your mumps alone.

It is natural that you should know nothing about the cure and treatment of the ailment, and I know all about it.

In the first place, ascertain as nearly as possible how many of your fellow-sisters at Lasell are likewise encumbered. This will concentrate your mind and enlarge your heart some. Then proceed to find out precisely how many of your fellow-sisters who are not mumpish are likely to become so. After yourself and the advanced class are convalescent, this method will prove highly beneficial, and will cause you to find great pleasure in what at first might seem an affliction.

Do not lay any wagers on your weight while your mumps are in full bloom. You will find it difficult to remain attached to *terra firma*, let alone weigh down very heavily.

It is very many years since I was surrounded by a large gathering of mumps, and was going about in the listless, zig-zag fashion worn by the mumpsee, when I was accosted by a little boy evident in his purpose to affix a string to my ankle and play balloon with me. I trust none of the young ladies will encounter a bad little boy with the same ambition.

I will give you more advice whenever you ask for it.

Yours,

H—.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

TRADITION avers the Holy Grail to be the cup from which our Saviour drank at the Last Supper, and the one which he passed to his disciples, saying, "This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many."

It was believed that if any one touched or even saw this holy cup, straightway he would be cured of all diseases, and that it would bestow perpetual youth upon its fortunate possessor.

It is said to have been kept by Joseph of Arimathea, having been used by him to catch the blood of the Crucified One. It was then taken to Glastonbury, and presented to Joseph's son, who, preferring the glories of heaven to eternal life on earth, transferred it to another; but, on account of the wicked life led by the last recipient, the Holy Grail was lost, and disappeared from the earth.

It is said to have been composed of a single precious stone. In 1110 the Crusaders obtained a cup which was for a time said to be the Holy Grail, and which is now in Genoa. Some churches in Italy and France claim to possess it, but this is not true.

This old and interesting legend has been the foundation of many romances, none more delightful or more clearly portrayed than the one by Tennyson, entitled "The Holy Grail." It is one of the poems composing the "Idyls of the King," and describes the quest of the Knights of the Round Table for this sacred vessel.

It is very interesting to follow the ways in which the Grail appears to different ones in the poem. How beautifully it comes before the sister of Sir Percival! She had asked an old monk to whom she confessed, if she could ever hope to see the sacred vessel. He tells her that after fasting

and praying faithfully for many days it might at last appear.

She wakes up in the dead of night and hears a horn blowing sweet music, and then a silver beam steals through her window, and down the long beam steals the Grail, "Rose red with beatings in it, as if alive." Then the music ceased, the beam faded away, and then she knew the Holy Cup was upon earth again.

The cup comes in very much the same way to all the Knights, when they were all sitting around the table banqueting. This time it comes clothed in a white cloud, so that none could see the bearer. Thus, as none of them were pure enough, actually to see the holy vessel, they all made a vow that they would behold it before the year expired, and the next day started on their long year's search.

Some of them succeeded, and some did not, and of those who did, one became pure enough to enter the spiritual city, and reigned there for many years. Another returned to Arthur, but did not wish to lead a worldly life any more, so, by the king's permission, went to a monastery, and lived a godly life and was much beloved for his sweet, humble manner.

Although the search was fruitless for many, it made them better men for the time being, and in their after-life it had a great influence over them.

All of Tennyson's poems teach some great moral, and this one points strongly to humility and purity. It also teaches us to have some definite thing in view before we start out to find it. Arthur's Knights would have become just as loving and pure in staying at home and helping those in great distress, instead of going on a blind search.

Others think it is an allegory of the Christian life, in which the Christian starts out in search of God, and has to go through all the trials and troubles which are necessary to make a humble and loving follower of Christ.

THE WASHINGTON PARTY.

WE were in gay spirits that afternoon of the 25th of March, when, valise and umbrella in hand, we started down the hill for the station. The day was so bright and pleasant we felt sure that we should not need our umbrellas on the trip,

but we took them, you know, "just to keep the rain away."

We were glad we did, however, for our pathway was not so sunny throughout the week.

Miss Carpenter joined us in Boston, thus making our second chaperon, since Mr. Shepherd alone could not possibly take care of so many girls; for, although we had come to see and learn, we had also come to have a good time, and Miss Carpenter was just the one to add to our pleasure.

At 7.30 that night we were enjoying a hearty dinner on board the "Pilgrim"; little Carl, sitting near the head of the table, amused us by spelling out the word "Pilgrim" on the numerous dishes. The sea was calm, the night a perfect one, and if the music in the cabin had not been so attractive we should have staid on deck long after Newport was reached; however, we retired reasonably early (Lasell girls fall asleep anywhere after half past nine), and awakening in the morning found ourselves in New York.

Soon we were on the train, the Royal Blue Line, that we have heard so much about from one of the grave seniors, and at three P. M. most of us took our first step in the capital of our country. How clean and broad its streets looked! Our Lincoln, Nebraska, friend immediately felt at home, for she says Lincoln copied after Washington in the plan of its streets.

We were driven directly to the Richmond Hotel, one of the most private and elegant hotels in Washington, and after dining, and surveying our pleasant rooms, we were ready to accompany Miss Carpenter on a walk. "Where shall we go?" she asks. "Spoons!" cry half a dozen girls; so down Pennsylvania Avenue we go, feasting our eyes in the jewelry stores, and finally emerge laden with souvenir Washington spoons. On our walk back, the White House and many of the large public buildings were pointed out to us.

Friday was a rainy day, but, nevertheless, we determined to make it a profitable one.

At eight A. M. all of us (twenty-one in number, for Carl had left us at Philadelphia, and our other companions had said good-by at Baltimore) assembled in the hotel hall, well prepared with gossamers and rubbers to brave any weather. The street cars took us to the dock, and then be-

gan our ride down the Potomac to Mt. Vernon. The tolling of a bell announced that we had arrived at the home of Washington; the tomb of Washington is located on the road leading from the river landing, and consists of a large vault extending into a bank in a thickly-wooded dell.

On the summit of the hill is the Mansion House, supported in front by a row of tall, white pillars. Numerous relics and other remembrances of Washington are on exhibition within the building. Each State has fitted up a room; the banqueting room is perhaps the most completely furnished with the curious articles of the time of Washington. The grounds around the mansion are beautifully wooded with choice shade-trees, planted by Washington when he was a young man.

We had luncheon served in the old family kitchen, by a good-natured colored "aunty," who brought fresh smiles to the faces of the Southern girls in the party.

That night we visited the Corcoran Art Gallery, and had the privilege of seeing many choice paintings and pieces of sculpture. Powers's Greek Slave of course attracted our attention, and many of us lingered long over the original of the "Helping Hand," by Emile Renouf.

Saturday greeted us with rain and snow, but we went directly to the Post Office Department, and saw the men at the Dead Letter Office tearing open letters and packages, — alas, perhaps some were intended for us. It was extremely amusing to see the different things — toads, snakes, photographs, mineral specimens, valentines, and other odd mixtures — that had been sent through the mail and lost. The Pension Building was next visited, and then to the Capitol. Here each of us had a turn in the Speaker's chair in the House of Representatives. We spent some time in the Capitol, going from room to room, and admiring the massiveness and grandeur of everything.

At one o'clock we were due at the White House, or, as I believe it is more correct to say, the Executive Mansion.

The guide showed us through the Green, Blue, and Red rooms, also through the state dining-room and the conservatory. At the reception of President Harrison, we each had an opportunity to shake his hand, thus making us feel a trifle larger than we did before we entered the East room.

Our afternoon was thoroughly enjoyed at the National Museum, where we saw so many curious things that our "heads fairly whirled." But Mr. Shepherd had a still greater pleasure reserved for the evening, and that was an informal reception at Mrs. Gen. John Logan's lovely home. We coincide with many other persons, that Mrs. Logan is a charming lady, for who could have entertained us more pleasantly than she did, by showing us so many interesting relics of Gen. Logan's?

Warm and pleasant was Easter Sunday, and how packed to the doors was the Church of the Covenant, which the President and his family attend! We were fortunate enough to secure seats, and enjoyed listening to the well-pointed remarks of the pastor. After the service was over, we had a few words with Bessie Lothrop, who is attending Mrs. Somer's school. In the evening we attended services at a colored church. Monday, our last day, was certainly a busy one; by nine o'clock we were at the Washington Monument thence we drove to the State, War, and Navy departments, where our eyes rested on the original document of the Declaration of Independence. The Treasury Building was next visited, and by noon we were seated in the Supreme Court of the United States, breathlessly waiting the arrival of the nine judges; soon they came in, clad in heavy silken robes, Chief Justice Fuller leading, the whole making a very imposing ceremony. In the afternoon we had a delightful carriage drive to Arlington Heights, Gen. Lee's old home, and saw the National burial-ground of many thousand Union soldiers.

Capt. Brooks, for many years chief of the Secret Service Department, entertained us that evening with exciting tales of his experiences in capturing counterfeiters.

Early Tuesday morning every one was hurriedly packing her trunk, except one poor mortal, who had no trunk to pack, for hers was taking an unusually long vacation in the different cities between Boston and Washington. After breakfast we sorrowfully bade adieu to the beautiful city, and were soon on the cars bound for New York. It began to rain just as we were getting on the "Plymouth," so the evening had to be spent within doors, listening to the brass band, watching the different people on the boat, and remarking how tired we

were. The next morning, much to the school's surprise, we breakfasted at Lasell, and all one could hear in the halls was "Elegant time" — "Perfectly grand" — "Charming trip", etc.

All the party join me in expressing our sincerest thanks to Miss Carpenter and Mr. Shepherd, who, by their untiring zeal, gave us a thoroughly enjoyable time.

THE SWORD DRILL.

'T is a sight oft seen in the Lasell gym,
Ten girls advancing full of vim,
Some short and fat, some tall and slim,
Or *vice versa* it may be,
For several short, slight girls you see.

What does it mean? Why don't you know
Each to her neighbor is a foe?
Just watch them at each other go;
Towards each other they feel no ill,
For this is but the sword drill.

Each girl has a sword in her hand,
Bound at the top with a leather band,
As all at once fair play demand,
And though those swords of wood are made,
They're enough to make one sure afraid.

Now they are ready to begin,
And quiet takes the place of din,
Command is given: "Squad fall in,"
"Forward, march," then "Intervals take,"
"March," and then a halt they'll make.

Front rank two paces to front must go,
"Present arms," then right prove distance so;
"Squad guard" you all surely that must know,
"Cuts by the numbers," "Cuts without,"
"Guards the same," "Front rank about."

"Cuts and guards," the command doth repeat,
"Front rank advancing, rear rank retreat,"
Rear rank comes forward, front rank to meet;
Then "Points," of which there are four,
And by this time drill is most o'er.

'T is half past five, and the gong doth sound,
And now before we can turn around
Not a girl can anywhere be found;
For that gong doth dinner mean,
And that is why no girls are seen.

LOCALS.

ABOUT thirty girls remained at school during the Easter vacation. The girls who went away may have had a better time than we did, but we doubt it.

MARCH 15, a praise service was held in the gymnasium, when Mr. Trowbridge played on the organ and Mr. Davis's quartet sang. The music was very much enjoyed by all the girls who were present.

THE Senior's bosom now swells with pride under the '91 pin. It is really very pretty; but why will they not tell us how much their purses are depleted?

THOSE in the Cooking course have not yet learned the result of their examination, but the majority feel safe in advertising to state their proficiency in that line of work, having finished the year's work under the instruction of Mrs. M. S. Oakes and Mrs. M. J. Lincoln of Boston.

THE choir and Orphean Club gave an Easter-song service, at the Methodist Church, March 24.

FRIDAY evening, March 20, the S. D. Society gave its annual entertainment. This time the Amherst Glee and Banjo Clubs were the attraction. We all enjoyed it very much, of course, as did quite a number of people from outside the walls. After the concert, the S. D.'s, with Miss Chamberlayne, gave a reception to the young men of the clubs in the parlors. The doors into the music-room were open, and a refreshment table made it more than usually attractive. Every one enjoyed himself — or herself, — to the uttermost. The Society is to be congratulated on the unqualified success of its entertainment.

WE recommend G. H. and I. as retreats favorable to meditation and the refining influence of solitude.

SEVERAL of our number attended an organ recital at Eliot Church, in Newton, March 19. The recital was given by Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich, and is reported as being excellent in every respect.

MISS SPYKER's private pupils furnished us an evening of entertainment on March 21. No one will blame Miss Spyker if she is proud of each and every one of the performers, for she would be entirely justified. Maude Baldwin, who recited "Echo and the Fairy," from Jean Ingelow, was voted by the judges to have given the best recitation, and received the prize, a volume of Longfellow's poems.

THE time of the year has come when the Seniors gather in little knots, and mysteriously confer together, and if an under-class girl draws near, they abruptly stop talking, and either invite her to retire, or make it so chilly that she lingers not. Then one sweetly calls after her, "Awfully sorry, but it is about the class, you know."

THE Easter public rehearsal was given in the gymnasium the evening before school closed, March 24. It was unusually good. The following programme was rendered:—

IN the History Class:—

TEACHER.—Miss A, what was the Hellespont?

PUPIL.—I am not quite sure, but I think it was either the general, or one of the gods they worshipped

THANKS to our preceptress, who declares that she has infinite capacity for trying again, we were, on Saturday morning, April 11, treated to such a lecture as we can but rarely hope to hear. It was given by Mr. Richard G. Moulton, of the University Extension, Cambridge, England. The subject was "Lady Macbeth."

SCENE, the lower hall. A stately member of our sisterhood approaches the centre hall from the library, and encounters the new porter at the corner, bent on the noble work of enlightening the school. He strikes a match, applies it to the point of the bulb of the incandescent light, turns the key, and naturally, as the result of such efforts, the electric light blazes forth. Then he passes on soberly and in good faith, leaving the stately member leaning against the radiator gasping for breath.

THURSDAY, April 16, the members of the Charles Ward Post of the G. A. R. gave a very pleasant reception at their hall in Newtonville. The members of the Lasell Battalion gladly accepted a kind invitation to attend. During the evening the Lasell sword squad, something new at our school this year—gave what was pronounced a very pretty exercise. The squad is composed of the following officers, five from each of the two companies of the Battalion:—

Capt., Millikin and Peabody, Lieuts., Richards and Medsker, First Serpts., Shepherd and Whitney, Second Serpts., Horton and Simpson, Corps., Spaulding and Brookmire.

ELECTION RETURNS.

S. D. SOCIETY.

| | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>President</i> | MISS MILLIKIN. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | MISS E. ROWE. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | MISS GRIFFIN. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | MISS HAMILTON. |
| <i>Critic</i> | MISS PFAU. |
| <i>Usher</i> | MISS WATSON. |
| <i>Musical Committee</i> | { MISS JONES. MISS PRESCOTT. |

LASELLIA CLUB.

| | |
|----------------------------|--|
| <i>President</i> | MISS STALEY. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | MISS M. HUBBARD |
| <i>Secretary</i> | MISS LAMSON. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | MISS CHANCE. |
| <i>Critic</i> | MISS JACKSON. |
| <i>Guard</i> | MISS MILLER. |
| <i>Assistant Guard</i> | MISS TAYLOR. |
| <i>Executive Committee</i> | { MISS FALLEY. MISS ROSE. MISS LOOMIS. |

A CONUNDRUM for the next class in Nineteenth Century History: What relation was Sir Arthur Wellesley to the Duke of Wellington?

WANTED.—An organ pumper not too energetic in his work.

LOST.—The library paper-cutter.

BUSINESS NOTICES.—Teachers will "take in washing at all hours," if you have any hanging out of your window, or in view any place, and you happen to be out of your room and a teacher calls in the meantime.

THE members of the dress-cutting class are now prepared to fill any orders they are fortunate enough to receive.

WASHING done at reduced rates and in the most approved manner at No. 48. All clothes dried in the sun. Patronage solicited.

ONE LEAF.

(Continued.)

I WAS fairly bristling with importance as I crept silently to my downy couch, sharing deeply in the evident interest of every member of the Faculty in the welfare of the girls. I hope they will all make their mark in the world, and should have great confidence that they will, but for one circumstance, which I will relate.

Not long since I made an extended journey over the Manor, and being weary after a difficult passage through the trunk-room, I found, upon

descending one flight, a cosy little apartment furnished with numberless tiny cupboards and redolent with the fresh odors of clean clothes. Entering here to repose a while, I think that I must have fallen asleep, for I suddenly became aware of people in the room, and heard voices. As soon as I was sufficiently awake, I recognized tones of complaint in varied repetition, all to the effect that the marks were not plain—that there were no marks—that the marks were washed out entirely, and a final despairing,—“Well, I suppose there is no hope that they will ever make a mark that will be lasting.” I asked no explanations, but came away discouraged, and wondering why it was.

But I am digressing (I read these words once in a book); I intended only to relate a few incidents in our every-day life, in my simple way.

One little affair regarding myself I must mention, because it amused me very much and will show to the young the importance of a liberal education and good-breeding. Feeling socially inclined one evening, I invited my aristocratic friend Mrs. Titmouse and her daughter Brownie to dine with me on some “perfectly magnificent” cake and cheese. I was as neat as possible. I had been before the mirror, and had taken a sprinkle of violet perfume from the bottle on the dresser. I bowed low to receive my friends, and began to converse in my best English, endeavoring to do credit to my superior instruction. Among other things, I remarked that I thought it was “a howling shame” that my cousins Floss and Toss should have been turned out of their cosy nest, just completed, of *duchesse* lace, in the drawer next to mine. Mrs. Titmouse raised her eyebrows, and showed other signs of surprise. Again, in reference to an elderly gentleman whose locks had become thinned by time, I said he looked as if he had been “snatched bald-headed.”

Upon this Mrs. T. glanced at her daughter and changed the subject. I confess I was a trifle uncomfortable, but continued with fluency to discuss other topics; for I was confident that, whatever might be my deficiencies in other respects, my language was not only correct but elegant; for had I not thoroughly familiarized myself with all the choicest expressions used by the young ladies of Hibred Manor? And I pitied my guests

for being, apparently, unacquainted with the best forms of speech. I showed my good-breeding, however, in politeness to them. At length Mrs. T. said in a voice that might have belonged to “Susan’s Escort,” so devoid of cultivation was it, that, although she recognized my attainments, and was much impressed by my conversation, she was still undecided about sending her dear Brownie to the Manor. She wished her to retain her unaffected simplicity of manner and speech. My feelings were beyond description. Was it possible, I thought, in wondering amazement, that any creature could be indifferent to the advantages of a school where one can learn everything in books, from A, B, C to the capstone of knowledge—the Tariff Reform, cooking, sewing, swimming, drilling with swords and guns, gymnasium practice with no end of evolutions; where elegant lunches and high teas are served; where Faculty, clubs, publishing societies, and every other kind of society hold meetings in due form; where concerts are given; where the “swellest” masquerade parties are gotten up, in “stunning” costumes that are “perfectly killing”; where Saturday evening revels are announced by sweet girlish laughter, while ghostly forms are seen gliding along the halls; where piano, guitar, banjo, mandolin, and violin vie with each other in harmony and discord; and a music more charming than all other—the melody from happy hearts—falls on the ear?

My rambling talk is finished. Should it seem irregular and incomplete, dear reader, please remember that it is only a leaf nibbled from real life.

L. L. R.

A NIGHT ON THE RIGI.

OUR party started up the Rigi one bright Saturday afternoon in one of the little mountain cars resembling one of our street-cars, excepting that the former are built on an incline and have cog-wheels.

After about an hour’s ascent, which was really up the mountain side, the Hotel Rigi Kulm appeared above on the plateau, and as the air was growing chilly, it was a welcome sight; although a seemingly endless flight of steps was yet to be climbed, for the hotel is situated on the very summit of the mountain.

Wishing to wake in time to see the sun rise, the party retired early, but, in what seemed about an hour, they were awakened by the ringing of a bell outside their doors and a voice informing them that it was four o'clock, and time to get up. They were inclined not to obey the summons, as nothing but white mist was visible from the window, but their eyes were no sooner closed than a yodel was heard under their window, which was sent back from the surrounding mountains, and this sound repeated by a dozen or so mountains, and accompanied by the tinkling of numerous sheep-bells, decided our travellers to sally forth. Accordingly, wrapped in furs, they soon appeared on the rocky plateau back of the hotel, and found a crowd already assembled. They would have made the fortune for an artist sketching for a comic paper. Two elderly ladies appeared with their hair still in curl-papers surmounted by their bonnets; they were otherwise a mass of shawls. One stout Englishman had thrust his feet into his slippers, wrapped himself in a dressing-gown, and had adorned his head with a large white silk handkerchief, the corners floating out behind. The crowd looked as though they had gathered on an alarm of fire; and, to cap the climax, one traveller, disregarding the printed notices in the rooms, had wound himself up in the bed-blanket, and sat shivering on one of the rocks. Many of the mountaineers now appeared dressed in red and green gala costumes, for it was to be a *fête* day, and by and by a dull red streak showed itself through the mist, only to disappear again, however, behind the thick fog, and many of the watchers, sleepy and disheartened, returned to the hotel to warm their red noses and fingers.

Not so our English friend; he said he had given up his sleep to see the sun rise, and he meant to see her, if she did n't rise again for a week. After most of the party had surrendered to the cold, the sun consented to come out of the clouds, and then the scene was well worth the waiting. Before us blazed the sun, coloring the clouds red, yellow, orange, and violet; to the right, Mt. Pilatus raised its snow-capped summit, surrounded by other white peaks, seeming to float in a sea of rose-colored clouds behind; down the mountain side thousands of feet below us lay the Swiss lakes imbedded in the green carpet, and blue

as the sky above; before and on the farther side were white clouds edged and lined with gold; while stretching way around and almost on a level with us, was the belt of white mountain peaks.

In the afternoon the party started down the mountain toward Lucerne, crossing the lake on a little pleasure steamer, with the band playing, and flags flying, and, looking up at the glistening white mountain tops, they promised themselves to return some day, and once more watch nature lift the white veil from one of her most beautiful pictures.

A STORY OF APRIL-FOOL'S-DAY.

SHE was a seminary girl, and she had gone home to spend the Easter holidays. Vacation began that year about the end of March, and included April-Fool's-Day. Of course she enjoyed herself as all girls do who go home for the holidays; but we have nothing here to say about that; our story has to do only with the first day of April.

Yes, it was spring-time; but the trees were not budding, nor the birds singing, nor the lambs gamboling, as they are supposed to do in every well-ordered spring. It was the advent of a New England spring, for Marion Staunton's home was "near Harvard," as the girls said enviously, that is, not far from Boston. On the first day of April the wind was howling and the snow flying, as if May-day were months ahead. By nine o'clock you could have counted at least ten of the twenty-four kinds of weather, which, Mark Twain says, can be felt any day in Boston.

There are picturesque old mansions in New England outside of story-books, and Marion lived in one. It was like those that Hawthorne loved to describe, or the one in Longfellow's poem —

"A little way back from the village street
Stands an old-fashioned country-seat" —

Marion awoke on the morning of the first of April from dreams of beautiful warm spring weather to a snow-storm and — tonsillitis. Of course there was no more company or dissipation to be thought of. After breakfast she finished reading "Vanity Fair," and two articles entitled, "Why more Women do not Marry," and, "Why Women Marry." By eleven o'clock she had be-

come cynical and tired of life — the world, society. Men — heartless, brutal creatures ! Women — vain, shallow ! Love — a dream ! She decided to adopt a profession, or go and care for the lepers. She was eighteen, and during her life had met three Harvard men (?), ditto from Yale, and the youths of the neighborhood. Such was her profound knowledge of mankind.

Of course there was a wonderful old garret over the house, and as Marion had not visited it since she was a child, where she played on rainy days, she decided to spend the rest of the morning there. I may find some love-letters, she thought ; but what a mockery they are, after so many years ! Who knows what hate the sweet words disguised, and whether there ever has been any true love ? I shall, in the future, burn every letter I receive. But, my dear Marion, you must not talk about receiving love-letters, you who are going to become a lawyer, an orator, or a social reformer ; you who are to stand alone, without the aid of man — proud of your solitude ! Still, although the world had lost its interest to her, she spent an hour in smiling over letters penned by hands long since turned to dust. At last, at the bottom of a small chest, she came across the inevitable “mysterious package,” sealed tightly, and she hesitated to open it without permission. I will carry it downstairs to grandfather, she thought, and have him open it, and then tell me a story, as he used to long ago. Grandfather was sitting before the open fire in the library, with a “North American Review” in his hand, reading, with a smile upon his dear old face, the article entitled *Why More Women Do Not Marry*.

“My dear,” he said as she entered the room, “you look tired and gloomy ; come here and tell me all about it.”

“Grandfather” ! she exclaimed, “you are reading that article ? O grandfather ! you can tell me, is true love a dream ? do all women marry now for homes, for titles, position, and money ? Are there any noble men and women ?”

“My child,” said grandfather, “listen, and I will tell you a story, and a true one.

“It was about this time of the year, long, long ago, when I was a very young and a very mischievous little boy. My sister, your great-aunt, whom you do not remember, as she died when you were

very young, was then a beautiful girl of eighteen. She had come home for the Easter holidays, just as you have done. In the neighborhood were two young men, a Harvard student of the sophomore class, and a young German artist. They both were, or fancied themselves, in love with her. I think — I know, that even then she cared more for the artist, but I think she imagined, as many girls do now, that if she were ever married it would be to a college-bred man. I did not like the Harvard man for many reasons, but my chief objection was the way in which he dressed. He did not wear blazers, and sashes, and white trousers, and all the other things that they do now, but — well, he dressed in the height of the style of that day. Eye-glasses had been invented, but were only worn when necessary, and canes were carried by the old and lame. But there was a peculiarity in his walk which resembled that of the species at the present time. And he was very cynical and *blasé*. He was an authority upon all subjects, and once casually mentioned that he admired and believed in Voltaire ; and there was no philosophy which he did not seem to understand. All this excited my sister’s admiration. He was no doubt brilliant and learned, and I secretly hoped to be like him some day.

“He professed a lofty contempt for the customs of April-Fool’s Day, and so I decided to play a joke upon him in some way. I had several schemes, but did not decide upon any until the day before. That day my sister had lost a handkerchief, and in the evening when both of the young men called, she told them of her loss, and of course they eagerly offered to hunt for it, each hoping that he would be the one to find it. The next morning I arose early, and, taking one of my own handkerchiefs, a small hemstitched one with a crimson dot in each corner and the family name in the middle, I started out along the path in the neighboring woods where she had lost her handkerchief. I wet it and rubbed a little mud on it, to make it look as if it had been lying out all night, and then put it down near a fallen tree, where it could be easily seen ; then I hid myself, and awaited the appearance of Charles Crawley, the Harvard student, for I rightly guessed that he would rise early in search of it. Had Ludwig Offembach have come first, I intended to come out and

pick it up myself. I had not long to wait, for very soon I heard footsteps, and along came Charles. He was looking eagerly around, as if in search of something, as he was, of course. At last he spied it, and muttered, 'Ha! it looks like a piece of last year's snow, but —'; and he stooped, and picked it up daintily, between his thumb and forefinger. 'Crimson dots: poor taste for a girl, by Jove! can't be hers — but here's the name, and it must be!' And so he shook it out, folded it carefully, put it into an envelope which he took from of his pocket, and placed it carefully in the side of his waistcoat next his heart, of course.

"When he was out of sight, I started from my hiding-place, but heard approaching footsteps and retreated. This time it was Ludwig Offenbach. He held something white in his hands and was murmuring something about '*Mein Liebling*,' and pressing it to his lips, although it had lain all night in the mud and rain. He had found her handkerchief; but each thought himself the happy possessor. Finally he folded it tenderly, and no envelope was used to protect his pocket from the mud upon it; of course he too placed it next his heart.

"I anticipated fun when they both called again that evening, and chuckled inwardly when my sister asked if any one had found her handkerchief. But to my surprise, although they looked conscious, neither said anything upon the subject, and in a few days the matter was forgotten.

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"Two years passed by, and the Easter holidays had come again. My sister was at home, and the two young men called upon her as before.

"Charles Crawley had graduated, and openly I disliked him more than ever, but I secretly admired him. My sister's admiration was unbounded, and she showed it, almost ignoring poor Ludwig. The time came for us to separate again. Charles went to law school, and Ludwig to the West, to paint, as he said, the beautiful scenery among the Rocky Mountains; but I do not think he would have gone had he not thought that my sister loved his rival. Time passed. My sister graduated and came home. Charles Crawley finished his course in law, and yet we heard nothing from our artist. In the meantime my sister had learned too late

that she had cared much for Ludwig; she had almost forgotten Charles. One evening two small packages and two letters came for her. The first one she opened was from Charles Crawley. The package contained a handkerchief,—the one I had hidden. She read the letter aloud, laughing, but puzzled, until I explained. He told her that he had found it, and had carried it in his pocket for years, and supposed that it would amuse her very much, as it did him at the present time. He mentioned his engagement to a Miss Clark, and closed with good wishes for her future. She laughed heartily, and then picked up the other letter and package. The package contained another handkerchief, which, strange to say, had a crimson dot in each corner, like the other one. The letter was from a friend of Ludwig Offenbach, who had gone West with him. It contained a cutting from a newspaper, telling of the death of a promising young artist, shot through the heart by the Indians, while painting; adding that it was a reckless thing to do, to paint in such a dangerous locality, but that the young man did not seem to care, and had heeded no warnings. There was a short note, saying that a handkerchief had been found in one of the pockets of his coat, next to his heart, and that when dying he had said, 'Tell her I did not mean to keep it so long — send it to her — tell her — I loved her.' The blood had oozed through the four corners of the handkerchief, and strangely enough, had made four little crimson dots. If you will open that package in your hand you will see the two handkerchiefs, and, strange to say, they appear exactly alike, yet how different their history and that of their bearers! My sister never married. She could not adopt a profession, or do one of the many things which women do now in such cases. She did not become famous. She lived a noble, useful life, unheard of by the world, but loved and revered by many.

"Ah! if the lives of some whom the world calls 'old maids' were known, many a sad story would be revealed, and there would be more reasons 'Why Women Do Not Marry.' But, my dear, I have forgotten a necessary moral to my story, or perhaps I do not need to add — beware of Harvard men, especially those in the cynical stage!"

PERSONALS.

MISS ELIZABETH HOSFORD married, on the 8th of April, 1891, Mr. Edward Wheeler Paine. The marriage was at St. John's Church, Clinton, Iowa. "Tib" was at Lasell from '81 to '83.

MRS. FRANCES S. WOOD was married, March 19, 1891, to Mr. Archibald J. Sampson, at Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Sampson is the father of our late pupil Lucy, who by this marriage gains a step-mother.

MISS MARY OSBORN BEACH was married on the 31st of March, at Toledo, Ohio, to Mr. T. F. Schneider. The young married people will live in Washington, on Q Street. Mary was at Lasell in '87 and '88. She has been teaching gymnastics in Washington very successfully.

MISS EDITH HAX, of St. Joseph, Mo., is to be married, April 22, to Mr. Ernest Charles Hartwig. Edith was at Lasell from '86 to '89. It is rumored that Ada Marsh is to be a bridesmaid and Annie McDonald a maid of honor.

DR. CHAMPLIN took dinner at Lasell last week, and was very welcome.

MISS IDA CLARK is visiting Auburndale and has given us a call. Of old pupils who have been here recently, there are Mary Packard and Nellie Packard Draper, with her husband, Lizzie Burnham, Lucy Harvey, Annie Phillips, Georgia Lamme and brother, Arline Northam, Lucy Pen-nell Sanborn, and Emma Cutter Baxter.

WE understand that Georgia Lamme will go abroad again this summer, join her sister Fannie, and spend the summer in travel, as last year, under chaperonage of Miss Susan Morgan.

ON THE ARABIAN SEA.

"LAST night" (this morning, rather), as I lay on my pillow" (what a funny position! and what a pillow! The thing seems very ludicrous to me, but you girls sing it, so it must be right. So, then, "Lay on, Macduff.") — last night (this A. M., 4.30, it was, to be exact), as I lay on my bunk, the gentle tapping of wings that had had no rest for 100,000,000 miles ("the truth before all things," as Katie says; and I must confess I don't know exactly the number of miles, so I call on Miss

Packard to correct those figures) made my eye-lids lift, and the rays from the four stars of the Southern Cross sent that rare picture to my slowly waking brain. It is n't a great constellation, nor withal a very handsome cross; "an excuse for a cross," the chief officer called it yesterday, and did n't see why folks made such a fuss about it, "for my paht"; but it is a rare sight for us of the northern half of the planet, and rarity gives value. In form, it stands alone in the heavens, and to me it has a simple majesty all its own among the myriads of the sky. I mention it now to emphasize one of the good old proverbs: "Put not your trust in princes"; nor yet in captains. On our voyage from Madras to Calcutta I asked the captain of the old rattletrap of a boat, on to which we had been coaxed by a promise of reaching Calcutta a day sooner, whereas we drew up to the dock in the sacred, dirty Hooghly, greatly gratified to see the other and better boat, which left Madras a day after ours, all moored, and empty of passengers, the "S. S. Sinclair," of the Clan Line, whose whole gear shook and rattled so that we were in constant fear of a break-down, but, like Old Dick, she managed to hold together as long as they kept her moving. The captain of this boat it was who woke up one morning expecting to be in the mouth of the Hooghly, and found himself forty or fifty miles to the east of it! What if there had been rocks, or a lee shore? and he running so out of course. He ought to be courtmartialled for this mistake, if not for the other. This cost us a day's time and insured him this free advertisement. Well, as I said, it was this captain I asked how much longer we should be able to see the Southern Cross. He said, "You can't see it any more: it is n't to be seen as far north as this." Then several of his neighbors at table and he smiled benignly on my astounding astronomical ignorance, much to the discomfiture of Belle and John.

After dinner, the mate took me aside and said, "Don't say anything to the old man about it, but if you'll come on the bridge about three or four o'clock to-morrow morning I'll show you the Cross." I went, and saw it bright and full, and have enjoyed it many times since; which goes to prove that even captains don't always know. Beware, then, how you trust Miss Carpenter or Miss Cham-

berlayne, the Lasell captains! or Lewis, who is also captain; or Miss Blaisdell, who is also captain; but me you may fully trust, for I am only mate.

If I am away from the craft much longer I shall be glad to be dubbed even bo's'n. Well, as I was saying, the Southern Cross is shaped like the kites I used to fly, like this ✕, and those four stars are all there is of it. Sometimes it stands, sometimes it lies on its side, but it is always distinct and decided, and is more like a cross than Orion's belt is like a belt, or Job's coffin like a coffin.

It is Feb. 9, and we called it very cold last night, when we had to sleep under a spread; ordinarily the sheet alone is too much. They tell us that on the Red Sea we shall melt. I doubt it. Who has stood the nights on "The China" can stand anything. Those nights were — were — *very* hot.

India is behind us, — a wonderful land, — of strange contradictions: a land of exquisite art and lowest barbarism; of most beautiful carving and most cruel carnage; whose leaders could murder their own mothers, but bury them in the most graceful tombs the world has ever seen; put out the eyes of brothers and fathers, but call on — Mohammed to bless the deed in the most magnificent temples: a land whose gods are the most numerous of any land, but whose influence on their worshippers has been only evil; a land many times conquered, but never yet wholly subdued; a land whose resources are very rich, but whose people are very poor. The pictures in Memory's cabinet are the most enchanting, and also the most dismal, which any land has yet painted.

We ran into rather heavy weather at once on leaving Bombay, and most of the party retired. Mrs. B. was the first woman at table, which is a miracle. We are on another P. & O. boat, which would n't be so if any other boat had sailed to suit our plan. Woe to the unhappy travellers who fall into the hands of the P. & O. Co. at Bombay! Other agents of the line had treated us very well, but the Bombay agent spoiled the record. By the red-tape with which he surrounds himself, you might think him (or be sure he thought himself) the "Great Mogul." And after you get

audience, there is nothing in his manner that indicates a civilized training. It would be too severe on India to say that he must have been "raised" there. The P. & O. Co. has almost a monopoly at Bombay, and uses its opportunity unmercifully. The French line runs to Aden via Kurrachee, and only bi-weekly. The German sends a boat hence only monthly, I believe; so the price from Bombay to anywhere is several times greater than it should be or would be it there were "free-trade." Intending travellers will do well to fit their itinerary to one of the excellent boats of merchant lines, which give as good cabins, better board, and much more civility *for almost one third the outrageous prices of the P. & O.* Something of the same old fashioned formality is insisted on in their service at table. Each course is offered to every passenger, and, no matter how little inclined he may be, he must sit out the whole in order to get anything. Bells to the left, bells to the right, bells before, bells after, ring the waiters in and out and about. I counted twenty-four bell signals at one meal. How much more sensible is the Cunard fashion, whereby any passenger can get anything he may fancy at any time and go. Half-sea-sick passengers bless that plan and curse this. Con.; "What is drearier than the desert?" — "Table d'hôte." "What is more dreary than table d'hôte?" "Dinner on a P. & O. steamer." There is more red-tape than food; and it is better "kept" than are some of the meats. If some of the form were observed in their own movements their patrons would be better served. One man told me his baggage had not had so rough usage all the way from London via United States to India as on the P. & O. from Bombay, and I can attest their carelessness as an eye-witness. Again, we were bidden to embark at 12 M. I kept the appointment only at very great inconvenience and by great hurrying. The boat sailed at 2.45! No public carriers the world round have treated us so shabbily in many ways. But enough of this. I should not have said what I have, — and I might have said more and fallen short of the truth, — except to give friendly warning to my readers to beware the P. & O.

Later, — in the canal, — we were changed at Aden into a boat from Australia, larger and newer

than the other, but no better. We had no chance to land. Very sorry, though there is not much to see at Aden, which is a sort of second Gibraltar. Natives came alongside to sell pretty grass baskets and antelope horns. Question is, Where around Aden do they get the grass? The books say, "Not a spear grows on the barren rock." Early the next A. M. we were off the island of Perim. A wreck of a P. & O. ship lay half out of water near it. I was told this company had lost two good boats here within a short time by carelessness. The Red Sea is a beautiful blue. The Blue Danube, White Nile, Blue Nile, and Yellow Sea, are alike innocent of any real claim to a name based on a tint of the water that makes them. I have n't seen the Black Sea yet.

The Red Sea trip was not a hot one, as predicted, but uncomfortably cold most of the time. It is an odd year for weather,—“Never knew the like,” many say. “I have seen seven persons die from heat during one trip at this season,” one of our passengers said. We have heard the same story all along.

One thing we like on this boat: a boy calls us to meals with a bugle. He plays well, and it is very pleasant. Look out for a bugle next year, instead of the gong!

C. C. B.

EXCHANGES.

ON reading an article published in the “Brunonian,” the subject of which was “The Library movement at Wellesley,” we became interested in the question which is being agitated in regard to the opening of college libraries on Sunday.

The argument in favor of opening the library to the students is that that is the one day of the week when the large majority of students have leisure time to spend in outside reading.

That our library contains so many rare books which it may never again be our happy fortune to meet, and it seems hard indeed to know that they are on the shelves all the week long and we cannot enjoy them.

In opposition, some one says it might tempt the girls to study for the recitations of the coming week. In regard to this argument, we will say

the girls must decide for themselves. Williams College, as is well known, has found it expedient to open the reading-rooms to the students on Sunday, and no serious harm has resulted therefrom.

The library at Wellesley College has more than 36,000 volumes; Harvard University has 365,000; Yale, 200,000; Cornell, 150,000; Columbia, 90,000; Syracuse, 75,000; Dartmouth, 68,500; Lehigh, 67,000; Brown, 66,000; Princeton, 65,000; Bowdoin, 84,000; University of Virginia, 40,000.

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY OF LASELL SEMINARY.

- Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius. Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius 878. AN8
 Arnold, Matthew. Poetical Works 821. AR6
 Ball, Walter W. Rouse. A Short Account of History of Mathematics 510. B21
 Becker, Prof. Charicles. Private Life of Ancient Greeks 938. B35
 Childs, Jas. Francis. English and Scotch Ballads. 4 vols. 821. C43
 Cook, F. C. (Canon of Exeter). The Bible Commentary,—Genesis, Deuteronomy 222. C77
 Cruttwell, Chas. Thomas. A History of Roman Literature. 879. C87
 Currie Joseph. Works of Horace, with English Notes 871. C95
 Custer, Elizabeth B. Boots and Saddles 917. C95
 “ “ Following the Guidon 917. C95a
 Clough, Arthur Hugh. Poems 821. C62
 Davidson, Rev. A. B. Cambridge Bible-Book of Job. 823. D28
 De Quincey, Thomas. (Ed. David Masson.) Collected Writings. 14 vols. 824. D34
 Edwards, Amelia B. A Thousand Miles up the Nile 916. Ed9
 Ellicott, C. J. (Bishop). The Handy Commentary—Genesis 222. E16
 Festetito, Kate Neely. The Old Academy 813. F42
 Fiske, John. Myths and Myth Makers 291. F54
 Felton, C. C. Ancient and Modern Greece 938. F34
 Geikie, James. The Great Ice Age 550. G26
 Goodyear, Wm. Henry. History of Art 709. G63
 Gow, James. A Companion to School Classics. 402. G72
 Hamerton, P. G. Thoughts on Art 700 H17
 Harrison Jane G. and Verrall, Margaret de G. Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens 722. H24
 Howells, William D. Venetian Life 914. H83
 Henry, Victor. Comparative Grammar of Greek and Latin 415. H38
 Jowett, B. Dialogues of Plato. 4 vols. 888. J83

- Lamb, Mary and Charles. (Ed. W. J. Rolfe),
 Tales from Shakespeare Comedies . . . 822. L16
 Liddell, Henry George. Scott, Robert. Greek-
 English Lexicon . . . 483. L62
 Lessing, G. E. Dramatic Works, Tragedies
 (Bohn) . . . 832. L56
 Lowell, Jas. Russell. Fireside Travels . . . 913. L95
 Mariette-Bey, Auguste. Monuments of Upper
 Egypt . . . 722. M11
 Mahaffy, J. P. Greek Life and Thought . . . 938. 3a
 " " The Greek World Under
 Roman Sway . . . 938. 3b
 Marlowe, Christopher. Best Plays of the Old
 Dramatists . . . 822. M34
 (To be Continued.)

SHE stands alone by the water-tank,
 And fills her pitcher and drinks,
 While from the chamber yonder,
 Comes the clatter of tiddledy-winks.

Away she turns with a tired air, —
 "Simply disgusting," she thinks;
 "Don't they know it's quite *passé*,
 That horrid old tiddledy-winks?"

Ah yes, the players all know it,
 But strong as golden links
 Are the tender, womanly feelings
 Which bind them to tiddledy-winks.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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"LASELL" is always "up with the times" in pleasures as well as other things, and one of her latest, is the organization of a photography club, which has been named the "Hawkodaki Camera Club." Perhaps an article from the by-laws will convey the best idea of its objects, — "The objects of the club are to excite a deeper interest in photography, to gain a wider knowledge of its processes, and for the mutual benefit of its members."

As yet, the members of the club have done very little field work, but have had some very interesting papers and discussions on some of the processes of photography.

Some kind friend (Mr. Shepherd, we understand) has offered two money prizes for the best work done. It is needless to say that this even increases the interest in the very enjoyable work of the members of the club.

THE time-worn proverb that procrastination is the thief of time has so often been repeated to us that it has lost much of its original force of meaning. There is a natural tendency to put things off, and this tendency often leads to serious results both to ourselves and to our friends. Whenever an irksome duty presents itself, we appease our conscience by saying that it can be done as well to-morrow as to-day. This is not true; for what we leave undone to-day seems even more disagreeable when to-morrow comes. Besides the unpleasant and often embarrassing circumstances into which the habit of procrastination leads us, we also lose much mentally. Who has not heard of the essay due Friday morning which was written late Thursday night? Doubtless all have heard of such things; but let each take care that he is

not the one who does it. Since the habit of procrastination is one that grows upon us, we ought to make it one of our highest aims in life to do immediately the duty which lies nearest.

WHAT a hard time some of us have had this spring with our demi-trains. We cannot understand why anything which at home was considered "quite too swell for anything" should be regarded here with evident disfavor.

The train has so many advantages that it seems too bad to be obliged to cut off the pride and joy of our youthful days in the flower of its existence. It does sweep up the dirt in the streets so successfully, and affords such excellent opportunities for tripping up any unwary traveller who is reckless enough to think of approaching the wearer with any degree of safety. In a photograph, too, it looks so graceful spread out in ravishing folds, and really gives the owner quite a *distingué* and grown-up air.

Why is it then that we are compelled to take our scissors in hand and ruthlessly demolish the much admired (by us) demi-train?

We have tried every way to keep it. When aware that certain criticizing eyes were upon us, or when called out for inspection before going to Boston to shop, we have even gone through the agony of the old-time "Grecian bend," — but, alas, in vain.

The lectures on the "Evidences of Christianity," by Rev. Charles Parkhurst, the well-known editor of *Zion's Herald*, are now over. They were given on six successive school-days, beginning May 2, so are finished much sooner than in former years, when it was the custom to have one lecture a week. On passing the chapel window, it was interesting to glance in at the seniors, and a few other privileged ones, who were taking notes as fast as their hands could make their pencils go; and when they came out, how enthusiastic they were in discussing the "fine" lecture! Not a few have been heard to remark that they have learned more about the Bible from these few lectures than they ever knew before, and how delightful it would be if the whole school might enjoy such a course. Although it is hard to take so full

notes when one would fain be listening and enjoying every word, yet probably the most good will be derived from this method, as the writing of abstracts from the notes, necessitating careful perusal of references, will help to fix the lectures in each one's mind. All are truly sorry that the lectures are over, for they have been one of the most enjoyable of the senior studies. The titles of the lectures were, "Historic Evidences of Christianity in Place, Monument, and Art," "The Book: Its History and Characteristics," "Prophecy and Fulfilment," "Christ so Unique that He is Divine," "Christianity and Its Results," "Woman and Christianity."

WHERE is the mysterious spring, upon the pressure of which come the green grass and trees, the flowers and birds, and with them the hand-organ, with its soul-stirring "Spring, spring, beautiful spring," the spring poem, full of gambolling lambs and whispering zephyrs, and the lightly turning thoughts of young men? And those lightly turning thoughts often lead some of them to explore this "loveliest village of the plain," for the warm weather is so tempting for out-of-door exercise, especially that which consists in waving arms, hats, or handkerchiefs.

Poor young Spring! No wonder she weeps so often, for either people do not appreciate her as they use to, or else they do not dare to express their appreciation. What would the funny papers do without their annual joke upon the spring poet and his poem? Who nowadays would dare to make a rhyme at this season, even of two words, such as bee and tree, for fear of being suspected of similar evil intentions? And a New England spring, when it has really come! when Nature has stopped tantalizing us by her trick of sticking a few buds and frail flowers in the cap of Winter, brushing the snow from his ragged coat, and trying to transform his worn old face by the magic light of her wonderful sunsets. Poor old man! We welcomed him heartily and loved him long; but he clung so to life! Long after we thought him dead, and had shed our tears and written our "Farewell Ode to Winter," he began to moan again among the trees and to show what was left of his once luxuriant white hair and beard. But now —

"When the green gits back in the trees, —
Well, work is the least of my ideas,
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees."

Many years from now, dear girls, we shall be sitting in our window at twilight. It will be spring, and the world will be fresh and young again. But we,—ah yes! there will be gray hairs, and lines upon our foreheads. We shall sit in our window at twilight; the robins will be singing, and a soft, sweet fragrance will float in through the window; and the wonderful power of association will carry us back in spirit to our school-days so long ago. We shall seem to hear and see as then the merry voices and flitting forms of the girls playing their evening game of tennis, and from a neighboring room will seem to come the faint twanging of a banjo. We shall seem to distinguish in the fading light the dim outlines of the dear old bookcase, the pictured faces of our friends upon the wall, the screen behind which we used to hide, those mysterious signs and curious trophies in which we delighted then. And the room will grow darker and darker. Soon we shall seem to hear the faint echo of girlish voices answering to their names as the mail is read; then the dear old chapel bell, and the sound of a hymn; and our cheeks will be wet with falling tears; for then those days, those happy school-days, will be gone. and we shall never meet again until —

"The bells of the school-room of glory
Shall ring for us all in the skies."

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER'S "Backlog Studies" is a very entertaining little volume, and reminds one somewhat, in the pointed remarks and fresh and colloquial style, of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."

It is arranged in eleven "Studies," and tells of a New England husband and wife, with their visitors and neighbors, sitting in front of an old-fashioned wood fire. The seven people who gather about this fire are so bright, intelligent, refined, and good-natured that one longs to know them better; for, after reading the "Studies," "The Fire Tender," "The Mistress," "The Young Lady Staying with Us," "Herbert Mandeville," "The Parson," and "Our Next-Door Neighbor" seem like very pleasant and interest-

ing acquaintances, with whom one has come in contact once and cannot hope to meet again.

Mr. Warner has much to say in behalf of an open wood fire. He admits that there may be morality and a considerable degree of happiness with furnaces, grates, and blowers, but states calmly that of course the family is gone, as an institution, though there are still attempts to bring up families around a register. He is of the opinion that the life of a family which "indulges in the hypocrisy of gathering about a gas-log" must necessarily be insincere.

The talk of those who gather about Mr. Warner's fireplace is at once witty, diverting, and instructive. A little romance, more hinted at than told, is woven into the background, and detracts not in the least from the entertaining qualities of the book.

"Backlog Studies" is a book which, again like the "Autocrat," one can pick up at any time, and always find some bright idea, clearly and charmingly put, which one seems not to have seen before, and which furnishes food for thought or a basis for observation.

REFORMS.

THIS is an age of reforms. All wrongs, it is assumed, will be righted by reforms; but the majority of the human race seem to prefer going on in the old way, even if it is far from right, rather than be disturbed and rooted out of it, and so forced to seek a new course.

So the advocates of reforms are often looked upon with scorn by their quieter neighbors, and the term "crank" is applied to them.

Each one of these cranks assumes that he has a mission, and to him the bringing about of the desired change, promptly, and without delay, is of the utmost importance.

In his desire to effect the end, he seldom considers the cost or discomfort that may result to others.

As an illustration. Our neighbor Stevens had for several consecutive nights been sadly reminded that his neighbors were the owners of robust, healthy representatives of the feline family.

These charming animals used a large snow pile in his back-yard as a musical conservatory in

which to train their superior vocal organs. They would first sing in unison, then, perhaps one would run up the chromatic scale skilfully and airily while another was diligently singing a sort of five-finger exercise, the crescendo and diminuendo of which were really very remarkable.

Now Mr. Stevens was not of a musical turn of mind, and, we fear, did not appreciate the brilliant efforts of his would-be entertainers, and with fierce ambition he resolved upon reform, without regard to the feelings and wishes of the owners of these pets, — for they were the subjects of admiration and love in the best families, his neighbors.

The next night, still bent on reform, at the first suggestion of a renewal of the concert, in cold blood, on the pure-white snow, he shoots down these harmless pussies. Scarcely can the consternation this caused in the various families be described.

Mr. Stevens had a son, Charles, whose ideas of reform ran in an entirely different direction from those of his father, and he resolved to reform "the old gent."

So, as the next night approaches he takes the frozen, lifeless remains of the victims of his father's reform, places them in a naturally musical position, and then announces from the corner of the house a renewal of the *soirée* of the night before; whereupon out comes his father, and, with blood-thirsty intent, discharges his gun at the cats, burying them in a storm of shot and snow.

This proceeding the young man continued for several nights, until his father, at last weary of reform, gave up the contest, to learn the next morning that he had been expending his ammunition and energy upon the frozen bodies of his dead victims of the night before.

Thus it often occurs in life that the reformer knows not when to stop, and by his senseless energy honestly acquires the reputation of a brainless crank.

TIME SHALL SHOW.

Thou canst not see grass grow, how sharp so e'er thou be,
Yet that the grass has grown thou very soon canst see;
So, though thou canst not see thy work now prospering,
know
The print of every work, time without fail shall show.

Ruckert.

LASELL ALPHABET.

A is for Anderson,
Airy and small,
Cut out for a bookworm? —
No, not at all.

B is for Brookmire,
Milliner *à la mode*,
Who down in the guests' room
Makes her abode.

C is for Crawford,
The golden-haired maid,
Who, taking in washings,
A fortune has made.

D for Donallan,
Who has just been
For a ten-weeks' sojourn
To her home in Lynn.

E is for Edgerton,
Winsome and fair,
Who carries so sweetly
The old Southern air.

F is for Falley,
Our studious one,
Who scorns and looks down
On all boarding-school fun.

G is for Gardner;
Of the sophs she is head,
Who studies so hard
It's queer she's not dead.

H for the Hartwells,
Abbie and Flow,
Who are always together
Wherever they go.

I, — but there is none:
Now what shall we do?
Invent one we could not:
It wouldn't be true.

J is for Jackson,
From Oskosh she blows,
But where the place is,
Well, — nobody knows.

K for the Knowles,
Our far Western maids,
Who are good little girls,
And never wear stays.

L is for Lord,
Of room 35, —
Sleeping all day
Is what keeps her alive.

M is for Means, —
Engaged, so they say ;
What sort of a fellow ?
Well, rather *blasé*.

N is for Nickerson ;
In French she's so bright,
We pull down the curtain
To keep out the light.

O is for Overman,
Who comes from the South,
Who sings to high C,
And don't open her mouth.

P is for Peabody,
Senior president, tall ;
She's a simple little school-girl,
But she knows it all.

Q did n't come,
For some reason unknown ;
She's probably basking
In a warmer zone.

R is for Rice,
Who works every day,
A-taking of pictures,
And raking in pay.

S is for Shelly,
With her cute little curls,
A reverend senior
And a pride of the girls.

T is for Tulleys —
What about her, you ask ?
Why, she never was known
To shirk a hard task.

U, — what a nuisance !
Again there is none ;
You may think this easy,
But indeed it's no fun.

V is for Vilas,
The only one here ;
She's always so good
She has nothing to fear.

W, is the Whitneys,
With the Woodberry too —
Say three's a crowd,
In this case, not true.

X, Y, Z,
Had very poor taste
In not coming here
School pleasures to taste.

Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—John xiv., 27.

SHE began to show her love for pictured faces at an early age. When but a child she would lovingly pat the faces in her picture-books, and soon she began to copy them, or draw them "out of her head," as she said. And they were not like the faces which all children draw,—triangles, with two dots for the eyes, a smaller triangle for the nose, and a horizontal line for the mouth,—there was expression and symmetry in them. But her drawings were always faces, alone. She never drew more than the neck and shoulders of the body. All predicted for her the future of a successful artist.

As the story-books say, "Her parents died when she was very young, and left her a fortune." This was indeed the sad truth. But the fortune was the saddest part of it. And she would never have realized this had she been what people call "a strange girl." Perhaps if money had not made her independent she might have become "a successful artist." But still there was always one strange thing about her talent. As when a child, she never drew or attempted to draw anything more than a face. These she drew and painted for her own pleasure and that of her friends. But she soon grew tired of this, and one day she laid aside her pencil and brush, never to use them again. She had discovered that she possessed talent, not genius. The discovery was bitter, but sometimes a great hope filled her heart ; for one day the thought came to her that perhaps in the other world, in the life for which this life is only a preparation, that the something lacking would be given to her ; that she would then possess the artistic power to fit the artistic imagination, which, for some reason, was withheld from her here.

Her love for pictured faces continued, and her house was filled with the work of many famous artists ; and she was constantly adding to the collection.

But why was the fact of the possession of a fortune so sad ? Because she was young, beautiful, and impulsive. For three years she had been wondering what she would do with her money. She had not the enormous fortune of Angela in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," and so she could not found a "Palace of Delight" in her

native city—New York. People called her “a strange girl,” because she did not care for what most girls do who live in New York, and have youth, beauty, and money. She lived with the proverbial aunt in a beautiful home in that city. Of course she had “everything that money could buy,” except genius and contentment; and she thought that she might possess the latter could she but know “what to do with her money.” Like Angela, she avoided most forms of modern charity, but she longed to “do something,” as she did. The heavy burden and responsibility of wealth was becoming almost more than she could bear.

One day she heard a sad tale of the life and death of a struggling young artist. She began to think. She would use her money to help those who were in a worse condition than she; who had genius, perhaps, and no money, while she had money, and no genius; and so life became more beautiful to her every day.

One day she was visiting a little picture store in an obscure part of the city. She often went to such places and asked the names of the artists of some of the pictures. In this way she learned many sad histories, and aided many a despairing man or woman. But to-day she could obtain no information from the picture dealer. He was a Yankee, and had “set up the store” to earn money by hard bargains, feeling no interest in those who brought work to him further than the hope that their “picters would sell well.” The collection was unusually bad. She often bought work in which she could see no genius, thinking of herself. But to-day she could find nothing that interested her, and was about to go out, when a small portrait hanging in a dark corner near the door attracted her attention. It was the face of a man, a young man. It was a wonderful face, — dark hair, noble forehead, straight nose, strong chin. But the wonder lay in the expression of the eyes and mouth. It was the picture of a soul.

She turned immediately to the picture dealer and asked the name and studio of the artist. “He knew nothing,” he said; “a little boy had brought it to him a few days ago”; and that was all that she could learn. She paid a large sum to the exacting Yankee, and carried the picture home, hanging it in her own room. “Aunt” she said, “I have a strange feeling that it is not a

creature of an artist’s brain, but an artist’s portrait of himself. There is nothing earthly or material in the face, except the wistful look of longing in the eyes. And yet he is not longing for genius, for I see it there. Perhaps he wanted help, and wants it now. O that I could find him and give him aid”! But all search was in vain. She even advertised, but received no answer. And day by day the soul in the pictured face crept into her heart, until it became a part of her own soul.

.

In a dreary little room on the top story of a house sat a young artist. The house was a tenement, and the dreary little room was the living-room and studio of the artist.

In the country it was spring-time, and the robins were singing, and the trees were green again, but here the only signs of spring were the warm air and the blue sky, and a frail little plant in the window; for the young artist had once lived in the country, where the spring-time came. He had been a healthy boy, the son of a New England farmer; but God had given him a wonderful talent for reproducing nature, animate and inanimate, in colors almost like her own. His father felt at first a natural disappointment when his son began to show his love for nature in a different way from that which he had expected, and for which he had hoped; but the mother saw a more glorious future for her son, and at last the father consented to his going to the city to take the needed lessons; so he left his home and came to New York, a strong, healthy boy of nineteen, with a pure young heart full of the hope and faith of youth. After years of hard work he learned enough to begin to paint pictures to sell. His great ambition was to earn money to repay his faithful parents, and then that he might go abroad to study, to fulfil his dreams.

Little by little his bright hopes faded: the picture dealers could not sell his work; they said it was too idealistic. Perhaps it was. And yet he worked on and on; he lost the sturdy health of his boyhood, and the spiritual and physical became unevenly balanced, — as often happens when too little food is taken, and that not of the right kind, and with it not much fresh air and exercise.

The frail flower and a patch of blue sky between the house-tops were his only bits of nature, but his mind was full of beautiful visions. With the failure of his health his wordly ambitions faded. He ceased to care for praise or blame of that kind. The disappointment had been bitter at first, but now a great hope filled his heart; for one day the thought came to him that perhaps in the other world, in the life for which this life is only the preparation, that the something lacking would be given to him; that he would then possess the opportunity for further study, which, for some reason, was denied him here, and his dreams would be more than realized.

One day he painted a picture of *himself*, of his soul. He was too weak to leave his room, and sent it by a little boy to the picture dealer in the neighborhood. He hoped to receive a sum for its sale large enough to sustain his life for the short time necessary to finish a picture at which he was at work. But no money came, and soon it would have been too late. The poor material body was no longer of any use to the man within it.

In the country it was spring-time, and the robins were singing, and the trees were green again, but in the city the warm air and the blue sky were the only signs of spring; and a drooping plant in the window of a poor artist's studio. A ray of sunlight had crept in and shone upon a still figure in a chair in the middle of the room, and upon an unfinished picture on the easel before it. It was an exquisite landscape of "green hills far away". Thither the soul of the artist had gone.

A young girl was walking with her aunt in a quarter of the city inhabited by poor artists. She saw a crowd around the door of a tenement house. They drew nearer. She heard a little boy whisper to his companion, "They say he killed hisself — let's go in." Unconsciously they followed the crowd, — the crowd, which cares little for life, and not much for Death, unless, perhaps, when he comes in an unusual manner. They went upstairs into a small room on the top story. It was, as she could see, the studio of a poor artist. In the window there was a faded plant, and above a patch of blue sky. On a chair

before an easel sat a still figure; around it stood a doctor, two policemen, and a coroner. They drew nearer, — the face was that of her beloved picture.

The following poem was written by Mr. E. Bradshaw, of Newtonville, shortly after our evening with the members of Charles Ward Post 62, and their friends, of Newtonville, Mass. Although not originally intended for publication, Mr. Bradshaw has kindly consented to let us have it for our paper.

POEM.

Dedicated to the Lasell Battalion on their storming and capturing Post 62, G. A. R., April 16, 1891.

AT midnight in his candied tent
The poet dream'd of the hour
When Lasell girls in uniform
Should storm the vet'ran's bower.

In dreams he saw them marching in,
Those Lasell maidens fair,
Like pretty lambs all in a flock
Under a Shepherd's care.

And then the dreamer heard the voice
Of Sweetland loud and shrill,
Giving his orders to the boys
In words that made them thrill.

And this was what the commander said:

Ho, vets! Put on your uniforms,
And scour your arms up well;
For "62" is being stormed
By maidens from Lasell.

And when those maidens add the sword
To batteries of their charms,
Rheumatic vets, forgetting years,
Should once more "fly to arms."

And as the patriot Winklereid
To heart clasped Austrian spears,
So should the vets of "62"
This corps of Lasell dears.

(Slow music.)

An hour passed on — the poet woke —
That bright dream was the last;
He woke to hear his good wife shriek
"You've had the nightmare," so to speak —

"Wake up, my darling! O wake up!
Ah, dreamer dream no more,
"For you've been moaning 'Sweet Lasell'
Between each horrid snore."

LOCALS.

THE first of a series of musicales by Mr. Hill's pupils was a most enjoyable event of April 20. Miss Thresher, Miss Palmer, and artists from Boston took part.

MISS CLARKE has delivered two lectures before the school since our last issue, — one on Christopher Marlowe, April 13, and one on Shelley, May 4.

A CALM and collected girl was accosted in the hall by an excited and anxious one. "Whom shall I ask for permission to go to the florist's?" demanded the latter: "Miss Fräulein's in charge, but I cannot find her."

MR. G. F. GRATWICKE, captain and quartermaster of the 4th Devonshire Volunteers, and editor of the *Devon and Exeter Daily Gazette*, Exeter, England, visited Lasell on May 1, and attended the drill, with which he expressed himself much pleased.

FLUSTERED SOPH (*in the laboratory at an unusual hour, and with intention dire*). — Mr. Liberty, are you at rich?

MR. MOODY conducted four meetings at the Congregational church, April 16 and 17, which were attended by the students of the Seminary. He led chapel on the evening of April 17.

THE second of the musicales given by Mr. Hill's pupils, assisted by Boston artists, was held in the gymnasium, May 4. Miss Silloway, on account of illness, was unable to appear. Miss Creswell played well.

ONE of the students who took the examination in home sanitation is endowed with great ingenuity. In the question, "What are two of nature's chief sanitary agents?" she read "agonies" for "agents." Putting her fertile brain to work, she evolved the answer, "A leaking cesspool and a badly-constructed cellar."

WE had two treats Saturday evening, May 9. One was the auction in the chapel, and the other a band and Mr. Emerson, the impersonator, in the gymnasium. We are not sure as to which Mr. Shepherd enjoyed the most, but we are rather of the opinion that we preferred the entertainment in the gymnasium.

A NUMBER of the students enjoyed the Plymouth excursion on Monday, May 11. The excursion is an exceedingly interesting one.

QUITE a number of the girls went to West Newton Monday evening, May 11, to hear a lecture delivered by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, a pleasure which all of them will always remember.

WE trust that our neighbors are never dismayed at the occasional forbidding aspect of the front of the Seminary. It is, in reality, forbidding only to "idiots."

WE regret that no letter has come from Prof. Bragdon for this number of the LEAVES. We do not feel that he has forgotten us, but think that he must be very busy finishing up his trip, so that he may be with us within a few weeks.

ON the evening of May 2d, the Seniors and Juniors had the pleasure of attending a reception given by the Faculty to a select company of friends. After being graciously received by Miss Chamberlayne, Miss Tappan, and Miss Cushman, the company spent the time in conversation in the parlors, or in promenading the halls. During the evening, refreshments were served in the dining-room. The time seemed literally on wings, and all too soon did the hour for departure come.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

AT this late date it would be entirely superfluous to give the *résumé* of a story already so familiar to the intelligent reading world as is "All Sorts and Conditions of men."

Let us, then, turn at once to the consideration of its underlying thought and purpose.

Goethe says that every man is a citizen of his age as well as of his country. This being admitted, the questions with which Besant deals must of necessity touch us all very nearly, for they concern not the welfare of one city alone, nor yet of one country or people, but the most vital interests of the whole century.

The East End of London is not an isolated case of human necessity, seized upon with Oliver Twist avidity by some modern *littérateur* as the foundation for a new departure in the line of realistic novels, it is, rather, the exponent of a social

state which exists in varying degrees the wide world over, and whose *raison d'être* is to be found in the hardy materialism which has crept into a certain class of society through the strenuous conditions imposed upon modern life. To be sure, materialism is not confined to one class alone, it is the attitude of many in every rank and condition of life; but among the cultured it wears a vastly different aspect from that under which it appears on Stepney Green.

With the former, it is merely an intellectual credo, voluntarily assumed, and sitting rather well upon the refined society philosopher, to whom it gives the air of one who has cracked the nut of the world with his milk-teeth, thus gaining for him the gaping reverence of all inferior beings; with the latter, however, it is an instinctive principle, enforced by the pressure of circumstances; and these vulgar disciples more than atone for their inability to give their belief verbal form by a deadly earnest expression of it in every-day practice.

Besant describes with great force the low ebb of life to which this almost unknown sea of humanity has been reduced, and then goes on to show the causes which have combined to produce this effect.

The great forgotten world of East London stretches away in mile upon mile of mean, dreary streets, walled up on both sides by equally mean, dreary houses. No grace of art or nature relieves these thoroughfares, no show of luxury or wealth rolls through them, to steal for a moment from the dazzled vision of their inhabitants the grim realities of life. There is absolutely nothing to break the gray sameness of the picture. Even the sharp etching of vice and crime is lacking, for this district is hopelessly respectable. The only hint of outside loveliness permitted them is the parallelogram of blue sky between the chimney-pots; and even this redeeming touch loses half its beauty in appearing to have been inserted there from some utilitarian desire to fill the only vacant space within sight.

The two million inhabitants of this great "joyless city" are precisely what we should expect as the outcome of such conditions; not paupers living in wretchedness and squalor, but a fairly well-to-do, healthy, indiscriminate mass of humanity,

to whom "Life is nothing for ever and ever but work in the week, with as much beer and tobacco as the money will run to, and loafing on Sunday, with more beer and tobacco." Individuality is lost, and men become mere machines, one set, when worn-out yielding its place to another without question or remark.

Of pleasure they are utterly ignorant, and their capability of enjoyment is reduced to a sense of mere tepid amusement and curiosity, which, as Besant tells us, is equally excited by a member of the Magna Charta Association, a leader of the Salvation Army, or a cheap-jack.

Doubtless they are moved to some degree by the emotions common to all the race, — hope, love, and fear; but all capacity for keen emotion must, sooner or later, deaden into a state which George Eliot calls Bovine insensibility.

And then comes death, — not solemnly or graciously, but with rude peremptoriness; elbowing out existence, and with rough efficacy knitting up the poor, little stunted apology for a life into a kind of earthly completeness under some such epitaph as that quoted by Besant:—

"Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
Spitalfield's weaver, and that is all."

"Vacant heart and hand and eye
Easy live and quiet die"

is a piquant, philosophical saw, which slips glibly over the lips of many a man of the world, who has had the opportunity to live throughout the whole range of his faculties and sensibilities, and who has wearied of existence from mere satiety; but this same saying acquires an infinite pathos when imposed upon humanity as a law of necessity.

One cannot but mourn over the awful waste of material, over the ignorant, contented indifference with which these people renounce all claim to the common heritage of delight, which has been acquired and handed down to our age by the patient toil of old earth's many centuries.

"*Cui bono?*" we cry sadly, and marvel not —

"That the whole world's life should seem,
To helpless intellect, a Brahma-dream,
From which the real and restful is out-sifted."

Besant, however, does not stop at aimless commiseration, but instead applies all his powers to the task of raising these people to a higher

plane of living. He would have public schools established, and a Palace of Delight founded, whither the younger generation might come for instruction in all kinds of arts and accomplishments, above all the art and accomplishment of happiness. This idea of education in pleasure may appear a little strange at first, but, as one of our modern thinkers observes, "Enjoyment is not our common daily portion: it is something we must seek courageously and intelligently." Especially is this true of these children of toil, who have not learned to make the "steady, undeviating sadness" of life serve as a background for those swift, momentary realizations of delight, as real as they are evanescent; who cannot look back and count over the joys of the past like the beads of a rosary. To these comes the benefactress whose philanthropy makes a Palace of Delight possible, and says, "Life is full, crammed full, overflowing, with all kinds of delights. It is a mistake to suppose that only rich people can enjoy these things. They may buy them, but everybody may create them: they cost nothing. You shall learn music, and forthwith all the world will be transformed for you; you shall learn to paint, to carve, to model, to design, and the day shall be too short to contain the happiness you will get out of it. You shall learn to dance, and know the rapture of the waltz; you shall learn the great art of acting, and give each other the pleasure which rich men buy; you shall even learn the great art of writing, and learn the magic of a charmed phrase. All these things which make the life of rich people happy shall be yours, and they shall cost you nothing. What the heart of man can desire shall be yours, and for nothing. I will give you a house to shelter you and rooms in which to play; you have only to find the rest. Enter in, my friends; forget the squalid past: here are great halls and lovely corridors — they are yours; fill them with sweet echoes of dropping music; let the walls be covered with your works of art; let the girls laugh and the boys be happy within these walls. I give you the shell, the empty carcass: fill it with the Spirit of Content and Happiness."

This in brief is the plan which Besant urges upon us so forcefully.

"The gladness of a spirit is an index of its power." With happiness comes mental and moral vigor, which with such a motive power could not fail to raise from the depths of its low existence the population of East London, to take its proper place and do its proper work in the world.

That the great experiment has been tried, and without success, is a matter for regret, not despair.

The failure of such an effort in this age of enlightenment and philanthropy makes not the times but time itself and eternity seem out of joint, —

"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd
With the process of the suns."

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

"OLD MAC" is the name by which he was known all over the territory, but it was not his real name, nobody pretended to remember that, — very likely he had almost forgotten it himself.

He was one of the oldest of the "old timers," came West in the fifties, I believe, a tall, lank fellow, always wearing shabby clothes, with a face though thin and homely, yet so kind and lovable, with such a merry twinkle in his pale-blue eyes, that he had many friends in spite of his faults, some of which were grave ones.

I can see him plainly as he used to sit in my father's office and talk for hours. He always sat with his chair tilted back, one long leg flung over the other in a hap-hazard manner; while his head, which rested against the wall, was encircled with a cloud of smoke. In time a brown spot appeared on that wall. His iron-gray hair always stood up straight, for he was continually running his long fingers through it as he talked.

Though I knew my father had pressing work, and wished "Old Mac" was anywhere but in his office, yet he was so jolly and kind that my father would laugh in spite of himself. It never occurred to "Old Mac" that he was not wanted, and though he received broad hints, he would still sit on and tell his adventures. And such adventures! We children had heard many before from our fathers and other "old timers," but never such

thrilling ones as "Old Mac" told. There were escapes from the Indians, stage-coach accidents, mountain slides, mountain storms, wonderful lost mines, highwaymen, and bears. Oh how we children enjoyed them! especially the bear stories; but somehow my father would always laugh, and say, "Ho, Mac! that is the biggest one yet"; and "Old Mac" would laugh, too, his hearty ringing laugh.

But we liked best to hear these stories while crowded around the door of his log-cabin, the only log-cabin left in the town. He always sat there summer evenings, whittling and smoking. He would lay knife and pipe aside, however, if the children came, and, taking three or even four of the littlest on his knees, while the others gathered around, would relate his wonderful tales.

Ah, how we children loved him! How obliging and kind he always was! If the girls wanted a playhouse, he would build it for them, under the hottest sun. If the boys wanted to go fishing up Silver Bow River in Deer canyon, and their mothers were afraid for them to go alone, "Old Mac" was always delighted to be their companion. Though always swamped in debts, yet he fed the little ones with candy, until their mothers were seriously alarmed. What would little Widow Kenyon have done without him? Every morning he cut her kindlings and drew her water.

Dear "Old Mac"! so shiftless and so generous. He worked only by fits and starts; he was constantly borrowing money from his friends; his pockets overflowed with bills; yet he would give his last dollar to the first needy person he met.

His worst fault was drinking. About every nine months he would take long sprees, when he would beg from his friends without a particle of shame. But after a time he would sober up, and would be the same "Old Mac," — lazy, yet kind and generous.

PERSONALS.

MARRIED in Denver, Col., April 15, Mr. Edson Keith, Jr., of Chicago, to Miss Nettie Keener, of Denver. Nettie was at Lasell from '87 through '89.

EDITH HAX that was, Mrs. Hartwig, that is, made flying calls at Lasell with her husband on the 6th and 8th of May, to see Marie McDonald.

MARTHA L. PRENTICE writes from her home, in LeRoy, New York, to ask for the *LASELL LEAVES* which fails to reach her, and which she misses greatly. She has been in California, where she joined Millie Parker Lewis, who was spending the winter there for the health of her mother. In Southern California she met Bertie Oswald and Alice Head. She finds Lasell girls everywhere, she thinks.

"MOLLIE" COE is just home from Europe, and has spent an hour or two with her Lasell friends. She has had a charming winter in Florence, or rather two miles outside. Perched on a hill near Fiesole, above — sometimes — the fog of the late winter, is a pleasant villa, where Mr. and Mrs. Goodridge and she kept house together, going to Florence every day, walking or by the tram-way. Miss Mary is wonderfully well, and looks it. She may go back in the fall with her sister Jennie, and perhaps be in Rome.

MISS CAROLINE EBERSOLE was married Tuesday evening, May 19, at her home, Avondale, Cincinnati, to Mr. Edwin Lincoln Martin. Carrie was graduated from Lasell in the class of '85.

THROUGH Miss Coe, we learn that Mr. Goodridge, once a valued teacher at Lasell, is engaged in literary work, and may perhaps not go back to his editorial work in the South.

Another item gained from the same source, regards our friend and former pupil, Jennie Ninde. She went to Vienna simply to study music, and settled down with her companion for six months of steady labor. But unhappily at the very outset she practised with such vigor and for so many hours a day that her arms became paralyzed and unfit for any service. A similar trouble came to her eyes, so that she has been and is to a great degree an invalid, though much better. It must have been a great disappointment, and she has our hearty sympathy.

WE learn with great regret that Maude Lutes is in very poor health. It was mainly the result of the "la grippe."

GERTRUDE WHITE is about to sail for Europe, to spend the summer in travel. She announces her engagement to a young man in Colorado Springs, her home. Congratulations and best wishes. Gertrude was at Lasell in '87 and '88.

NELLIE BUBB and Rachel Allen, also Ada Langley and Nell Heffelfinger, lunched at the school recently.

OF other "old girls" who have been here lately are Maude Mathews, Anita Paine, Lois Soule, Mabel Cogswell, Gertrude White, Mamie Fisher, Amelia Davis, Maggie Waterhouse, Flora May Greenough, and Mamie Noyes.

MISS LILLA RICHARDSON seems to be very happy, to live at home and find her work near by. She enjoys teaching boys.

MISS LE HURAY is keeping house for her father at their home in Summit, New Jersey. Her mother is with her missionary sister in South America.

ANNIE GAGE intends to go abroad the last of this month with the De Potter party, on the Red Star Line. A particular friend of Florence Bailey's goes with her.

KITTIE ELLIS, with her family, has been at Hotel Berkeley, in Boston, all winter. Why have we not seen her at Lasell?

It is said also that Josie Wallace is visiting in this neighborhood. Why doesn't she show herself here?

MARY PACKARD, who was graduated in '89 from Lasell, and has since been studying at the Emerson College of Oratory, in Boston, received her degree from that institution, May 1. Miss Packard has also been teaching some large classes in South Boston while pursuing her studies.

WE ARE much pained to learn that Mary Cole, of the class of '88, has lost her mother, who died May 4. Mrs. Cole occasionally visited Lasell during her daughter's stay here, always making a very favorable impression on all who saw her. The family have our hearty sympathy in this great sorrow.

LAURA HUTTON, who was at Lasell in '88 and '89, has been extremely ill for nearly three months. The illness began with "la grippe" and ran into slow fever, of the nature of typhoid. She is slowly recovering, we are glad to hear. Her home is in Richmond, Ind.

OUR dear schoolmate, Mary E. Hagar, is still at her home in Malden, too ill to return. At last reports she was a little better, and hopes to rejoin us at no very late day.

EXCHANGES.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

It was glorious midwinter,
On an eve not long ago,
That I stood at my study window
And gazed out o'er the snow.

The fields were wrapt in splendor,
For the snow had an icy glare,
And countless little crystals
Were sparkling everywhere.

But brighter than all other brightness
Of that midwinter night,
Pursuing her course through the heavens,
Shone the moon with her silvery light.

And this is the lesson she taught me,
As I stood at my casement there, —
That in this great world about us
There are bright lights everywhere.

There are men whose noble lives
Shine as stars amid the blue,
To brighten the pathway of others
Who are striving to be true.

And this is the lesson from Nature
That she taught that winter night,
Encouraging us to go forward
Strong to battle for the right.

The Bates Student.

WE have been much interested in an article which appears in the April "Haverfordian," entitled "Some Phases of Contemporary Poetry." We can agree with the author, that this is not a poetic age, but we are not ready to admit that the poetry of to-day "seems a weak and perverted sound compared to the song of the Elizabethan period." While Alfred Tennyson is still living, and Robert Browning dead one year, such a statement is a little venturesome.

MRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT has given \$10,000 to the University of Pennsylvania to found an alcove of recent American and English literature in the library, in memory of her husband.

THE *Beacon*, of Boston University, is to be issued fortnightly, instead of monthly. There will be eight editors, chosen from the two upper classes.

THE faculty of Boston University has voted to allow work on the college paper, the *University Beacon*, to count as hours in the course, allowing

four hours per week to the managing editor and two hours per week to each of his assistants. — *Ex.*

THE Bates "Student" tells us that the College of Mexico is the oldest in America, exceeding the age of Harvard by fifty years.

MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE has just started a new paper, entitled *The Mt. Holyoke*.

It is estimated that the number of colleges in the United States is increasing at the rate of fifteen per year. — *Ex.*

THE Italian Government has ordered the study of English to be added to the course of all its colleges. — *Ex.*

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SERENADE.

Morning is streaking the clouds in the east,
Painting her canvas with purple and red;
Stars of the orient night-watch have ceased,
Vanishing quietly, noiseless their tread.
Wake from thy dreaming, my fairy, and hear
Strains of sweet music saluting thine ear.

Hear the winds rustle the leaves of the trees,
Hear the birds hymning their matins of praise;
Wake from thy slumbers of indolent ease,
This is the fairest, the brightest of days.
List to the message my heart brings to thee,
Queen of the morning, come listen to me.

Sweeter than nightingale throat ever sang,
Softer than zephyrs breathe forth in the grove,
Deeper and clearer than chimes ever rang,
Best of them all is the song of true love.
Rise then, ere echoes may languish and cease,
Give me, sweet maiden, thine answer of peace.

Brunonian.

A CERTAIN firm in New York was once much puzzled by the receipt of an order for several bottles of *O Dick Alone*. The question was solved by sending *Eau de cologne*. This is a true story.

HEALTHY ADVICE.

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."
 Don't worry. "Seek peace and pursue it."
 Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

"Work like a man, but don't be worked to death."

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air!"

Don't over-eat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." — *Ex.*

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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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IT came at last—the close of school. How short the time seems to us now since that morning nine months ago, when we gathered in the dining-hall for the first time, —a dreary and tearful company! Why, we thought then that we might as well look forward to seeing the Angel Gabriel and the Resurrection Day, as the 18th of June, and yet the longed-for time arrived. Did we feel that unmitigated bliss we anticipated? On the contrary, strange though it seems, this end of the year bade fair to be almost as moist as the other.

In spite of our long grumbling, not one of us left without a pang of regret the rooms that were home to us for so long, or the teachers whose patience we so often and sorely tried, or the girls who were our constant companions in the fun and work of the year.

Some are coming back, and glad they are of it; some are not coming back, and glad they are too; but whichever the case may be, we know that all carried away with them many a happy memory of Lasell and of the friends who comforted in "blue" times, rejoiced over good bits of fortune, or supported us when we hovered in fear and trepidation before that awful office door. After all, it was a good year, a year we shall always love to look back upon. We cannot know where or when we shall see each other again, but

"Love will dream and faith will trust
That somewhere, somehow, meet we must."

It was on the morning of June 1, — devotions were just over, and we were awaiting Miss Chamberlayne's appearance with her usual "Monday morning manner." What could have called for greater applause and cries of joy, what could have been more delightful, than was Prof. Bragdon's appearance at the rear door of the chapel?

He was not expected until about the 16th, but, as we all say, "it was just like him to surprise us." We were glad to see him and his family looking so well. We think it would have been amusing could we have seen them making their way from Riverside station up to the house, occasionally hiding behind bushes to avoid passers-by. Mr. Shepherd's family had the first surprise, then came ours.

We fear Prof. Bragdon does not realize how glad we were to have him back. We missed him; but much praise is due Miss Chamberlayne for her excellent management of affairs during his absence. We think no one could have done better. The girls who were new last September, whom Prof. Bragdon was with less than two weeks at the opening of the year, wondered if he would remember them and their names; to their delight (and no doubt his also), he did.

The close of the year being so near, we were deprived of Professor's long talks, the absence of which, he says he understands, was to our advantage during the year. He wonders what we did with so much time,—thinks we must have done all of our studying and then have had time on our hands.

He brought with him a great many things of interest, which he soon exhibited for our enjoyment.

ANOTHER revolution of our old earth, and with it another June with its roses and Commencements, which somehow seem to be almost inseparably connected, has come to us. At this time of the year important-looking envelopes of various sizes, and bearing the Commencement programmes of high school, seminary, and college, begin to make their appearance.

Interesting, indeed, to many of us are these documents, but perhaps especially so to the one who reads between the lines; for what deep hints these missives carry with them!

Here is one of dainty white card, fancy edged, and bearing upon its face, in raised letters, and with leaves and garlands gracefully twined around it, the date '91. Even the most casual observer will see that this class, about to be launched upon a long-suffering but nevertheless admiring community, is composed principally of the gentler sex.

Another shows a quiet stream of water. Under

the trees floats a canopied boat, in which is seated a youth attired in summer costume, and sharing the parasol which protects his fair companion from the sun. Around them are lilies waiting to be picked. This one is full to overflowing with sentiment, and comes from a well-known academy for *young* men.

Another with skulls and cross-bones and queer instruments, and an abundance of Greek letters and Latin phrases, bears all too plainly the impress of the medical school. And all through the supply may be traced, in one way or another, the character and nature of the classes.

Proceeding a little further with our inspection, and perusing the subjects for discussion, there breaks from our lips a sigh so piteous and profound it seems to shatter all our bulk and end our being.

Here is one dear little girl, who, although she has never travelled, nor read much outside of her text-books, will discourse to a crowded house of her elders on the "Future of India."

Another displays her views on the "Immortality of the Soul." Still others hold forth on the "Theatre," "Fashion," or the "Progress of Scientific Knowledge among the Africans"; while one particularly brilliant, with no experience, no practical knowledge of the world in which we live, tells us "How to Succeed."

Here and there a thoughtful student, with, no doubt, sensible parents and teachers, treats in an intelligent manner a subject suited to his or her years and experience; but this is the exception rather than the rule.

There is a screw loose somewhere when we permit a deep-sounding oration to pass for real knowledge; and that is what school-boards and teachers generally are doing. Is there not room for improvement in this direction?

AN old-fashioned father not long since addressed his daughters, two girls in their teens, as "My spinster daughters," greatly to the amusement of them and their young friends. While they knew that he was accurate, they realized that the term in these latter days has come to be applied only to the unmarried woman who has passed a certain magic number of mile-stones on the road of life.

But in the days when school-girls could not be invited to visit a cotton or woollen manufactory, simply because there was no such thing, all girls, all maidens in their teens, probably more than older ones, were called "spinsters."

In those days there was no talk of "careers" for women. The idea of becoming a stenographer or a book-keeper, or a doctor or a lawyer, or a college professor, never entered the flaxen head of the decorous and thrifty maiden. *She* was going to be married, of course. She looked toward that destiny just as confidently as we do, only she did not think of concealing the fact, and she was not ridiculed for it. Every one else expected her to marry, and toward that end, and that alone, her education looked. If your great-great-grandmother could come back and enter into conversation with you, and hear you say that you cannot make anything but angel's food and chocolate creams, and cannot darn your own stockings so that the uninitiated could not find the darn, she would probably be overwhelmed with horror, and tell you sadly that no honest young man will ever seek you for his wife. And then when you toss your head and tell her that indeed any man who is looking for a housekeeper may keep away from you, she may ask you, if she be not too much shocked and bewildered, if you yourself are not on the lookout for a house provider.

The maiden of the olden times did not go to school so long as we do. She received her accomplishments and extras from her mother's skilful teaching. She learned to bake and to brew, to cook and to sew, to make soap, doubtless, and, above all, to spin. When she had some time to spare, she did not go to the piano, or to the violin, or the banjo, she seated herself at an instrument which probably made sweeter music both to her own ears and to every one's else, her spinning-wheel, or her loom. And all through her maidenhood she spun, and laid by in chests her goodly store of shining linen; against her marriage. This was her preparation for her womanly, matronly life; and the larger the store of linen, the firmer and handsomer the cloth, the more highly was the maiden esteemed.

And we, are not we girls spinsters too? We are making every day the preparation for our lives as

women, whatever those lives may have in store for us.

And what sleazy, rough, uneven cloth so many of us are weaving! What can we hope to accomplish with such fabric? it is not beautiful to the eye; it will tear and give way at every strain, and will show small endurance under the wear of every-day life. And yet we go on day after day, never stopping to examine the cloth already completed, nor inquiring how to spin and weave better, and not doing nearly so well as we know. If we look back over what we have done we find here and there a place where the fabric is firm, white, and even. Sometimes these places are of a goodly length, and sometimes very short; but it always seems as though the part which immediately follows the improvement is more drawn and twisted and full of knots than ever, as if to make an average.

Why is all this, I wonder? Why do we spin so carelessly? Each one thinks always, always, "By and by, when I get home — when I get back to school — I will spin better. I must not keep on so; the cloth looks bad, it really does; I must soon begin to be more careful."

And so the days go on, and mechanically, indifferently we listen to the hum of the wheel, and push aside all urgings, from without and within, to more careful, thoughtful work, and think vaguely that that cloth we are going to weave by and by, at some more convenient day, will overshadow these rolls that lie behind us. And the wheel hums on.

ATHENS.

IF some Athenian hungering for earthly immortality were to devise and bequeath to his beautiful but dust-ridden city a legacy for sprinkling its streets he would be held in more grateful remembrance than by any addition, no matter how handsome or costly, to its already large collection of marble monuments. Modern Athens is a charming city and a most splendid setting for the antique gems which it so perfectly guards from spoliation and decay, but for the nostrils and lungs of its own citizens, and the many strangers who form no small portion of its census and furnish no mean revenue to its thrifty hotels and

shops, it seems to have little care ; for its streets are very dusty and its breezes very industrious. If this were true at the time of our visit, when copious spring showers had just coaxed every plant and tree to its best blossom and foliage, what must it be when the long, dry season leaves its classic dust to do its worst? Baediker says "it is specially recommended, instead of the prosaic railway from Piræus to the Metropolis, to take carriages and drive the same old highway of armies and heroes"; so, of course, we took the "specially recommended" carriages, and were very sorry for it. In a continuous cloud of dust we drove to Athens, blind to everything but our great discomfort, and entered with only a hazy glimpse of the Acropolis, which we could have much better seen from the comfortable and clean railway carriages. Athens has fine carriages and good horses, and their price is not excessive, except to Marathon. In this respect it is a notable contrast to Constantinople. It has also the best hotel we found anywhere, the D' Angleterre. I judge the Grande Bretagne to be about as good ; the Des Etrangers is not so good.

We missed good Dr. Long, of Robert College, who was so kindly efficient in helping us to see the city of the Sultan, and his good wife and daughter, who made us so welcome in their beautiful home on the Bosphorus. And we missed the best United States consul we have found on our travels, Mr. Z. T. Sweeney, of Wisconsin. But a good guide made our seeing of Athens, Mycenæ, Argos, Corinth, Nanphio, Tiryns, Maranthon, Megara, and Eleusis very easy and thorough. This guide is Chas. Papadopoulos, and we commend him heartily. As guide in Constantinople, Geo. T. Williams did us good service. For intending travellers, we will state that our "landing" at Piræus, with conveyance to Athens, cost us, under a guide from Hôtel des Etrangers, nine persons, sixty francs, while embarking under my own arrangements cost thirteen francs, and was better done. A similar disparity was experienced at Constantinople. Such is the difference between doing a thing of that kind yourself and through an agent, — knowledge is riches as well as power.

The best view of Athens and its environs is from Lycabettus, a sharp peak, thrust up a thou-

sand feet from the Attic plain, just at the north edge of the city. At one's feet is the well-built modern city, the great white palace of King George in the centre, the magnificent fifteen columns of the ruined temple of the Olympian Zeus at the left, the grassy hollow of the Stadion a little more to the left beyond the dry bed of Ilissus, the sharp rock of the Parthenon-crowned Acropolis beyond the palace, the round rock of Mars' Hill at its right, the prison of Socrates, the Bema of Demosthenes and the Hill of the Nymphs still more to the right, the well-preserved ruin of the Temple of Theseus still more to the right, while peeping up here and there from the modern houses are the Lantern of Diogenes, the Arch of Hadrian, the Tower of the Winds, the Stoa of Hadrian, the four slender columns of the old Market-Gate, and other relics of earlier times. On the extreme right, one sees the olive-trees of the Academy of Plato and the flat hill of the Kolonos Hippios.

(To be continued.)

COMMENCEMENT 1891.

COMMENCEMENT week opened Thursday evening, June 11, with the Commencement concert, which is thought to have been one of our best recitals of the year. We regretted that many who seemed to so thoroughly enjoy our other recitals of the year should have missed this particular one, at which the following programme was rendered :—

PART FIRST.

| | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|-----------|
| CHORUS. | a. Spinning Song | Wagner |
| | b. Serenade | Beschnitt |
| Soloist, MISS L. WHITNEY, ORPHEAN CLUB. | | |
| PIANO-FORTE. | a. Des Abends | Schumann |
| | b. Grillen | Schumann |
| MISS THRESHER. | | |
| SONG. | Eye hath not seen | Gaul |
| | MISS CRAWFORD. | |
| PIANO-FORTE. | Mazurka Fantastique | Hills |
| | MISS PALMER. | |
| VOCAL QUARTETTE. | Serenade | Schubert |
| | MISSSES OVERMAN, TULLEYS, PFAU, GALE. | |
| PIANO-FORTE AND VIOLIN. | Sonate. Two move- | Grieg |
| | ments | |
| MISS SARGEANT AND MR. NOWELL. | | |
| CHORUS. | Daylight is departing | Raff |
| | ORPHEAN CLUB. | |

PART SECOND.

| | | |
|-------|----------------------------------|-----------|
| SONG. | The Image of the Rose | Reichardt |
| | MISS GALE AND AMPHION QUARTETTE. | |

| | | | |
|---|-----------|--------------------|------------------|
| PIANO-FORTE. | <i>a.</i> | Toccata | <i>Chaminade</i> |
| | <i>b.</i> | Au Matin | <i>Godard</i> |
| MISS SILLOWAY. | | | |
| SONG. Ave Maria | | | |
| MISS PEABODY. | | | |
| (Accompanied by Organ, Violin, and Pianoforte.) | | | |
| PIANO-FORTE QUARTETTE. Hungarian Festival. | | | |
| Overture | | | |
| MISS SARGEANT, THRESHER, PALMER, CRESWELL. | | | |
| CHORUS. Approach of Spring | | | |
| ORPHEAN CLUB. | | | |

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

ON account of illness, the Rev. George A. Gordon, of the New Old South, was unable to deliver the baccalaureate sermon. The place was very ably filled by President Warren, of Boston University.

The text, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," was from 1 Tim. i. 15. The speaker spoke of a wonderful Bible teacher, who forced conclusions upon no one, but gradually brought them to accept the great truths. This large class consisted of all sorts and conditions of men and women.

The passage above quoted was to be studied, so the leader appointed a journalist, a judge, an ex-governor, an elderly man, and a matron, to present papers on the subject on five successive Sundays; for it was necessary to find what was meant by "Christ coming into the world to save sinners." Each writer presented to the expectant listeners an entirely different view of the subject, but all seemed to be most impressed by the great love of Christ brought out so forcibly by the matron. At the close of the last paper, the leader broke the impressive silence by expressing his belief in all of the views. President Warren then revealed the meaning of the parable, for such it was, to the Senior class. The teacher represented the Holy Spirit, and the class the Church. His last words to the graduates expressed his desire that they might grasp the world's great truths, and, through them, help to make the world better.

CLASS DAY.

THE Class Day exercises were held in the gymnasium Monday evening, June 15. The room was crowded with invited guests, friends of the Seniors and members of the school.

The decorations this year, the work of the Juniors, were especially beautiful. The platform was arranged in drawing-room effect with rugs and flowers. Above hung a hoop of smilax in which were suspended the figures '91 in sweet-peas, the class flower. The balcony and other parts of the gymnasium were gracefully draped with material of the class colors,—moss-green and old rose. The class picture on the platform was very attractive.

Promptly at 7.45 the fourteen Seniors in cap and gown marched in; their class banner, with the class motto, "To thine own self be true," was borne aloft before them by two Juniors; each Senior carried a round fan of sweet-peas. On a very unique programme we found the following order, which was given in a most pleasing manner:—

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

QUARTETTE. *Kowalski.*

MISS SARGEANT, SHELLABARGER, THRESHER, JOHNSON.
PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS. MISS NAN S. PEABODY.

ADDRESS BY HONORARY MEMBER. W. J. ROLFE.

PIANO-FORTE. *Erik Meyer-Helmund.* MISS NELLIE JOHNSON.

CLASS HISTORY. MISS SUSAN C. RICHARDS.

GUITAR. *Worrall.* MISS MAUDE C. SNYDER.

PROPHECY. MISS SARA B. HARVEY.

CLASS RHYMES. MISS NETTIE F. WOODBURY.

PIANO-FORTE. *Raff.* MISS HELEN H. THRESHER.

RECITATION. "An Idyl of the Period." Parts I. and II. *Baker.*

VOCAL SOLO. *Selected.* MISS MARIE SHELLABARGER.

CHARGE TO '92. MISS NAN S. PEABODY.

CLASS SONG. MISS LUCY H. ROBERTS.

Played by MISS SARGEANT.

LAWN EXERCISES.

ORATION. "Planting of the Tree." MISS JESSIE A. BENTON.

ELEGY. "Burning of the Books." MISS SUSANNE S. BAKER.

EFFIGY. MISS SARAH M. WINSOR.

Every number is worthy of comment, had we more space.

Owing to Mr. Rolfe's inability to be present, a carefully prepared letter by him was ably read by the president of the class, Miss Peabody. Mr. Rolfe dwelt much on the class motto, "To thine own self be true." At the close of the indoor exercises the class song was sung, the music and words of which were by Miss Lucy E. Sargeant.

Then all adjourned to the lawn to witness the very interesting exercises there. During the informal promenade which followed, strains of music from the orchestra on the piazza inspired us.

In conclusion, we corroborate the statement of one whose words of wisdom are always held in

our highest esteem, that this was the most delightful Class Day we have had.

SENIOR RECEPTION.

TUESDAY evening came, as many Tuesday evenings have come, but even now and then there comes a day in our existence which stands out above every other, and from it is marked the time forever.

On the evening of the 16th of June strains of music called again to a Senior reception, but to the girls of '91 it was *the Senior reception*, and marked an era in their several lives.

The topic of the evening was most certainly weather, but it seemed impossible to think long of anything else, and was, therefore, a legitimate theme. The heat as the long parlors filled to overflowing was intense, and the piazzas were the favorite spots, unless one excepts the lemonade stands in the hall. Fourteen Seniors received with Principal and Mrs. Bragdon, in their dreamy gowns. All bravely stood their ground and smiled graciously upon all until the last one had striven to find refreshments in the dining-room and the last faint footfall had died away.

Though the guests were so many, they all found a welcome, and the general verdict of entertainer and entertained was flattering in the extreme to the success of the reception.

GRADUATING EXERCISES.

ALTHOUGH we cannot say, as of last year, that the day was beautiful, yet in spite of the ominous-looking clouds which the strong wind seemed to drive before it, a great number of friends thronged the Congregational Church. We were proud of our fourteen Seniors as they walked up the aisle and took their seats, and we could not but feel sad that their faces would not be among those to greet us on our return next year. The order of exercises was:—

| | | |
|---|---------|--------|
| MUSIC. | PRAYER. | MUSIC. |
| COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS, MERRILL E. GATES, PH. D., LL. D., L.H. D. | | |
| MUSIC. | | |
| GOOD-BY FOR THE CLASS, EFFIE MAUDE PRICKETT. | | |
| MUSIC. | | |
| PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS. | | |
| BENEDICTION. | | |

The address by Dr. Merrill E. Gates, of Amherst College, took the form of a paper on the life of Sidney Lanier. It was intensely interesting from beginning to end, making strong all the beautiful traits of his character as revealed in his daily life and writings. Some exquisite bits were selected from his works and read in a manner showing the highest appreciation of them, and also a letter from Sidney Lanier to his wife,—a letter delicate and pleasing in its every detail. Truly, we can say that this address was one of the pleasantest parts of this very pleasant Commencement.

The "Good-by" for the class was well prepared, and delivered by Miss Prickett in a clear, sweet voice. She dwelt upon

"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man,—
Farewell."

After kindly addressing Principal Bragdon and Miss Carpenter, then Miss Chamberlayne and our teachers, came the schoolmates and classmates. To the latter she expressed a hope that it should not be good-by, but that sad, sweet, hopeful word, *aufwiedersehen*.

The prizes were then awarded for the best loaves of bread, the first going to Miss Medsker, and the second to Miss Baker, followed by the presentation of diplomas. Besides those given to the fourteen graduates of the regular school course, four were given for graduation in music,—to Miss Gale and Miss Peabody for vocal music, Miss Sargeant and Miss Thresher in piano-forte.

The friends then crowded around the flower-laden graduates to congratulate them.

On going out from the church, a shower greeted us, preventing the serving of lunch on the lawn. However, it was prepared in the dining-hall, and the guests were summoned there by our old friend, the gong.

At 2.30 the Alumnæ held their business meeting, and at 3.30 they were addressed by Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson. At five o'clock the banquet followed in the gymnasium, and we know it must have been very pleasant, although we cannot speak from experience, never having been an alumna.

The afternoon was passed very delightfully by

the guests in examining Mr. Bragdon's curios, which were on exhibition in the gymnasium. It is a very interesting collection.

In spite of the unfavorable weather, every one seemed to have a good time, and the day was a very pleasant ending to this model Commencement week.

CLASS RHYME.

BY MISS NETTIE F. WOODBURY.

OF all the learned maidens that compose our Senior class,
The one who strikes my fancy, the very first, alas!
Is a maiden from Chicago, whom the god of Love
ensnared

When she was for his awful dart entirely unprepared.
But ever since the fatal day the accident took place,
She's diligently practised on contortions of the face,
Till now she boasts most proudly, not of the way she
dances,

But of the awful power embodied in her glances.
One awful glance of anger on him accused of guilt,
The poor offending mortal has naught to do but wilt.

That's SARA.

Before I go much further there's something I must say,—
If you want to see a funny sight just call around this way
Some evening when we're swimming and watch a Senior
grave,

To see her frantic efforts to keep above the wave.
She likes to know what's going on, and in her zeal to
hear,

She lets her lower jaw drop ten inches there, or near;
But another theory's been advanced, which sets this mat-
ter right,

She really cannot close her mouth, she curls her hair so
tight.

That's LUCY.

Of the earth's most giddy creatures, with a giggle all her
own,

Our patriarch with her cuckoo smile most surely stands
alone.

She is a loving, social soul, but when she's to us talking
She calls us by our surnames in a manner truly shocking.
She's tried among her classmates the seeds of good to sow,
And on the temperance question her words most surely
flow;

But soon she'll leave this barren field, and hopes to make
her home

On the shining sands of heathen strands, where the cannibals
do roam.

That's JESSIE.

You have heard of pious maidens, with their quiet, saintly
ways,

Whose meek and sweet demeanor is everybody's praise.

We have a maiden in our class, she's these virtues hard
to find,

But alas! when once you know her, she's just the other
kind.

She persists in wearing demies, which is here an awful
crime,

And every Sunday morning she spends most of her time
In pinning up her garment, till, with a Grecian bend,
She prances by the teachers,—the rest they upstairs send.

That's MAUDE.

It really seems most touching that our class should be
afflicted

With *two* such base deceivers as I have just depicted;
But we have another classmate whose virtues are the
same,

But alas, just like the other, they're only so in name.

The strangest thing about her is, she really thinks it fit
In chapel, when the others rise, that she alone should sit;
And she's such a sense of humor that she marks a joke
with "J,"

So she'll be sure to see it if she rereads the book some
day.

That's EFFIE.

Sometimes while walking through the halls, you hear an
awful groan,—

It is enough to freeze your blood and turn you into stone,
Should you then but approach the door, although with fear
you're mute,

You'll find the smallest of the wasps trying to elocute.

But oh, the strangest thing of all, it seems so very queer,
That the very same young maiden in two phases should
appear:

She comes down in the morning with six hairs tied with a
bow,

But when evening comes, she's thick black locks—do you
know why it's so?

That's MARIE.

Sometimes one member of our class—she's very, very
small—

Becomes so very obstinate she won't recite at all;

But when she is n't in this mood it is a funny sight

To watch her preparations to give the answers right;

She looks directly into space with a funny little frown,

And then for three full minutes she playeth with her gown,
Then suddenly she looketh up, droopeth her mouth down
low,

And with a vacant smile she says, "I do not think I
know."

That's DAISY.

Quite often in our four-years course diversements have
come,

Such as Junior entertainments (on this subject I am dumb);
But whatever has arisen, she'll say in greatest glee

This thing would not have turned out well had it not been
for me;

Or if a man comes to this place, a circumstance most rare,
This enterprising maiden most surely will be there,

And while the other students with jealousy are green,

She sweetly smiling babbles on, and leads him off the
scene.

That's LU.

TO DEATH.

THOU art, at last, the ruler of us all ;
 All hearts in weariness must bow to thee ;
 E'en the God's fair, meek head on Calvary,
 Touched by thy breath, upon His breast did fall,
 While new life swept the ages of mankind
 To come. Yet, shuddering, men turn from thy face
 In helpless fear, till clasped in thy embrace,
 The rest they vainly sought, and could not find,
 Is theirs, and they, half fearful as a child
 Within a stranger's arms, look in thine eyes,
 To read there promises of Paradise,
 And, smiling as a child does when beguiled
 By the kind face, they whisper on thy breast
 That thou, late wooer and last friend, art best!

SEALED ORDERS.

A SHIP was lying at anchor in the harbor, and the breeze idly played about the rigging, as if it had no other purpose than to wave a pennon, and was not soon to waft this craft into unknown waters.

Its crew had the appearance of those who, after great bustle in preparation, now, with everything in readiness, are awaiting the command to push off.

On the pier were the usual number of sorrowful ones, bidding their friends good-by with tearful eyes. A group at one side attracts our attention, and we see the wife, trying to be cheerful but failing utterly, the old mother, with her trembling voice, who was soon to lose the support of her old age, and, towering above them, the son and husband, a tall, broad-shouldered man, whose dress showed him to be the captain. In his arms is a little boy, who is delighted with the great ship, and seems unconscious of the grave fact that his father is to sail away in that beautiful white bird, perhaps never to return. "May we not write to you?" the mother says. "No," he tenderly replies; "but I shall send you back word by the first ship we meet." How anxiously will they watch and wait for that word! They could not send him any message, for he does not know whither he is bound, for his vessel is to sail under sealed orders.

The crowd standing about the pier gaze with awe and admiration at the ship and crew, whose brave spirits raise no question if the unknown voyage be of deadly peril, and they watch the vessel as if spellbound until she has proudly sailed out of sight.

On a bright June morning, as the birds were singing their morning hymn of praise, a little babe first opened his eyes on this queer world, and broke the first seal of his existence.

The father and mother, as in fables old, hoped that the good fairies would bring many sealed packages which, as they are opened, one by one, in time of need, may scatter blessings on his life. The days fly by, each one bringing with it some new lesson, until childhood is passed and the youth begins to plan and dream of the future, which to him is an unknown voyage, and as he leaves the secure harbor of his father's house, his sealed orders are the inspirations and opportunities sent from above. If he is true in pursuing them, though the way may seem dark and wild, the unseen Captain will guide his ship safely to its desired haven.

When this fair youth started out, many were the willing hands stretched out to direct him in the right way, but toward the setting of the sun, these friendly sails one by one passed out of sight, and he was left to make the last port alone.

The sea of life is covered with these white sails, and on this sea all are sailing under sealed orders; and yet no one wonders or looks with awe as these sturdy ships go by. Some ride steadily onward, and serve as a guide to others who are tossed about by conflicting passions; some are the life-boats helping the wrecked and stranded; while others, absorbed in their own pleasure, ride proudly on, thinking only of the present and forgetting the breakers ahead.

Like our fair youth, we do not value enough the good counsel of those whose journey is nearly ended, as we gayly dance over the waves, tossed about hither and thither by many ambitions and temptations, and seem to take pleasure in seeing how near we can come to the rocks without being dashed to pieces in their rough arms or drawn into the whirlpool at their feet.

As the captain sent back word to his dear ones by each vessel he met, so we hail one another as we speed along; but with us each new day breaks another sealed order, and we sometimes have to change our course. When the final seal is broken, may our message be that we are at last moored in still waters!

LASELLIA CLUB BANQUET.

THE annual supper given by the Lasellia Club to the Seniors took place on the evening of June 12.

The guests assembled in the club-room, where a most delightful evening was spent in music, conversation, and recitations.

At the appointed hour, the club-room doors were opened, revealing the tables, tastefully decorated with smilax and sweet-peas, the class flower of '91. A large mound of the flowers formed the centrepiece on the Senior table, and the figures 1891 were arranged around it in green.

Among the guests were many old girls, whom the club is always glad to welcome.

The president's, Miss Gardner's, address of welcome followed the banquet, after which came the toasts, Miss Platt gracefully filling the position of toast-mistress. The toast, "The Seniors," was responded to by Miss Woodbury, who disclosed to wondering listeners accomplishments of the class hitherto unappreciated by non-members. Miss Gale spoke entertainingly of "Old Girls," and Mr. Rich replied to the toast "Our Faculty."

It was made known that many mighty secrets of the school were well known to him, but how he discovered the facts will forever remain a mystery. The "S. D. Society" was responded to by Miss Snyder, who gave many incidents in the history of the society, while Miss Lamson sung in verse the praises of the "Lasellia Club."

PERSONALS.

MABEL HUTCHINSON and family are at West Newton for the summer. Mabel is teaching violin now.

ANNIE ALEXANDER has recently visited us. She has been abroad some two or more years, making a trip that included Russia, Norway, and Turkey.

SOME Lasell people have been making charming visits in Andover, at the homes of Mrs. Noyes and Mrs. Otis. The latter spent a night recently at Lasell, bringing the eldest of her two bright little boys. Carroll and Carl Bragdon were photographed together by some of the girls. A jolly pair of cherubs.

WE hear that Annie Gwinnell is in Europe for a trip of six months.

WE hear of the marriage of Lucy McBrier, but she has not told us her new name.

MISS LE HURAY sends us an amusing account of a burglary in her father's house. Happily the thief was caught and the property returned.

WE had a pleasant surprise in a flying visit from Prof. and Mrs. Cassedy in May. They had come North for teachers for their wonderfully prosperous school at Norfolk. The pupils who knew Prof. and Mrs. Cassedy assembled in the parlor and gave them cordial greeting. The photograph of Miller has since been received, now a handsome little fellow of about four years.

OUR late teacher, Miss Mary B. Cutler, sends the Commencement week programme of Gates College, at Neligh, Nebraska, where she is teaching. It has an attractive appearance.

JOSEPHINE BOGART has been attending Commencement at Vassar, but was prevented by circumstances from coming on further to Lasell. She visited Mai Sutton on her way and found Maude Oliver there. Maude and Mai both have been learning housekeeping experimentally. Josephine is now in good health, and thinks if the right position could be found she would like to become a teacher.

SPEAKING of Mai Sutton, we must mention the brilliant wedding of her brother, Dr. Henry C. Sutton, lately married to Miss Ruth H. Flandran, also of Rome, New York, where their future home will be. Mai was bridesmaid, and Maude Oliver and Josephine Bogart were present. The bridal tour was to California.

THE story of the home-coming of Mr. Bragdon and family, the great and joyful surprise, etc., is told at length elsewhere. Mrs. T. S. C. Lowe arrived with them in Boston, and went at once to her old home, in Norristown, Penn.

WE learn that Hattie Van Cise Youngs and her husband, after a pleasant wedding trip in Florida, are now in their New Jersey home. He is fair and boyish-looking, and to see him with his pretty bride in a small dog-cart trotting about town is described as a "dainty sight."

LIZZIE FROST, after ten years' absence, made a call at Lasell with Carrie Kendig Kellogg and Annie Kendig Peirce.

THE health of her mother having improved, Minnie Sherwood was able to come to Lasell at Commencement, arriving in time for the baccalaureate address, a welcome guest, finding Gertrude Reynolds here a little earlier in her coming.

THE reception of the bridegroom and bride, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Schneider (Mary Beach), at their home, 1749 Q Street, Washington, is described as being very elegant, and attended by hundreds of friends and acquaintances.

MISS GRACE ANDERSON married Mr. Frederick Charles Hawley, Thursday, the 25th of June, at her home, in Taylorville, Ill. Miss Grace is an older sister of Julia Anderson, a pupil of Lasell at present. The home of these young people will be at St. Louis in future.

MR. CURTIS GUILD was one of the guests at our late afternoon reception. Some of the pupils made his acquaintance and found him very entertaining.

MRS. MORTIMER D. HYDE (Bertie Steel) has another son, born quite recently. She was at Lasell from September, '78, to June, '80.

MISS BESSIE E. SAYFORD, of Newton, Mass., was married, June 17, to Mr. William F. Bacon, of the same town. Her bridesmaid was Mamie Binford; and some Lasell people who attended the reception can testify to the attractive prettiness of the whole affair; bride and bridesmaid, the pretty house dressed in flowers, the music, guests, refreshments,—everything was elegant. Bessie was at Lasell in '86 and '87.

ALICE LINSOTT HALL intended to be at Lasell at or before the Commencement Exercises, but as her husband and herself will sail for Germany from New York, they will not come so far east as Boston. They sail in a German steamer, June 27. The family are to be in Göttingen.

OF former pupils who were at Lasell either at Commencement or earlier, there were Nan Brown, Rosa Best, Nina Burr, Daisy Hanmer, Miss Chapin, Gertrude Reynolds, Ada Marsh, Annie McDonald, M. Sherwood, Bertha Hammond, Mary Coe, Mrs. Lillie Fuller Merriam, with her husband, Sallie Head, Lizzie Burnham, F. Greenough, C. Foster, Mrs. Mabel B. Tibbetts, Rena

Day, Mrs. Annie Winslow, with her husband, Lizzie Mann, Helena Pfau, Amelia Davis, Mrs. Mabel Lee Ward, Mrs. Lasell, Mrs. Billings, Miss Bancroft, Mrs. Dodds, Mrs. Sampson, Mrs. Gilman, Miss Bartlett, Mrs. Sheldon, Miss Lucy Curtis, Mrs. Coffin, Miss Warren, Miss Jessie Macmillan, Mrs. Hussey, and the Misses Annie and Josephine Wallace, Miss Lizzie Whipple, Miss Myrtie Sinsabaugh, Miss Lillie Eddy, Miss Grace Huntington, and Miss Mary Packard, also Misses Grace Skinner, Priscilla Parmenter, Elizabeth Towle, Theresa Hollander, Alice Lane, Rachel Stearns, Mary Fisher, Mamie Binford, Mamie Noyes, and Emma Gass, Mrs. Grace F. Pennell and husband, and Miss Pennell, Miss Maloon, Sue Brown, and Virginia Johnson Milbank.

A NUMBER of the pupils were so happy as to have their relatives and friends about them at Commencement. This was especially true of members of the Senior class. Capt. Peabody came, with his wife and son, also Mr. Alexander Stewart, of St. Louis. Capt. Peabody's son-in-law, who has so kindly given a scholarship to Lasell, in memory of his lost Emily, a graduate of this school. Effie Prickett's parents were here, Mr. Sargeant and his family, Mrs. Harvey, and Mrs. Gammon, Miss Harvey's grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Shellabarger, Miss Sue Richards's father. The parents of other pupils were present, as Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Schlim, Mr. and Mrs. Morse, Mr. Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Busell, and others who live near and are able to come often.

DR. AND MRS. MERRITT BRAGDON arrived in Boston, by the "Scythia," Cunard Line, Sunday, June 21, from their trip with Principal C. C. Bragdon round the world. They took dear little Carl away the next morning on their homeward journey.

The Weekly Journalist, of which Mr. J. F. Benyon is editor and proprietor, is a new publication, devoted to the interests of newspaper, printing, and advertising men. It is a bright paper, with an attractive typographical appearance. It has sixteen pages full of good matter; it ought to be useful, and a success, too, as we trust it will. Mr. Benyon is a brother of Major Geo. Benyon, drill master at Lasell.

DEATHS.

WE learn that Miss Laura Whitman Lasell, of New York, daughter of the late Prof. Edward Lasell, died on the 3d of June, at Whitinsville, Mass. Prof. Lasell was the founder of this school.

DEAR Maude Lutes faded rapidly, till she passed from earth on the 6th of June. The news threw a tinge of sadness over all the pleasures that the season brings. Many loved her and all sorrowed over the early death of their sweet associate and friend.

AGNES MCGILL, a young woman who has held for years the position of table waiter in the dining-room of Lasell, and has won the sincere regard of all who knew her by her modest worth and obliging disposition, fell into ill health and died a few weeks ago. Many hearts were saddened by this news.

THE FATAL LEAP.

AN alligator, born down South,
Desired to have some fame;
An education broad wished he,
So to Lasell he came.

A house of glass was given him,
Right near the chapel door;
And that he might not homesick grow,
A turtle came to adore.

They lived in peace for several years,
When suddenly one time,
The alligator, without fears,
Committed a great crime.

He lost his temper in a quarrel,
At least so it is said,
And, without minding the results,
Bit off the turtle's head.

He lived alone then in his cage,
But how he missed his mate!
In fact, he grew so sad and thin,
His life resolved to take.

One day, when he was on the porch,
Enjoying the bright sun,
It suddenly occurred to him
That now his time had come;

So, walking to the awful brink,
He turned and gave a sigh,
Then jumped upon the ground below,
And soon we saw him die.

A moral there is in this tale,
A moral good and true,—
“Don't fall in love, for it's no fun,
It's sure to make you blue.”

LOCALS.

A LECTURE was given in the chapel by Miss Webster, May 14, on Voice, Manner, and Dress, in their relation to each other.

THE reception given by the Faculty to meet the Sophomore and Freshman classes was held May 20. The many guests who were received by Miss Shinn and Miss Ransom seemed to enjoy the evening as much as did the young ladies.

OLD GIRL (*to new girl*). — Last year Miss Chamberlayne gave lectures on etiquette, and read to us from Tennyson on the subject.

MISS CHAMBERLAYNE and Miss Carpenter received the special students and their friends on the afternoon of May 23, in the parlors. All present appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

WE had our annual fish dinner May 29. It was excellent, as the devastated appearance of the tables after the meal testified, and our memory books are enriched by a very pretty menu.

THE Missionary Society held a strawberry festival in the gymnasium and lecture-room May 30; an enjoyable musical programme was rendered, and Miss Spyker recited for us. An exhibition of some of the work done in the studio was a feature of the evening; it was much admired, especially Miss Adams's china,—a fish set, an ice-cream set, and a rose jar.

THE Missionary Society of the school has done very excellent work. Lucy E. Sargeant, the efficient president, as well as the other officers, has been enthusiastic in furnishing entertainments that have been so attractive as to induce all the girls to attend, and netted a good profit for the society.

The allegory, Columbia, written by one of our own "old girls," Alice House, of Cincinnati, was well rendered by good representatives of the different countries.

Miss Clara Cushman, of Pekin, China, was a delight to the pupils, as was proved by about one hundred and fifty dollars subscribed for her work. The "Penny Gatherer" cards have done well, and from the youngest gleaner, Carl Bragdon, to the oldest, have been an incentive to save the pennies for those who have less than we.

Mrs. Miyama was much enjoyed as a native Japanese who knew and told so much better than we usually hear the real life among her own people, and she will long be remembered, as she returns soon to her own land and work.

Several others have spoken and been enjoyed by the girls, and though they are not greatly enthusiastic to become *members*, have generously helped the society raise funds.

Since we hear that Julia Lasell, whom we have supported as a scholar in Bareilly, India, is married, we have named another Caroline (as namesake for Miss Carpenter and Mr. Bragdon, Carolus, together).

Also, we have sent fifty dollars for a scholarship in Japan, under Miss Vail's work, and were much pleased to hear through Mr. Bragdon while in Tokio about the beneficiary whom he met, as well as to receive lately a most interesting letter from the young man himself. And we have been happy to be able to remember our school-mate, Miss Barnum, now at work in Harpoot, Turkey, with a little gift, and altogether feel the society may be very glad to have sent two hundred and fifty dollars this year into different parts of this good work.

At one of the last meetings, it was a pleasure to have presented life-membership certificates to Lucy E. Sargeant and Edith I. Gale, our presidents, still among us.

The officers for next year elected are : —

SADIE BURRILL, *President*.
 MABEL FALLEY, *Vice-President*.
 LIZZIE DAVIS, *Recording Secretary*.
 MRS. SHEPHERD, *Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary*.
 MISS PACKARD, NELLIE RICHARDS, ANNA STALEY,
Executive Committee.

M. B. S.

MR. BRAGDON brought joy to the hearts of those girls spending only one year at Lasell, by his unexpected early return.

THE excursions to Newport, Cambridge, and Hunnewell's gardens were enjoyed this spring as much as they usually are.

THE Seniors made a very imposing and pleasing appearance in their caps and gowns their last week of school.

THE girls of Company B presented their captain with a present which pleased her greatly.

THURSDAY evening, June 4, from seven to nine, we had a very novel exhibition of the work of the mathematical classes in recitation-room No. 6, from which all the benches were removed and rugs laid on the floor, and the globes and instruments used by the trigonometry classes arranged nicely around the room, and flowers placed on the tables.

Near the door stood a little table on which were little souvenirs cut in different geometrical shapes, with quotations from different authors upon mathematical subjects, the blackboards with examples or figures from algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and astronomy classes, which were very neatly done. On one table there were the books of the original demonstrations by the geometry class and the books with examples done by the preparatory algebra.

On another table there were the figures of the geometry class carefully made of pasteboard.

Another table was devoted to the work of the trigonometry class, which was mostly formulas.

In one corner of the room stood the telescope for the astronomy class, and in the opposite corner the weights and measures of the metric system.

The room looked very pleasant and cheerful, and we were convinced that mathematics could be made very interesting, instead of the bore so many girls think it.

"What meant the boating on the Charles,
 Those hours of recreation?"
 "Why, don't you know?" the maid replied,
 "T was the Senior's last vacation."
 "What was the cause of those long drives,
 Those morning walks in quest
 Of something, but I know not what?"
 "The Seniors were taking a rest."

A DELIGHTFUL evening with Lizzie Frost, Carrie Kendig Kellogg, and Annie Kendig Peirce at the pleasant home of Annie emphasized our homecoming and the agreeable fact that we were once more among the dear old girls. Lizzie has been making the girls a little visit. She reports the Wadhams girls, from whose home she came, and to which she returned, alas! without waiting for Commencement, as well and prospering. Also Sophie White, whom she recently saw. The girls report Lasell's good friend, Dr. Kendig, as fully in love with his Brooklyn church, where he has made his usual mark. They say Lil Potter is well again, and pushing her lectures and classes in Chicago, or they pushing her. Of Fannie Baker and Bertie Steel, Lizzie gave good news. It was a treat to pass a social hour with these of the Old Guard of Lasell. Annie sets a good table.

C. C. B.

THE officers and a few privates of the battalion attended the annual drill at Mechanics Hall, Boston, May 16, of the corps of cadets of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

WE wonder if "G. B. O. Queen" misses the Lasell girls?

THE last of a series of musicals by Mr. Hills's pupils was given May 18. It was Miss Lucy E. Sargeant's Commencement concert. She played very well, and was assisted by Mr. Hills, and Mr. Geo. J. Parker, tenor, Mr. Willis Nowell, violinist, Mr. Ernest Ruppell, cellist, of Boston.

A FEW ACCOMPLISHMENTS LEARNED AT LASELL.

To listen to lectures with great repose of manner.

To smile even when we do not see the joke.

To throw skilfully one-cent pieces to the hand-organ man with the bear.

To consume no unnecessary force in gymnastic work.

To slay June bugs.

ANY member of the shorthand class is now ready for rapid dictation and *verbatim* reporting, having had the year's instruction under Mr. S. G. Greenwood, of Boston.

THE pictures of the school, the clubs, and the battalion were taken, and they are all excellent.

WANTED, by the B division of Junior English, a report for the lack of report on May 29 and June 5.

MISS RANSOM gave two exhibitions of the skill which her pupils have attained in swimming,— one for the family, June 10, and one for invited guests, June 13.

A SAMPLE of the remarks at the German table: "Es ist nur ein inch in diameter."

A TENNIS tournament was held on the Seminary grounds on the morning of June 15. Miss Lamson, Miss Hane, and Miss Means constituted the committee of arrangements, and Mr. John Bragdon was umpire. There were seven entries, all for singles: Miss Burr, Miss Hathaway, Miss Taft, Miss Coon, Miss Eddy, Miss Morse, and Miss Hogg. Miss Burr won the championship and the prize, which latter, a handsome silver cup, was presented in chapel by Mr. Bragdon, in his own entertaining manner.

THE Lasell Quartette went to Nonantum, June 8, to sing at the annual meeting of the Newton Union Christian Endeavor Society. One of them remarked with unwonted levity that they acted as insertion in the exercises, and that the ruffle was put on when they drove home in the moonlight.

THE officers of the Publishing Association for the opening of the coming year are as follows: Business manager, Flora Gardner; editor-in-chief, Nellie Richards; associate editors, Mabel Lord, Jessie Vilas, Mabel Falley; local editor, Alma Hubbard; exchange editor, Helen Medsker; subscription agent, Mollie Taylor; president, Julia Wolfe; secretary, Edna Dice.

ON June 13 the officers and several privates of our battalion attended the ninth annual drill of the N. H. S. Battalion, given on the school grounds, Newtonville.

THE Hawkodaki Club prospered beyond all hopes, and has been a source of pleasure and benefit to all its members. The prize exhibition of photographs was given in the teachers' parlor, June 13. Many photographs were exhibited, but only those taken after the organization of the

club could compete for the prizes, which were given by Mr. Shepherd.

The prize offered for the best picture produced entirely by the exhibitor — for general excellence in composition, exposure, development, printing, toning, and mounting — was awarded to Miss Carrie Van Sickle. Special mention was made by the judges of a flash-light group taken by Miss Van Sickle.

Miss Bertie Burr received the prize given for the best picture of which the exposure only was made by the exhibitor.

Honorable mention was made of a picture taken by Miss Platt, and also of one by Miss Hathaway.

TEN girls received certificates in cooking this year.

MISSES BUSELL, Goodell, S. Englehart, and Creswell received certificates in book-keeping.

OUR closing drill was on Friday, May 29, 3 P. M. It was decided by vote not to have company competitive drill. Company A was drilled under the command of Miss Peabody, and Company B under Miss Millikin, after which came the interesting individual competitive drill, in charge of the captains, followed by the sword drill, which proved to be highly entertaining to our guests. This was under the command of Major Benyon.

The companies appeared well at dress parade, at the close of which prizes were awarded as follows: for the individual competitive drill — first prize to Private Blanche Busell — second prize to First Sergeant Maude Whitney. These prizes were silver medals. A souvenir spoon was presented by Miss Ransom to Miss Nellie M. Taft for showing the greatest gains in the gymnasium work during the year.

We had competent judges, and, regardless of the rain, a number of visitors.

Major George H. Benyon, 5th Infantry M. V. M., Boston, our drill-master, made our year's work in drill pleasant and successful.

'91's class yell is Rah! rah! ninety-one! L-a-s-e-l-l ninety-one! rah! rah! boom! la! ha! ha! ninety-one! Rah, rah, ninety-one, being on middle C, and the rest running up and down the scale of C.

ON June 2, while enjoying the fresh air and sun, our alligator fell off the side piazza, and died within a few hours.

EXCHANGES.

AN exchange which appeared in the April number of *LASELL LEAVES*, referring to the opening of college libraries on Sunday, was thought by some to refer to the Lasell library. Such is not the case, as we had no reference whatever to this library. The extract was taken from an article on that subject which appeared in a Wellesley paper, and the reference is to the Wellesley library.

DR. SEELEY, recently president of Amherst, declares that at the present rate of progress the women of this country will, at the end of the present century, be better educated than men. — *Ex.*

FOR the first time, the University of Leipsic will this season admit women to the privileges.

Out of the thirty-three hundred students, there will be six women, four of whom are Americans.

THE May *Haverfordian* is an especially good number. An article in it on Sir Thomas More is written by one who writes understandingly of the character he is treating and the age to which it belongs. The *Haverfordian* is one of the most acceptable papers we receive.

THE LAPSE OF YEARS.

'T is sweet, sadly sweet, on the long lapse of years
To muse at still eve, — on life's smiles and its tears,
To live o'er again each oft forgot scene,
And to think too how checkered life's pathway hath been;
It is sweet to remember the gay, sportive joy
That gladdened our hearts ere it caught earth's alloy;
When the rich perfumed flowers that scented the grove
First taught our young hearts nature's beauties to love;
When from the bright heavens, at noon and at even
We caught the first glimpses of God and of heaven;
And when we first merged on life's turmoil and strife,
And we shared in those cares with which it is rife;
How dim seemed above us those bright, sunny skies,
Which erst beamed on our hearts, and gladdened our eyes!
And to think on those loved ones, now aye from us torn,
Whose friendships long lost oft make the heart mourn;
Whose hearts were our sanctuary, and whose love it seemed
given
To cheer us on earth and direct us to heaven.
They are gone; but their memory yet is most dear,
And we hallow it oft with affection's still tear.
But soon ruthless Time shall hurry us too
From all that we love, and that now meets our view;
Still, though earth claims its own, and our bodies must die,
Yet our spirits must live, — these, death shall defy;
And the many bright spots in fond memory's waste,
And the blessings of those whose kind friendships we
taste —
These from the heart's tablet may ne'er be effaced!

WILL, NOT LUCK.

THERE is no chance, no destiny, no fate
 Can circumvent, can hinder, or control
 The firm resolve of a determined soul.
 Gifts count for nothing : will alone is great ;
 All things give way before it, soon or late.
 What obstacle can stay the mighty force
 Of the sea-seeking river in its course,
 Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait ?

Each well-born soul must win what it deserves, —
 Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate
 Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
 Whose slightest action or inaction serves
 The one great aim. Why, even Death stands still,
 And waits an hour sometimes for such a will.

Ex.

THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE.

THOUGHTS : the children of earth's deathless sages —
 That thro' the strife and turmoil of the ages
 Have boldly borne the brunt of Life's fierce fray,
 Or soothed the heat and burden of the day.

Words : the armor in which Thought must fight,
 The weapons piercing Error, flashing light ;
 Or else the pure white robes of joy and peace
 In which high thoughts give sorrow some surcease.

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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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EVER since schools began and school papers were started the petition has gone forth each year, and many times a year, for the pupils to show themselves interested in the welfare of the paper, by freely contributing to it any article that they may have, and which they know, though modesty will not let them show it, would be seized upon if it were seen.

When one sees the same thing forming a subject for an editorial in at least half of the first numbers of exchanges it gets to be rather tiresome, and we do not wish to be another to increase that feeling. Yet, for the sake of the new members of the school, who, perhaps, do not know that it is the custom gladly to receive articles from any who are kind enough to offer them, we wish to say that this is the case, and in no better way can an interest in our paper be displayed than by the subscribers bringing in products of their own imaginations, and bits which will be interesting to the pupils, who have in their time been influential in the matter of making the paper more interesting.

PROBABLY at this date we shall be cried down if we presume to renew the subject of Commencement, but noticing some remarks on the struggles of young graduates for a great intellectual production in the form of an essay at Commencement, which often results in nothing more than a mere high-sounding title, we wish to insert the following, as it seems to be very apt:—

"I heard the essays. That one on
The Magna Charter and King John,
The head girl wrote. She with the wreath
Described Lear's Wanderings on the Heath
Quite prettily. Another one
Explained 'The Spots Upon the Sun,'
The Influence of Browning, and

The Early Writings of George Sand
The Transcendental Movement; How
It Touches German Letters Now.

"All these I sadly listened to;
'What earthly good can these things do?'
I asked myself. 'Does old King John
Teach you to sew a patch upon
A coat? Or can the spotted sun
Say when a roast is rarely done?
Do Browning's tangled poems tell
The way to mend a stocking well?'"

"While I was wondering sadly there,
A sweet girl rose, and, I declare,
She talked about all homely things
From washtubs down to muffin-rings!
She had ten pages all on pie;
She knew the choicest way to fry
An oyster, and how best to bake
A good old-fashioned Johnny cake.

"Next day that girl was asked to share
The fortunes of a millionaire;
She now reads Browning's wondrous books,
And leaves the cooking to her cooks.

"The girl who wrote on Browning's work
Is married to a gentle clerk,
Whose income 's small. No girl have they;
She scrubs and cooks the livelong day;
And sighs, while bending o'er the range,
When she reflects upon the change —
The fall from school sublimities
To tattered books of recipes."

WE hope that all the photographers did not leave the school last year, for, although we have seen a few cameras, they have been in the minority, and do not promise such a lively interest in the subject as there has been heretofore. Perhaps, though, it is a little soon for us to expect the new girls to begin on the "thousand and first" thing, when the "thousand" are hardly under way. Yet we look for a large re-enforcement to the Hawkodai Club, and surely no time could be more delightful for field-work than this beautiful fall weather. Now would seem an excellent opportunity for those new to the art to begin and get experience, so that when spring comes, if another exhibition should be given, not only the old girls might enter into competition but even the example of last year be followed, and one of our youngest and newest classmates carry off the honors.

HARLEM, N. Y., Sept. 30, 1891.

DEAR A., — Last evening, after leaving you in New York, I had the most thrilling experience, which I will relate to you; for, as you know, I was staying with some friends in their flat in Harlem, and having been to the theatre, was returning for the night, when my room-mate desired to leave the room, but found he could not unlock the door.

At first, of course, we thought that the key stuck only temporarily, but found out very soon that it could not be moved either way, and that we had bent it out of shape and were locked in. We both saw the humorous side of it, and both laughed heartily.

The other occupants of the flat were aroused, and gathered in front of our door, and made remarks about our getting out in case of a fire.

One proposed that we throw the mattress out of the window and jump upon it. Another, that we climb through the transom. Still another, that we tie the coverlet and blanket together and use it as a rope. The last was all right in its way, but as we both weighed a good deal that idea was abandoned.

After awhile things quieted down and we were soon asleep. In the morning after dressing we again tried to open the door, but were unsuccessful.

The janitor was called, and, after looking over the situation and the door, went after the janitor of the next house. Both men now came and talked it over and then went after a locksmith.

Meanwhile we were getting very hungry, thirsty, and impatient, as my room-mate and host was anxious to get to his office, and I was desirous of doing some sight-seeing with his sister.

After a long wait both janitors appeared with the locksmith, and then a hammer was passed to us over the transom, and a voice with a rich Irish brogue said, "Pull out them pins." When we had recovered from our fit of laughter we did as directed, and of course expected to be liberated at once, but it was not to be. One of the trio now went after something, and while he was gone the proposition was made to us that we have our breakfast passed over the transom; but we were too eager to get out to think of eating in there.

When the fellow returned all went to work hammering, pushing, and talking, and at last the door yielded and we were free again. We were astonished to find it quite late in the forenoon when we had our breakfast.

Now, we retire with the feeling that the advice sometimes given to boarding-school pupils to leave their doors unlocked during the night is very good, and profit by their example, by leaving ours severely alone.

Your friend,

C.

OUR VACATION.

I SHALL never forget how beautiful the moon looked the night we arrived at the little Canadian town of Abbotsford. When after a little lunch

we went out upon the veranda, there her bright disc hung against the deep blue of the summer sky, framed by vines in the little opening of the porch. The night air was deliciously cool, and so still that the few opal clouds in our picture hardly shifted their positions, and only now and then some fresher breeze lifted the long sprays of Virginia-creeper at our side. In the distance rose the tall form of the mountain Yamaska bathed in moonlight, and in the garden before us the mountain-ash trees stood like groups of silent sentinels.

But if Abbotsford was charming at night, it was a thousand-fold more so in the morning. We, the sleepy-heads, tumbled out at six o'clock to take an early drive, and what a drive it was! It seemed to us that we had never inhaled such exhilarating air, nor seen such a vision of glory as that wonderful mountain rising to a height of eleven hundred feet above the level plain, and clothed in summer's richest colors. When we had expended every epithet of admiration our knowledge of the English language could conjure up, we returned to the house and things mundane, and ate such a breakfast that our good friends looked aghast.

The next move was a tour of exploration through the rambling house "of many gables," hardly to be seen from the road for the trees and the vine-covered verandas around it. And then we went into the grounds, where, from the first day, we lived constantly.

I wish I could take you through those twenty-three acres of orchard and place you where you could look down the long vistas of fruit trees, showing every variety of apple, each one making its own patch of color different from all the rest. I fancy you would gaze at the scene for a few moments in open-eyed amazement, and then make your way to some tree where the great red beauties hung most temptingly, as if saying, "Pick me quick"—just as we did. E—— always protested, even when her mouth was full, that she "hated apples." The number she would have made away with had she liked them defies imagination.

The garden was full of beautiful flowers and trees from many lands; the mountain-ash in its red glory, the blue spruce, the broad-leaved catalpa, and many others that were strangers to us. Rustic benches were placed here and there in the cool

shade, and at one end of the yard we found a little circle of pines forming the most secluded of nooks, with a "courting chair" waiting very enticingly inside. By common consent this spot had been dubbed the "spoon holder," though by what right I never quite discovered, for certainly that sober old house, with its still more sober inmates, could never have furnished the spoons.

One of the long rows of spruces was called Norway avenue, and at its farther end stood a tower, from which to "view the landscape o'er." From here we could see the plain stretching away into the hazy distance, to the very foot of the Adirondacks, and closer to us our own mountain rose, with the farm clinging to its genial side. Little cottages dotted the plain at intervals, their tin roofs looking like so many tiny lakes as they sparkled in the bright sunshine.

We made many pleasant excursions in a large covered wagon, capable of holding ten adults besides the thirteen children of the household.

One evening we planned to take a moonlight ride on the river, and accordingly rowed about on the water for an hour or more waiting for the moon to rise, but Luna was perverse that night, and delayed her appearing until just after we had landed, and then beamed on us with the most sarcastic grin moon ever wore.

Another trip was to the lake on the mountain. Although it was raining the woods were beautiful. The giant trees stood like sturdy watchmen, who would have kept out the indifferent intruder. We were so awed by the grandeur and sanctity that our voices unconsciously dropped to whispers until we became accustomed to the silent solemnity of this great cathedral of nature. There were some Indian burying-grounds half way up the mountain, and surely the sons of the wilderness could have found no more fitting resting-place for their dead. When we reached the lake the rain had stopped. The climb was steep, and led us through underbrush so thick it seemed as if we must be the first who had ever come that way. Suddenly it grew lighter, and coming out from under the trees we saw the solitary mountain lake lying perfectly motionless before us. One of the party must have quite forgotten himself in his admiration, for into the lake he suddenly tumbled, fortunately reappearing soon, none the worse for

the unexpected bath. He did not take long to wring himself out, and in a few minutes the boots of our Knight of the Lake were swinging gayly beside a daintier pair, which the rain had soaked, for we had already built a fire and set up an improvised tripod. After a somewhat noisy lunch we retraced our steps to the foot of the mountain and went home in the conveyance, which we found waiting for us. I can assure you our supper was well appreciated that night.

The lazy boarder found such a delightful place for her hammock in the spruce avenue that she could hardly be induced to leave it. The carpet of fragrant needles, almost rose colored, the blue vault overhead, all the bluer for being seen through the green boughs, the silence broken by no sound save the drowsy humming of bees, the gleam of sunlight on the great tears of the spruces, all lent a peculiar charm to the spot. The little birds would even come and tilt on the hammock ropes, as if, like Mary's lamb, they said "I'm not afraid."

Around the base of the mountain is a drive of thirteen miles' length, which shows a different view at every turn. Sometimes the height above was rugged and steep, and again almost as gentle as a park. It was from this same mountain that our supply of water came, and another excursion took us to the place "where the cool spring bubbled up."

I must leave undescribed the plum bee, the country dances, and many other merry experiences. The last of these happy days were saddened a little by the thought of departure, yet brightened by the hope of returning some time to the place where we spent one of our pleasantest vacations.

THE SEQUEL TO THE FATAL LEAP.

THE alligator, who last spring
Did take the "Fatal Leap,"
And for whom many of us since
Have felt inclined to weep,

Appeared one morning not long since
Upon the chapel floor,
And startled those who had not thought
To see him any more.

But as him we did gather round
We saw that he looked queer,
And did not, as he'd oft before,
Inspire us all with fear.

The mystery was not for long,
He was our old friend still,
But stuffed, not looking as if he
Himself had tried to kill.

And now it seems just like old times
To see him as of yore,
Reclining in his house of glass
Outside the chapel door.

THE best ride I ever had to the West was in July last, over the Fitchburg, Chicago & Erie railroads, the best in the country for good meals and fine, clean cars. The finish of these cars is equal to that of any palace in the world, and in vastly better taste than many of them show.

Glanced up toward Penn Yan, but no Josephine Bogart; telegraphed ahead on short time to Akron, but no Grace or other Seiberling, or any girls of mine were at that smart new station in Akron; passed Marion too late at night to disturb the girls.

In the few days at Evanston saw Emily and Sue Rowe, trying to keep three irrepressible small boys quiet, so the baby could go to sleep, while adequately entertaining a visitor. They did very well indeed. Called on May Rice, but she was "putting up fruit"; then on to St. Paul.

Arrived three hours late, no dining-car. I was all ready for breakfast, when we sat down at eleven o'clock in Min Ransom Wagner's elegant home, No. 692 Holly Avenue, and had a real old-fashioned, well-cooked Pennsylvania breakfast. Her two fine boys, eight and four, piloted us about for a couple of hours looking at the city, with an adulation of the broad West which was truly surprising.

Tried to find Hattie Lothrop, but without success. She has neglected Miss Blaisdell. Next day called on Anna Kirkwood and Bertha and Emma Oswald. Heard the talk of the three-year-old child of the latter (O'Brien now), but could not see her.

Called on Lucy, Bell, and Mary Phelps, Mary Heffelfinger, Mary Neiler, and Elizabeth Hance. Found only Mary H. and Elizabeth H. at home. Those who were not at the lake were at the "blessed convention." Elizabeth gave me a good dinner, and drove me to see one of my

Aurora girls, the one who charmed us all with her piano playing when at Lasell, after her return from Germany, Ella Wassemer, now Mrs. Dr. Martindale.

A good many of these girls have other names and their own charming homes. The girls in Minneapolis all look well and prosperous, and of course were very kind to their old principal.

I feel more thankful every day that God has called me to be a teacher in a girls' school, and I only wish I were a better one, to better deserve the good will and very kind friendship of my girls.

Next day I found Anna Kirkwood and Bertha Oswald. Called upon Maude Hamilton and her bright little three-year-old "Helen Baker." Sorry not to see May Libby, but she lives over the river, and my time was too short.

Back again to Evanston, where I had a few days with my mother. Regretted not finding Mabel Falley.

To Williamsport for Sunday, with Miss Ransom and her sister, Sade Hazelet, in her delightful home, where I wooed and won my little wife two hundred and fifty years ago last June. Girls, "so live that when" some man undertakes the responsibility of your lives he may be as proud of his helpmate. . . .

THE TRYST.

SHE wandered down by the little bubbling brook,
As through the flowery meadows its wandering way it took;
The moon sailed on, and the little stars peeped out,
And wondered why the maiden fair in such a world should doubt.

He came along with steps so bounding, free, and light,
And sung of love and happiness to her he'd meet to-night;
She heard his song in the distance strong and clear,
And knew her noble lover was very, very near;
So then they strolled through the woodland hand in hand,
And for their joyous future the little stars they planned;
The moon looked down on their trysting-place and smiled,
Then veiled her face so silvery, and shone more *faint and mild*.

"THE OTHER DAY."

WHAT events happened only "the other day!" Do you see that old man yonder with white hair and tottering gait? Notice the old coat and the worn shoes that he wears. Would you believe that only "the other day" he was a millionaire?

Then, with wealth and power at command, hundreds came at his call. The goddess of Fortune smiled upon him, and wealth, splendor, and influence were his; but in a day all these were wrested from him.

Observe that man upon the street-corner with flushed face and torn coat. But "the other day" he was a leader in politics, ever ready to respond to the call of party, and foremost among party leaders. To-day there are none so low as to do him homage.

Oh, what changes since "the other day!" The rich become poor, the powerful, weak. So, also, the poor boy, not long ago with bare feet and torn garments, working for bread, has now risen to power and influence.

. . . As I was walking down the street with a friend my attention was attracted by two small boys, one of whom was relating the story of some adventure. His story was quite complete, but I was amused at the uncertain time he gave as date of the occurrence. He said, "Well, 'the other day' we went nutting," etc.

It is no uncommon thing for us to mail letters written a "few days ago." "Yes, I read that article quite recently."

Stories, particularly children's tales, often begin with "Not long ago," or "Once upon a time." Surely, this is not the way to be accurate in speech; and if the older ones use these loose, careless expressions, the coming generation must not be expected to do otherwise.

"Let me see, I do remember seeing him 'the other day.'"

"The other day," what does it really mean? A phrase is about the simplest combination of words that we use in sentences; but this cannot even be honored by the name "phrase" unless you imagine a preposition to be understood.

It may mean yesterday, last week, last month, or a year ago, and *is* used to designate any of these; and still we are expected to place "the other day" just as vividly in our minds as any exact date.

"The other day!" — what a common expression among our American people! and still how provokingly indefinite it is.

It is well that some persons took pains enough to record the few dates that we have; for if all

were as indefinite, — if all facts of history had happened only “the other day,” — there would be no contiguity; there would be little aim in studying history, and nothing could be accomplished.

What if Chaucer, instead of living during the fourteenth century, had lived simply “a long time ago”? There would be no opportunity for tracing the progress of our literature.

There is a proverb that says, “False in one thing, false in all things.” I think this could be applied right here; for if you find persons who are careless in regard to their manner of expression, it will most surely be found that they are careless about almost everything.

“The other day” doubtless conveys to the average mind but a vague idea.

There is a great gulf between people who are careful and painstaking in their language, and those who say almost anything, and do not care if you only about half understand their meaning.

This difference is recognized by many, and the vocabulary of the careless represents, to a great extent, their character. The examples set by the careless are of both profit and annoyance to critics. But many, many more, and I dare say a great majority of our people, do not stop to notice the mistakes; and even if these mistakes are noticed, sufficient time is not taken to correct them.

This is a world of haste; this is an age of haste; this, our country, America, is a country of haste. But in all our hurry and worry ought we not to take time to mend the stitches in the fine fabric of this beautiful language of ours?

“A stitch in time saves nine”; so if *now*, we begin to mend our way, the next age, which is in a fair way to be one of still more hurry, will be the better.

And it is improvement that we want, — improvement that makes the man.

LOCALS.

NAMES OF NEW PUPILS.

Georgianna Adams.....Roxbury, Mass.
 Agnes Aldrich.....McLean, Ill.
 Grace Allen.....Omaha, Neb.
 Alice Andreesen.....Omaha, Neb.
 Gracia Barnhart.....Chicago
 Carrie Batchelder.....Boston
 Maude Beaumont.....E. Hartford, Conn.

Helen Boss.....San Francisco
 Margaret Brodrick.....Elkhart, Ind.
 Isabel Bronson.....Ottawa, Ont.
 Alice Brooks.....Owasso, Mich.
 Eugenie Burbank.....Whitinsville, Mass.
 Mae Burr.....Lincoln, Neb.
 Mary Brotherton.....Lima, Ohio
 Claire Chamberlin.....Denver
 Josephine Chandler.....Malden, Mass.
 Dorothy Chapman.....Chicago
 Ellen Chase.....Walnut Hill, Mass.
 May Collins.....Toledo, Ohio
 Una Cole.....Chester, Ill.
 Louise Cole.....Woonsocket, R. I.
 Laura Comstock.....Ivoryton, Conn.
 Bessie Comstock.....Ivoryton, Conn.
 Jessie Connell.....Joliet, Ill.
 Anna Crocker.....Sheboygan, Wis.
 Mabelle Crocker.....Newton
 Louise Currier.....Lynn, Mass.
 Frances Davenport.....Elkhart, Ind.
 Mattie Deardorff.....Kansas City
 Carrie Dole.....Lebanon, N. H.
 Daisy Earle.....Newton
 Bessie Eaton.....Malden, Mass.
 Ella Eddy.....Bay City, Mich.
 Louise Elwood.....Joliet, Ill.
 Clara Farquhar.....Newton, Mass.
 Elizabeth Fleming.....Shelbyville, Ind.
 Maria Gage.....Lacon, Ill.
 Gertrude Gleason.....Council Bluffs
 Mary Greenfield.....Rochester, N. H.
 Mary Hanson.....Chicago
 Georgina Haskell.....Chicago
 Laura Hawes.....Delavan, Wis.
 Florence Hunsberger.....New York
 Lestra Hibberd.....Richmond, Ind.
 Alice Holmes.....S. Windham, Conn.
 Pearl Houston.....Holyoke, Mass.
 June Hoyt.....Seattle, Wash.
 Louise Hubbard.....Wheeling, W. Va.
 Lyday Hukill.....Pittsburg, Penn.
 Sarah Jacobus.....Auburndale
 Ella Jacobus.....Auburndale
 Anna Kellogg.....Chicago
 Sallie King.....Chicago
 Harriet Lewis.....Urbana, Ohio
 Bertha Lillibridge.....Minneapolis
 Grace Loud.....Everett, Mass.
 Annie Mason.....Auburn, Me.
 Helen Morris.....Auburndale.
 Harriet Noble.....Tiffin, Ohio
 Alice Noble.....Tiffin, Ohio
 Kate Norman.....St. Joseph.
 Edna Plummer.....Portland, Me.
 Lotta Proctor.....Mansfield, Mass.
 Ava Rawleigh.....Chicago
 Florence Ray.....Ottawa, Ont.
 Lucille Ray.....Champaign, Ill.

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| Jennie Rich..... | Gilead, Me. |
| Grace Robinson..... | W. Roxbury, Mass. |
| Julia Ryan..... | Davenport, Ia. |
| Mildred Sawyer | Calais, Me. |
| Almena Seagrave..... | Toledo, Ohio |
| Mary Seaman..... | Sheboygan, Wis. |
| Esther Scouller..... | North East, Pa. |
| Louise Seybolt..... | Scranton, Pa. |
| Beulah Shannon..... | Medford, Mass. |
| Gertrude Sherman..... | Wollaston, Mass. |
| Ida Short..... | North East, Pa. |
| Carrie Steel..... | Portland, Or. |
| Helen Steel..... | Portland, Or. |
| Florence Stedman..... | Needham, Mass. |
| Martha Stone | Omaha |
| Effie Symms..... | Atchison, Kan. |
| Edith Taylor..... | Haverhill, Mass. |
| Lena Thayer..... | Holyoke, Mass. |
| Sarah Townsend..... | St. Joseph |
| Lillie Tukey..... | Omaha |
| Mary Tupper..... | Stillwater, N. Y. |
| Louise Vance..... | Urbana, Ohio |
| Kathleen Walpole..... | Kansas City |
| Anna Walston..... | Decatur, Ill. |
| Eliza Warren | Fall River, Mass. |
| Josie West..... | Provincetown, Mass. |
| Ruby Whitney..... | Norwalk, Ohio |
| Mary Wiggin..... | Malden, Mass. |
| Blanche Wilcox..... | Clinton, Mass. |
| Virginia Wyckoff..... | Hightstown, N. J. |
| Florence Wyman..... | Bangor, Me. |
| N. E. States | 47 |
| Middle Atlantic | 15 |
| Southern | 4 |
| Central, east of Mississippi River | 43 |
| States west of Mississippi River | 27 |
| Ottawa, Ont. | 2 |

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DR. PELOUBET began his Bible lessons Sunday morning, Sept. 26. The old girls were glad to have the pleasure of seeing and hearing him again, and the new girls to make his acquaintance.

THE excursions to Nantasket and Newport have been taken this fall, instead of waiting until spring, as has been the custom.

WANTED. — Bass voices for the chorus classes.

IT has been decided by the Faculty, that henceforth we will have no study hours, but will “get our lessons instead.” After a few weeks’ trial, any who are found too “immature” for such an arrangement will retire to the study-hall.

THE new electric clock is connected with Cambridge, and must be be pardoned should it be a little ahead of time.

NEW GIRL IN BIBLE CLASS. — “What is Exodus, anyhow?”

MR. LEE, of the Woodland Park Hotel, kindly sent us a number of tickets, Sept. 19, to a concert complimentary to the Presidential Party and the guests of the hotel. These were given to the “old girls,” and another pleasure arranged for those who have recently come to us — a moonlight drive to Echo Bridge. Discussions as to which party spent the more enjoyable evening were heard the next morning at breakfast.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN — “The fickle mode of thinking may teach us a lesson, — What once was a disgrace is now fashion, — street-sweeping.”

WE hope the girls who have decided not to walk on certain days and make it up on Saturday will find it an agreeable arrangement to all concerned.

SOME of the new students have found out that it would be a good idea to wait until the clean sheets have been received before the soiled ones are discarded.

ALL of the students had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee, Sept. 30. They were conducted by Mr. Bragdon through the gymnasium and down to the swimming tank, but were then obliged to leave, though refreshments had been provided for them in the parlors.

A SENIOR who is not taking science as one of her electives exclaimed on being forced to brush against some palms on the front piazza, “Look out, girls! You will make me upset these ferns.”

STUDENT in nineteenth century history class, when asked what she had seen at Newport, begins “Well, of course I saw the old well,” but gets no further.

MR. YATMAN lectured, Sept. 24, on “How to love and study the Bible,” or rather on “How to study and love the Bible,” for he changed the order at Mr. Bragdon’s suggestion. Mr. Yatman was accompanied by Mrs. Cress, who sang at the beginning and close of the lecture.

MR. BRAGDON very kindly invited all of the teachers and students to hear Hugh Price Hughes lecture, at the People’s Church, Boston, Sept. 29. The account of his work as a missionary to West

London was very much enjoyed by all, as was natural, coming from the lips of so eloquent and earnest a speaker.

WANTED — "MOTIONS"!

The entire edition of Miss Call's book, "Motion," has been exhausted. I wonder if any of the girls of two or three years ago have copies of the book which they are willing to sell? If so, please send word to

C. C. B.

ENGLISH LADY. Where can I get a donkey?

GERMAN COURIER (*well versed in the English language*). If madam will cross to the other side of the bridge, she will *bekomm* one fine ass.

YOUNG ENGLISHMAN. By the way, Miss A., when you were in London did you see the stone lions wag their tails as the clock struck twelve?

INNOCENCE ABROAD. Why, no, Mr. F.; how interesting that must be! I will be sure to notice it when we go back to England.

YOUNG LADY. How do you do, Mr. Brown? I am so sorry to have kept you waiting.

MONDAY CALLER (*College Freshman*). O don't mention it, Miss Smith. You know the anticipation is often pleasanter than the realization. Prolonged silence.

THE ART OF LIVING WITH OTHERS.

"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

In these few words is the whole art fully explained, and in reading them I have sometimes added another clause, "and others will do unto you as ye would have them."

Some one has said that we see our own words and actions reflected in those of the people with whom we come in contact, and if we consider this carefully we shall find it to be true. It is seldom that one receives a frown in exchange for a smile, and, alas, just as seldom is the order reversed.

And in what does the living with others consist? Not in the great things of life, but in the little, every-day things. You will not often be called upon to save your friend's life, or to render her some service, but how often is it in your power to make one day a happy or a miserable one for her.

A smile, a few words, a kindly deed, their influence cannot be measured. And how often do we neglect these little kindnesses? I often think that when we are called to give an account of our lives here on earth, some of us will have many more sins of omission than of commission to answer for.

What excuse have we which we would give, even to ourselves? Half of this neglect is due to indolence, an unwillingness to take up these duties, for such they are; sometimes, too, we are so entirely wrapped up in ourselves that we neither notice nor care to notice whether we could be of any help to the people around us. Then again, there is so much false pride, a feeling that we do not wish to put ourselves forward, and so the word in season goes unsaid, the deed undone, and our opportunity is lost.

I wish it were in my power to picture to you a woman of my acquaintance who has this art to perfection. During her entire life she has been placed under such circumstances that one would scarcely think her influence could be widely spread, and yet no one knows how many lives that woman has influenced, and how much good she has done.

She has a noble, nay, more than that, a soulful face, a calm, peaceful brow, and a steady eye, which penetrates through to your innermost thoughts, detecting any lurking meanness. Friends and strangers come to her sorrowing and go away comforted, come despondent and return cheered. She has that ready tact, woman's greatest gift, which enables her to say the right thing at the right time, and she makes the best use of this gift. She has come from a high-spirited girlhood into a more softened and subdued, yet lovelier womanhood. Many cares and troubles she has known, her own besides those of others, but she rises above them all victorious, more eager and better prepared to help others.

And so she goes on day by day lightening the loads and smoothing the paths of those around her, the type of what a woman should be, and yet so modest, and ignorant of her own worth. Should you ask her rule for living with others she would tell you that the one she tried to follow was that rule above all others, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them"

LASELL owns a man of note;
His head's as clear as water;
His name denotes a worldly game
Which all poor souls seek after.

Botany and phil. he knows by heart;
'T is wonderful to see
How much a single man can know
About a chemistry.

Familiar science and the rest
Which we girls are so dull in,
He knows enough of them, I guess,
To crush a common skull in.

And physics, too, which makes us blue,
He seems to take delight in;
And nothing pleases him so well
As to explain electric lightin'.

The laboratory is his home,
And here he meets his classes;
First he gives a formal nod,
And then adjusts his glasses.

The girls in terror sit around
And wish he was in Tophet;
For they the lesson tried to learn,
But still they do not know it.

And each one shakes and quakes with fear,
And wonders who will be
The next whom he will call upon,
And who will get off free.

And then such lectures as he gives
Are quite enough to skeer one,
And after them the test he makes
Is always such a queer one.

The questions are so very strange
We cannot understand them;
Our answers certainly are queer
When back to him we hand them.

When first to Lasell this man came,
Right fresh from his pet college,
He was as full of bashfulness
As was his head of knowledge.

But after three years' life with girls,
And finding all their ways out,
No longer does he turn and blush,
But always has his gaze out.

But after all we do not know
How to get on without him;
For should we try, we sure would fail,
And so we will not rout him.

DEATHS.

MISS HARRIET A. EAGER, who died at Nantasket last July, was a teacher of elocution at Lasell Seminary for three years, ending in June, '82. She was a sister of one of the trustees, Mr. George F. Eager. She was a woman of decided intellectual ability, and individuality and strength of character. Her noble, generous, and lovable qualities made her many friends, who will miss her most sincerely. The circle was, perhaps, larger than usual, because she came in contact with many persons, from the position which she held. She left teaching to give her time wholly to her brother, whose business assistant she became in his frequent absences from Boston. She filled this office very ably until her late ill health compelled her to give it up. We especially sympathize with Miss Fannie F. Eager, her only sister, who is thus deprived of her constant companion.

MRS. NED BAKER, of Plattsburgh, N. Y., has lost her second daughter, who was nearly five years old. She was Rouette Bowen.

HATTIE ROBBINS REEVE, now of Syracuse, has been afflicted by the death of her baby boy.

PERSONALS.

MISS LOUISE WALSTON, who was graduated at Lasell in '85, and later at Smith College, was married at her home in Decatur, Ill., Sept. 24, to Mr. Percival Chubb, of Brooklyn, New York. Owing to some agnostic ideas held by the bride and bridegroom, the ceremony was of a strictly civil character. Few were present, and many of the usual conventionalities were omitted. Etta Stafford was one of the guests. Mr. Chubb is an Englishman, an Oxford graduate, and since being in this country has given his time to lecturing.

MISS ADA L. LANGLEY was married to Mr. Frederick H. Briggs, Aug. 12, at Christ Church, Boston. She is to be at home in October at 449 Beacon St.

MISS ELIZABETH BARNES ATWATER was married to Mr. Henry Lardner Starrett, Oct. 7, at the Church of the Redeemer, New Haven, Conn. The young couple will live at Glendale, Ohio. Lizzie left Lasell in '87.

BLANCHE CHANCE is in Europe with her family.

INVITATIONS have come to the wedding of Irene Cushman, which takes place Oct. 8, at Deadwood, South Dakota. She marries Mr. Albert D. Wilson. Irene was at Lasell in '88.

By some blunder, the marriage of the brother of Mr. Nowell, Lasell's able teacher of the violin, was omitted last year. It took place last January. Mr. George M. Nowell married Miss Anna Lee Ames.

MISS MARGARET COUTS is to marry Mr. Hillery Link Mosely, Oct. 14, 1891, at the Methodist church of her home in Weatherford, Texas. The young couple will live in Corsicana, Texas. Maggie was graduated at Lasell June, '86.

MISS SHELLON, once our valued teacher of English, made Lasell a brief call last week. She is giving herself a year of absence from work, and will study at Cornell University, taking the same course in literature that Miss Larrison took a few years ago. Miss Larrison has not returned from her summer trip in Europe. She will go back to her work in Chicago in a few weeks. Her position in the public schools of Chicago is very advantageous.

DR. HELEN PIERCE is decidedly improving in health and hopes to be out of doors next year, if the gain of strength continues.

MAUDE MATHEWS and Mary Packard were at Lasell together quite recently. But when one meets any of the Packard family one's first inquiry is for the new baby, Nellie's little daughter, born last June, the sweetest baby in the world,—Lillian Packard Draper.

Zion's Herald announces that Alice House was to sail for home Sept. 30, after an extended trip abroad. A letter from her is promised in the *Herald* of Oct. 6. She is a frequent correspondent.

MRS. STRONG, from New Hampshire, takes charge of the "Annex," into which house the larger part of the overflow of Lasell this year is put. Her daughter, Miss Beulah, is an artist. It is believed that these ladies will be an important addition to the church and society of Auburndale.

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES gave a brilliant reception the evening of Sept. 25, at Brockport. It was in honor of her niece, Florence Hawes, of Chicago, and a young friend from New York.

WE may speak in like terms of another arrival, that of Mrs. S. H. Jacobus, from Plainfield, N. J., who has taken the Eager House, on Hancock Street. She has two daughters at Lasell. She is a valuable acquisition for Auburndale.

THE *Zion's Herald* of Sept. 30 speaks of an "interesting address upon his impressions of missionary work as seen in his recent tour around the world," given by Principal C. C. Bragdon, at the First Church, Union Square, Somerville, Wednesday evening of last week.

The same *Herald* gives an account of the late Chautauquan Assembly at Fryeburg, Me., where Miss Anna Barrows conducted the classes in cooking with much success. Miss Barrows seems to be able in several directions. She is perhaps even more widely known as an author than a teacher. Lasell will welcome her cordially to its corps of instructors.

GRACE HUNTINGTON writes of a pleasant summer, flitting about among Lasell friends,—Helena Pfau and others. Grace is interested in politics just now.

NAN PEABODY was here on her way homeward. She has been in New England most of the summer, lately in Portland, Me., with Grace Fibley Pennell. Nan says she has a drawing to be at Lasell this year. She is too warm-hearted to leave her Alma Mater without regret.

GRACE HAVENS hopes to visit Lasell at no distant period, as she is coming East soon.

THE school has had a visit from Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, pastor of the American Church at Buenos Ayres, South America. He is seeking funds for his school, which seems to be doing a greatly needed mission work. It is a girls' school.

MAMIE MARSHALL CALL has an article on "Physical Culture" in a July number of the *Christian Union*. She holds the views of her sister-in-law, whose late book, by the way, gets many favorable notices from the press.

JESSIE LAW is in Lincoln, Neb. She has been teaching and learning the Ling system of gymnastics. The family have built a new house.

MAMIE COLE is said to be engaged to be married, but when she was at Lasell a few days ago she did *not* mention it to the writer.

BERTHA GREY RICHARDS is in a new home in Moreno, Cal., not very far from Los Angeles. Her husband is a fruit grower. Bertha's family are going to California to be near her. She seems very happy.

JULIA COY has been East this summer, and some one has seen Margaret Chapin lately.

MAUDIE STONE is to be in Cambridge this fall, to take the November Examinations with Dr. Sargent, with a view to teaching gymnastics. She was at Lasell in July.

LUCY ROBERTS has had pleasant summer outings. She misses the gymnasium sadly.

SUE STEARNS has been abroad nearly a year. She is now in Duluth. Mamie Hathaway and Harrie Joy, or rather Mrs. Hartwig and Mrs. Martyn, have been visiting Sue. Constance Waite Rouse lives near by, in West Superior.

ETTA KELLEY DENFIELD lives in Westboro, Mass., and has two little boys.

GUSSIE ADAMS has been teaching in Minneapolis, but her health failed and she has given up the work.

ABBIE GOODALE, writing from Duluth, where she is teaching, gives much of the information stated in the last several paragraphs. She made a recent call at Lasell, which her friends here enjoyed heartily.

STELLA ENGLEHART speaks very kindly of her school and former teachers. Both of the sisters are loved by those who knew them here, and will be welcome whenever they come back.

EVA BOND has been visiting Lucy Sampson in Denver. Lucy is with her brother. Lucy's father is United States consul at Juarez, Mexico. A Pueblo paper of last June contains an account of a grand reception given by Gen. and Mrs. Sampson at the consulate. It was the first international reception held in that city.

CARRIE BROWN'S baby is named Robert T. Cassell, Jr., and he was born Sept. 1. Congratulations for another Lasell grandchild.

MARY L. MERRILL will be at Miss Wesselhoeft's school, in Boston, this winter.

LUCY SARGEANT has been in the White Mountains for several weeks past.

SUE FRENCH is now Mrs. Brown, of Omaha.

LILLIAN E. MIRICK, who was at Lasell in '85, is living with her mother in Philadelphia, and is by occupation a trained nurse.

MR. AND MRS. BRAGDON had a delightful visit one afternoon during the summer at the charming home of Daisy Curtis, in Medfield, Mass.

INEZ BRAGG writes from her home in Charlestown that her mother is in poor health. Inez has had a pleasant summer.

WE hear that Jessie Hill lives in Sioux City and is engaged to be married. Also that Jennie Baker is to marry a young lawyer.

JANE BROWN opened a studio in Denver, which has proved successful.

LUTIE PRICE spent the summer in New York, in order to be with her father.

BLANCHE HENLIN ROBINSON has a lovely little daughter six months old.

MAY MILLER GROSS lives on 103d St., New York. She has a little boy of ten months.

THE Shiff family will return to Baltimore in October. They have been in Europe a year.

NELLIE HUGUS CALDWELL spent the summer with relatives in Pennsylvania, but has gone back to Omaha.

GEORGIE PRICKETT BURROWS writes very happily from Schroon Lake, N. Y., where she has spent the summer. Her little daughter is now nearly two years old.

LUCIE MCBRIER JARECKI writes that she is well and happy. She is about to move into a new house.

ALICE MAGOUN, of Bath, Me., is still gaining in health.

SADIE HOLLINGSWORTH seems to be very busy singing in church and giving lessons. Every first Sunday of the month it is the custom to prepare a special service, largely of song, for the benefit of the insane at the hospital at Evansville. The *Evansville Journal* of Sept. 7 gives an account of such a service, in which Miss Hollingsworth sung with great power and sweetness, taking a leading part. Her cousin, Lou Brown, is often with her.

LIZZIE MAY WHIPPLE writes amusingly of their farm in New Boston, N. H., and the stock. She

is said to entertain her friends from the other Boston and elsewhere "royally" on this farm.

SUCH pretty photos for the album of the Lasell grandchildren! — Dora Call, two and a half years, Editha Call, six months.

MARY ROBARTS and her mother are at Dansville, N. Y., the health of the mother being very miserable.

BEFORE leaving for two years' study in Berlin, Laura Brooks, of Chicago, gave a lunch party, inviting all the Lasell girls within reach, — May Rice, Myrna Lamson, the Hartwells, the Gardners, etc. Allie Gardner visited her family in Chicago before they moved to Evanston.

SOME one met Minnie Bullard on the train. She has been in poor health, but is gaining.

AMONG the "old girls" who have been at Lasell lately are Sue Richards, Mary Colson Curtis, Clemmie Butler, Minnie L. Cole, Maude Oliver (in the same red hat), Janie Edgerton, Ada Langley, Edith Dunham, Emma Civill, Hattie Emery, Cora Cogswell, Mary Noyes.

MRS. DAY, from Connecticut, made us a call at the opening of school — Sue's mother.

MRS. ANNA BAKER JEBB spends her summers only in Waukegan, Ill., in the winter she is in Buffalo, N. Y. She has two little daughters, having lost a son of four months old.

ONE of the old girls writes of the temporary absence of her mother, when she was obliged to be the housekeeper. She says she found Mrs. Lincoln's lectures a great help in this emergency.

SOME one met Mrs. Lou Barker Hardy in Boston this summer looking very well. Also a flying glimpse of Bertha Hammond on her way to Minneapolis.

LIZZIE DAVIS and her mother were at Lasell in the summer.

MRS. F. M. GORDON, who was for family reasons prevented from joining Mr. Bragdon's party to go round the world, recently met Prof. Lowe, of Los Angeles, whose wife was one of the party, and Sallie Head, in Mexico. She was interested in Lasell, and felt, as we all often do, that reminders occur in unexpected times and places. The world grows small.

MISS A. C. BLAISDELL is not in her place in the Lasell office: she is taking her Sabbatic year, out of school, with the salary continued. This is the first grant of the kind made by the school, and is well deserved by Miss Blaisdell, who has served faithfully as teacher and book-keeper more than twice seven years.

JOSIE TICHENER was with Helen Fiske at Natick for a month of the summer and the two girls came to Lasell several times.

MR. and MRS. WM. H. CAMPBELL, of Nashua, N. H., applied for their daughter Bessie at Lasell. Her coming was for good reasons deferred till next year. Late in August these three met with an accident, in driving, at a crossing of the Boston and Maine Railroad, which caused the speedy death of the mother and severe injuries to the father and daughter. Those who met Mrs. C. and daughter at Lasell in July feel especial sadness for an affliction which all must deplore.

MRS. WARREN P. DUSTIN, of Cambridgeport, was a visitor at the school recently; she was a pupil in the time of Mr. Briggs, — a good one we feel sure.

HELEN GILBERT and her family were staying in Boston a part of the summer. Helen was at Lasell, and the others were invited guests, but, to the disappointment of the Lasell people, were not able to accept.

TASSIE JOHNSON is now Mrs. Bent, and came to the Seminary with Annie Bragdon Winslow for a brief call.

BELLE MC KENZIE CRYER and two friends made a pleasant visit at the school. Mrs. Cryer was on her way to visit Emma Belcher, at Freeport, Me.

EDITH SMALL and sister have opened a milliner's establishment at Newtonville and are meeting with success. Edith was at Lasell four years ago. We admire their energy.

ALICE MAYO HICKS, of Nashua, N. H., with Miss Bartlett, of Holyoke and Miss Mathie, of Needham, came to the school together.

PROF. H. FISKE, of Evanston, Ill., was one of the August guests.

MISS WILLIAMS, a leading teacher of the high school of Fort Worth, Texas, and her pupil, Miss Smith, were introduced at Lasell by Mr. Alexander Hogg, and cordially welcomed.

By favor of Mr. Alexander Steinert, Mr. Bragdon had a view of a valuable new painting by Constant Mayer, of Munich.

PLEASANT letters from Ada Dunaway.

MISS ELLA MALLETT, formerly of Bath, Me., now Mrs. J. C. Crafts, of Newbury Street, Boston, was a pupil, we believe, in the time of Rev. Mr. Cushing.

A BELATED letter from Florence Hawes shows that she is at her home in Chicago. She writes in the kindest fashion of school and her mates. She has recently returned from Europe.

THOUGH forbidden by the Principal, the writer of these notes ventures to express pleasure in knowing that Mr. Bragdon is utilizing the experiences he gained in his tour of the world, especially what he learned of mission fields, in informal talks before church societies, Sunday schools, etc. A recent talk at Newton Centre was especially interesting and well received.

MR. HENRY ORNE RYDER, who has charge of the studio this year, has some pictures in his studio that are very interesting and successful in representing atmospheric effects, — morning and evening views and sky changes. Mr. Ryder is a patient and enthusiastic student in this line.

WE are sorry to hear that Miss Farwell is not yet well enough to open a studio in Boston, as she intended. We hear she may prefer Philadelphia to Boston.

SOME of the girls have already discovered that the new teacher of reading is "perfectly lovely."

MISS CALL will delay her coming into the school for a few weeks.

DAISY HARVEY lost her grandfather by death quite early in the summer.

BERTIE BURR is boarding with Miss Call at Newtonville, and goes daily to Boston to Miss Ireland's school. Bertie saved two ladies from drowning last summer at considerable risk to herself. One of them was unconscious for a long time, but after Bertie had drawn the woman to the land she applied the proper remedies with vigor and intelligence. Bertie acted through it all with admirable presence of mind and courage. She blesses Lasell for teaching her to swim, and thus giving her power for so great usefulness.

MRS. BRAGDON met Annie King in Boston. Annie is from Nashua, and a friend of the unfortunate Campbell family, of whose accident the story is told in these items.

BELLE MAY, now Mrs. Cady, spent last winter in Boston, and ought certainly to have shown herself at Lasell long ago.

EXCHANGES.

IT brightens the spirits of the Exchange Editors to see the familiar papers coming in once more, and although some of them are wearing new gowns still the interest of their pages never changes.

THE *Ward* may be published for the pleasure of its own college, as its editors state; nevertheless, it is very amusing to outsiders also.

DINGLE HENDRICKSON, the hero of "Stolen," in the *Dartmouth Literary*, must certainly have thought there was nothing so true as the fact that "the course of true love never runs smooth," when he eloped with his would n't-be father-in-law instead of the girl of his choice, and then cut off all communication with the outside world before he found out his mistake. But if he had lived in this part of the world instead of that far-away Esquimaux land he would have had one blessing, for he would have needed no fire all winter to keep himself warm: his mistake would have made him hot enough to keep him perfectly comfortable.

In the same paper The Doctor's Story is very well told.

WE have been since 1851, and we are glad to see that our friends learn so quickly to spell our name. We are no longer addressed as "La Sell" and "La Salle Levee," as in past days, but simple LASELL LEAVES. Only two exchanges came this month with our name wrongly spelled. Persevere, for orthography is a good thing.

HOW JOVE WON JUNO.

"FAIR 'ox-eyed' Juno, be my wife,"

Says Jove in mystic story;

"We 'll live a happy and godly life,"

On Elysian heights of glory!"

"Ah, Jove, you 're jovial," laughed she;

"But why for me be crazy?"

"Because you 're the flower of heaven," cried he, —

"You 're a little ox-eyed daisy!" *Brunonian.*

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

HAVE you all noticed and read our splendid collection of advertisements? If you have not, you will find it worth while to do so, for these firms are just the ones whom you will like to patronize.

WHY are we here? Is it because our parents or guardians wished it and we had a care to please them, or because that we were sent? If this is true, then we are not here of our own accord because we desired the opportunities afforded by the place. But we hope and know that this is not the fact in a great many cases, and are glad that we can make this statement. It seems strange that many girls of to-day get tired of going to school when they reach the mature age of seventeen or even sixteen years; it is something which every girl does, and is a matter of course, therefore she does it. When she gets into the first class of the High, other interests come up, and she begins to tire of the drudgery which must necessarily lie at the foundation of a good education, and thinks it about time that she "left" school, or if her parents desire her still to continue study, it can just as well be done at home, and only one or two branches are taken up, always the ones that come naturally to the pupil and perhaps the least needful. Or, she is sent away to school. It sounds well, and as though she were gaining a great stock of knowledge, but she follows the same course there, and always wishes the time away till she can be out of it all and "having a good time."

Probably a great many of the girls who go away are of this kind, and they are in full possession of the great opportunities so many are hungering for, yet they make little use of them. If these girls would only realize what they have

in comparison with the advantages of times gone by, it seems as though they would be constrained to make more of them. How much greater happiness they might have if their minds were fitted for the highest enjoyments and treasures this world and age have to offer. The getting of the one day's recitation does not count if it is learned only for that particular day and that particular recitation. How often we have been told this by our teachers, with their wide experience, yet we are only just coming to realize it. The day's recitation is well enough, it fixes facts and brings out the thoughts of other minds, but the knowledge gained that day is the seed from which the perfect and symmetrical education is to grow. And every little thing learned, if made to bear upon what we read and study, cannot help enlarging and brightening our faculties, and thus making them fit for the larger questions which may engage them.

Then, girls, let us have a pride in keeping on with school life, no matter if our companions do tell us it is time we were through; at least, we can go as long as our friends of the other sex, and what boy, if he intends making anything of his talents, leaves off developing them at the age when girls leave school? And let us think on what we learn, make it of service in the next and every succeeding lesson, and broaden our minds, making them ready to cope with the greater lessons of life.

ON entering upon a new school year, the first idea is to broaden the mind and develop the intellect as much as possible; but we must not forget that the development of a strong and healthy body forms just as important a part of our education.

Among the Greeks, the youth from his earliest years was carefully trained in all athletic sports; for in their ideal the perfect mind could be clothed only in a perfect body. The mind is necessarily affected by the condition of the body, and no matter how strong a person's mind may be it never can work so well in a feeble as in a strong and healthy body.

It is now getting too late for tennis and long walks in the open air, but we are more fortunate than many of our neighbors in having a large and

well-equipped gymnasium to help in our physical advancement.

It has the reputation of being one of the best gymnasiums in the country; and the work is carried on in such a systematic manner that it cannot fail to be beneficial to every girl in the school. We know from former experience that many crooked backs and shoulders and narrow chests have been greatly helped by our work, and we hope that just as much, if not more, will be done this year as has been done in former years.

The weather will be cold and stormy a greater part of the time to come, and we shall have to depend almost entirely upon our gymnasium work for our daily exercise, and this is where we have greatly the advantage over many who have no gymnasium to fall back upon.

Many of us think we have no time for gymnasium work, but time spent in good, healthy exercise is time gained in the end.

We know that every girl has come here with the determination to make as much advancement in her studies as she can, and we hope that every girl is just as determined to make the greatest possible improvement in physical culture.

WE are not usually interested in Politics, but when we are allowed to vote, even when we know that our votes will not count, it awakens our interest and we are more anxious to read the papers that we may acquaint ourselves with the issues involved in the campaign.

While we are here we are not so situated that we can talk it over with our fathers and find out just what they believe and what are their opinions concerning the merits of the different men; and some of us do not even know to what party our fathers belong, so our opinions are perfectly unbiassed.

We are sorry that the Prohibition Candidate did not receive more votes, but we think that some of the girls needlessly wasted their votes; and one was heard to remark that she would have voted "Prohibition" if she had only known who was the candidate. We are afraid that she is one of the few who do not read the papers carefully. As it is, every one of us ought to be pleased; for the Democrats have the satisfaction of knowing that

their candidate has been elected governor of Massachusetts, and still it must be very consoling to the Republicans to think that Allen was elected by the school.

"THE RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST."

THE subject of this picture was chosen by the artist Konstantine Makoffsky because of its national character. His object was to immortalize himself, as others of his profession have done, by painting a picture representing some phase of the nation's history, and presenting the work to his sovereign. This he did, but afterward, when Russia was in imminent danger of war with other powers and the royal treasury somewhat depleted, the czar sold the painting and it was conveyed by the purchaser beyond the borders of the Russian realm.

The picture represents a scene in a Boyar family of the seventeenth century. According to the time-honored customs, the betrothals were made by the parents while their children were still very young. The daughters lived in strict retirement, not going into society at all, and associating only with their parents and immediate relations. Upon the approach of the eventful day, that of her wedding, the bride received a guardian, usually an elderly relative, who acted as lady of ceremony. It was her duty to advise the young bride, and to attend to the proper observance of all the customary ceremonies.

Many of them, as well as the religious rites conducted according to the forms of the Greek church, were of a very peculiar character. After the nuptials had taken place, festivities were continued for days at the homes of different relatives and friends. Altogether, a Russian wedding was, as it is to this day, a very trying ordeal for all concerned, and general rejoicing prevailed when the round of dissipation was over. The particular "Wedding Feast" represented in the painting is supposed to be in the house of the bride's father. The bride and groom have just entered the banquet hall and stand at the head of the table. For the first time he sees her unveiled, and he gazes into her beautiful downcast face with love and admiration. The assembled company greet them, and the men fill their great

silver cups to drink to their health and happiness when the young husband shall have saluted his lovely wife in the customary way. The bride, timid, and conscious that she is the cynosure of all eyes, is hesitating. Her guardian urges her on with kindly words, pleading in favor of the old custom.

At the right of the bride sits a little child with golden hair, her blue eyes gazing in wonder at the proceedings. But the most interesting face, except those of the high contracting parties, is that of the dark-eyed girl with a high white head-dress. All the faces about her bespeak joy and happiness; hers only shows traces of discontent, as her dark eyes glow with jealousy. Her face is in striking and beautiful contrast to that of the fair and blushing bride. Upon the opposite side of the festal board and in the foreground, sit the men, their faces turned toward the newly-wedded couple, ready to clink their cups and drink to their health. High above all, looms the dish of honor, the wonderful goose, with head and feathers on, bedecked with ribbons, and borne by the servant, high over the heads of the guests. The figures in the painting are all life-size, and the effect of their features, positions, and costumes is wonderfully realistic.

Their dress is in the gorgeous style of that period, being of richest brocades and sparkling with jewels. The colors are brought out all the more vividly, on the back-ground of sombre wall. The great apartment with its vaulted ceiling is lighted only by the deep, stained windows, and censer-like silver lamps, shedding a soft radiance from above. The lights and shadows all combine to bring the objects into bolder relief, so that one, upon first looking at the painting, might easily mistake it for a magnificent tableau.

The highest prize, the "Medal of Honor," was awarded to this picture in the International Exhibition in 1885 at Antwerp, where it was purchased by its present owner, C. W. Schumann, of New York.

I.

WHAT if from morning unto night
Thou could'st enjoy thy heart's delight;
At thy death what would it be?
All things are but vanity.

II.

And if in feasts, in songs and plays
Thou wert allowed to spend thy days;
At thy death what would it be?
All things are but vanity.

III.

And if thy life here on this earth
Were laughter, only joy and mirth;
At thy death what would it be?
All things are but vanity.

From the Italian of St. Philip Neri.

 THE WATER CURE.

"I SAY, Billy, just look there once! There's a fellow fast asleep on the other side of that fence." Billy turned so suddenly that the fat huckleberries jumped in the pail. "That's a fact," he said, and then a whispered consultation followed. Had the sleeper known what plans were concocting in the two little brown heads among the berry bushes his dreams would not have been so peaceful, but the twinkling eyes and suppressed chuckles passed all unnoticed. After a minute or two the contents of the two half-filled pails were deposited in a little heap on the grass and two pairs of bare brown feet stole away through the underbrush as quietly as possible.

As soon as the woods were passed they quickened their pace to a run, until the tough little soles seemed fairly to bound from the earth. It was perhaps a quarter of a mile to the nearest farm house, where they stopped at last. There was no time to go around to the gate, so they scrambled over the fence into the back yard, where the old well stood with its bucket and windlass for drawing the icy water from below. Tommy and Billy were not the boys to stand on ceremony. They did not go to the kitchen door to ask Mrs. Smith "if they might please have a drink," but without a moment's hesitation let down the rope, filled the pail, drew it up again, and, almost before one could say "Jack Robinson," were away again splashing their ankles in their haste. It took them longer to return than it had to come, for they must be careful not to waste any more than need be of that precious water. "Do you suppose he'll be waked up?" said Billy. "I guess not," was Tommy's reply; "I saw a bottle in the grass and it looked 'most empty." And sure

enough, when they came where the road was visible through the trees there lay the victim looking as if he had not moved a muscle. "S't" said Tommy as a branch crackled beneath their feet, but a clap of thunder would not have awakened the slumberer. Softly the two urchins crept to the fence. "Give me your pail till you climb up," whispered Billy, so while he held the two pails Tommy scrambled to his place, the supple feet clinging to the fence rails like a bird's claws to a twig. "Here now, Billy." Up went the pails, and in a minute more Billy himself was perched beside his friend. Then they paused to look at the man. He was a large, well-built fellow, but his face was red and bloated with drink. His battered hat had fallen from his head, disclosing a mass of tangled hair. The cowhide boots were worn and dusty, and one lone suspender supported the blue-jean trousers. The bottle which Tommy had noticed lay near his hand as if his grasp upon it had been relaxed in sleep. The face was averted, and the woollen shirt was opened at the neck, exposing the owner's naked chest.

"Wait till I say three," breathed Tommy, as the pails were poised in the air; "right on that bare spot; now, one, two, *three!*" and with a wild whoop the chilling water was dashed on the bosom, neck, and head of the unsuspecting dreamer. With a frantic gasp he started to his feet and stared wildly about him, but all in vain, for the boys had dropped behind the fence and were lying perfectly still in the long grass. Suddenly they started up with another terrific yell. Poor Pat had no doubt now that the goblins were after him, and he fled. Faster and faster he ran, never casting a glance behind him until the boys stopped breathless, and a turn of the road took him out of sight.

The hat and bottle were carried home as trophies of victory; and even now, since the boys have become men, they laugh together sometimes over their escapade, and wonder if that Irishman ever came back to the village.

 ATHENS (Continued).

A SAMPLE of railroad fares may be of interest. From the Piraeus to Athens is a half-hour's ride. Cost, there and back, first-class, thirty cents,

second-class twenty-three cents, third class seven-teen cents. The service is good. Cars about the same as in Germany. The peasants are cutting the beautiful green grain with sickles. It is April 30th. The fields are all irrigated. The water is full of lime and tastes slimy. The electric light is common. The red poppies of Palestine are here again, making the fields brilliant, and dotting even the old ruins of the Acropolis with bright spots of color.

The oldest shoulder-cape in the world is on a statue of Minerva in the Museum.

On the first of May, the Greek Good Friday, the bells never cease ringing; when one ringer stops another begins. Most of the ringing seems to be done by small boys who take hold and pull at random, but with vigor. Every place of public resort is closed, but the people seem to be intent on a good time. The solemn Good Friday of the Romish Church is not here. As we drive to Eleusis, the home of the Eleusinian mysteries, the road is crowded with sheep going home from market. The road and air are thick with dust. No sheep has yet been sheared, though it is hot. Every family has its roast lamb — sometimes a lamb of a good many springs — on this festival. They thrust a pole lengthwise through the carcass and roast it slowly over a wood fire in the yard or street, as is convenient. The air is full of the fragrance. The shepherd's crook is of a different shape from that of Palestine, something like a long hammer-head on a stick. The only native costume (for men) is long stockings reaching above the knee, short white skirts of cotton heavily starched and plaited so as to stand out at a forty-five degrees angle, a short colored jacket, and a tasseled cap.

At Eleusis I enter a very modern church where many women (not one man besides the priest) stand listening to a long sermon, then crowd to be anointed on cheek and forehead with a brush dipped in holy water. On the floor sit two youngsters, the older trying with great patience to teach the younger to make the sign of the cross. He tempts the baby with a colored candle, which he holds almost to the hand of the chubby-face who tries to grasp it, when it is cunningly withdrawn and a sign made for the baby to imitate. Sometimes he seems to grasp — not

the candle — but the idea, and puts his fat little hand to his forehead, when the older laughs in glee and tries him again. No word, no scolding, but patient repetition as the two sit on the cool cement floor and play church. The men are in the drink-shop across the way sipping *raki*, or Greek brandy. They leave the religion to the women. We ask their names of a crowd of children in the street and are told Epaminondas, Anastasius, Georgias, Athena, Maria, Demetrius, Christus, Leonidas, etc. History repeats itself.

The nearest thing to a sandal in all our trip was on a boy here. No sandals in Palestine any more.

It seemed a profanation of Homer's tongue to hear a man crying, "Old shoes to sell," "Umbrellas to mend," in Greek.

Banks take a week's holiday at this time. No money or letters from Thursday to Thursday again.

On Saturday we excursed to Kephisia, where is a summer residence of the King, and quite an aristocratic suburb. This king seems to be liked, but hardly trusted. Kephisia is full of reminders of the past, tablets, tombstones, fountains, etc. The platia (public square) was as quiet as if it were Sunday in Boston (not Chicago or Cincinnati). We tried our Greek here and came to grief. . . .

IT IS WRITTEN.

(From the German.)

His pale and bloodless face, his searching eyes
He turns in question to the Crucified;
His finger pointing to the book where lies
The story of thy life, O Christ, who died!
God's word is man's one hope, his only guide;
Thus it is written.

Ah, woe to him who knows that form of thine,
But sees no heavenly light around it glow,
Who takes not word for word the book divine!
Away, to where the flames wait, let him go,
The winds of heaven his dust abroad shall blow!
Thus it is written.

A voice speaks from the cross, O fool and blind!
Thou hast but known me as the Pharisee;
The letter kills, the spirit all mankind
Shall give new life, as Paul is teaching thee.
Love thou thy brother, so shalt thou serve me.
Thus it is written.

Hans Frisch.

STATE AND INDIVIDUAL.

ORATION OF M. KAMEYAMA,

Student of the Anglo-Japanese College, who holds the Lasell scholarship for year 1890-91.

BEFORE entering upon this subject, let us turn our minds towards an ideal conception. Suppose a beautiful country, powerful in strength, fertile in resources and moderate in climate, in which a splendid form of government is established and public authority is respected, yet the people who enjoy this good form of government lack self-culture. The best form of government is the one which every nation would wish to live under; and fertile land and moderate climate are the best elements to produce civilization. But though these exist, if the people lack self-culture, are indulgent, stupid, and ignorant, what will be the consequence? The best polity will be nothing but a lifeless combination, and the precious natural gifts wasted.

"The worth of a state, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it." But we put too much faith in systems and look too little to men. This is a great mistake. The spirit of self-culture is the root of all genuine growth in the individual and is exhibited in the lives of many. It constitutes the true source of national vigor. The culture from without is often enfeebling in its effects, but culture from within invariably invigorates. Whatever has been done for men as classes, to a certain extent, takes away the stimulus and necessity of doing for themselves; and where men are subjected to over-guidance and over-government, the inevitable result is to render them comparatively weak. Even the best institutions can give a man no active culture. Perhaps the most they can do is to leave him free to develop himself and to improve his individual condition. But in all times men have been accustomed to believe that their happiness and well-being were to be secured by means of institutions, rather than by their own culture. To constitute the millionth part of a legislation by voting for one or two, once in three or five years, however conscientiously this duty may be performed, can exercise but little active influence upon any man's life and character. Moreover, it is every day becoming more clearly understood that the function of government is negative and restrictive rather than positive and active; being resolvable principally into protection—

protection of life, liberty, and property. Laws wisely administered will secure men in the enjoyment of the fruits of their labor, whether of mind or body, at a comparatively small personal sacrifice; but no laws however stringent can make the idle industrious, the thriftless provident, or the drunken sober. Such reforms can only be effected by means of self-culture and self-control; by better habits rather than by greater rights.

The government of a nation is usually found to be but the reflex of the individuals composing it. The government that is ahead of the people will inevitably be dragged down to their level, as the government that is behind them will in the long run be drawn up. Noble people will be nobly ruled; ignorant and corrupt people ignorantly ruled. Indeed, all experience serves to prove that the worth and strength of a state depend far less upon the form of its institutions than upon the character of its men. For the nation is only an aggregate of individuals, and civilization itself is but a question of the personal improvement of the men, women, and children of whom society is composed.

When we read modern history we find a famous illustration of this principle. About the eighteenth century was the highest aggrandizement of the French nation. It was their golden age. Their literature, art, and social customs shone forth at their brightest, and they established a democratic form of government with great hopes for the future. But what was the result? Ah! sad to say, only bloodshed and revolution. The patriotic spirit of Lafayette and the vigorous will of Necker had no power against this evil current. A great cause underlies this terrible effect. While the French nation had eagerly desired good fruits from this form of government, they lacked the character indispensable to the production of these fruits. The secret of the high aggrandizement is largely due to this principle. In early times, the British nation was of the Teutonic race who had developed self-culture—this was their characteristic—and had founded a constitutional government, and public authority rested upon the rock of self-culture. So, none wonder because of the glory of the British nation. Contrary to this the French nation lacked that character upon which their government should stand firm. Doubtless,

national aggrandizement is not to be hoped for, unless political idea and the character of the people develop together in the same degree.

Our countrymen have been seeking after political reformation ever since they begun intercourse with enlightened nations. The constitutional government which the civilized world has purchased with many lives and terrible bloodshed, this country has obtained during only a few years without so much sacrifice; the parliament building stands proudly piercing the blue sky; the various political parties seek to enlarge their influence. The powerful current of political ideas has swept the whole nation. But look aside; in what stage does the character of our nation stand? Has it really felt the necessity of universal equality? Has it developed its own national spirit? There may be some of the nation who have; but go to country places away from the capital, and ask what are constitutional government and liberty? Their answers would be silence! If the people, the fundamental elements of the nation, are in such a state, what will be the future condition of our country? Shall we repeat the terrible French revolution, or shall we follow the steps of Poland? Great responsibilities and tasks rest upon each one of us. Be brave, never despair; be thoughtful, never run to heedlessness. This year is indeed one of trial for our nation. The failure of this year, nay the failure of this month, is national disgrace forever. In the word of that famous American orator, "to us, rulers look and learn justice while they tremble; to us the nations look and learn to hope while we rejoice. Our heritage is all the love and heroism of liberty in the past, and all the great of former centuries are our teachers."

Our faith is in God and the right, and God himself is, we believe, our guide and leader. Though darkness sometimes shadows our national sky, though confusion comes from error and success breeds corruption, yet will the storm pass in God's good time, and in a clearer sky and a purer atmosphere our national life grows stronger and nobler, sanctified more and more, consecrated to God and liberty by the martyrs who fall in the strife for the just and the true.

And so, with our individual hearts strong in love for our principles, strong in faith in our God, shall

the nation leave to coming generations a heritage of freedom, and law, and religion, and truth, more glorious than the world has known before; and the flag of Japan be planted first and highest on heights as yet unknown in the great march of nationality.

WHICH WAS BEST?

SHE was thoughtful, grave, and tender, with just a wee tinge of curiosity in the gentle face. She had not seen much of life, had lived secluded, with a very limited experience. Life seemed to her earnest, but the tide left no mark to show where it had been. But the longest road has its turning-point, and *one* rounded, there appears another and another.

* * * * *

A maiden strolled one day in her garden, a maiden tall and fair; so fair indeed was she that the flowers raised their heads to look at her, the birds nearly burst their tiny throats trying to express their songs to her; only the sunbeams frowned, and they because they felt themselves to be eclipsed by the strands of her golden hair. Up and down the garden paths she paced, the very picture of impatience. The soft color came and fled again in her cheeks, her slender fingers she twined and untwined before her, the great blue eyes glanced nervously, now here, now there, her head poised in an attitude of expectancy.

At length, pausing in her hurried walk, she stooped, and plucked from a little grass-plot a deep-hearted, purple pansy, and gazed steadily into its mysterious depths. Grave, thoughtful, and tender looked the pansy, with just a wee tinge of curiosity in the startled face. She felt the gentle pressure of the young girl's fingers, the earnestness of her gaze, and the even tenor of her young life was broken, and she dropped her head. With a gentle sigh the maiden tucked the flower in her belt, but the pansy heard her say, "That's for thoughts," and wondered.

* * * * *

"All is dark. How changed is the world," thought the pansy from her place. "How long ago it seems since I bloomed alone by the garden! Where is the beautiful maid? But what a rush of light!"

The little flower raised her head and looked

into the face of a young man. He gently drew her from his pocket-book, where life had seemed so dark. Then he, too, studied her lovely face, pressed her fondly to his lips with a quick little motion, and murmured in his turn, "Yes, you are for thoughts indeed. Fade if you must, my flower, but die near my heart, and there remain forever, as thoughts 'tween my darling and me."

How the pansy's heart swelled with pride at the thought of her mission, and how contented she was when confined again in her dark resting-place! The maiden's words were explained. Her life, to be sure, had been very short, but O, how sweet!

CORRECTION.

In my little description in October number of my July trip West, the types made me say "Hattie Lothrop," and "May Libby" and "there," when my writing looks to me very much like "Lathrop," "Nettie Libbey" and "their." The types do us so much good that we must forgive them if they, now and then, like the rest of us, make a slip.

C. C. B.

A HAPPY INTERVENTION.

SITTING idly 'neath a tree,
With paper and pen and ink,
Was a fair young maid of fifteen and three,
Content not to write but to think.

All unconscious of the act,
A scrap of paper she tore,
And in haste was penned in letters quite black
Two names oft writ before.

In the school-days, long since passed,
She crossed them just for fun;
'T was the same reply as it was the last, —
"Love," "court," 't would always come.

But she did no longer dream,
A hot blushing face she hid;
To her room then hied, with fear to be seen,
Till she of a truth should be rid.

On the grass the paper lay;
Her carrier-pigeon came,
And, as every pigeon does to this day,
The note took to John's very "hame."

LATER.

Tall John, Sweet Bess,
All alone In recess.

Piece of paper,
She: "Why — where — how!"
He: "Confess now —"
And — the rest!

SIMPLICITY.

IN these late independent times of America not nearly so much attention is paid to good manners as in the European countries. American girls abroad are considered very bold and forward, for the English are very particular about what is proper, and the Germans are even more reticent than the English. A certain old lady who was brought up in the old school, and taught that children were to be seen and not heard, was known to remark that there weren't any simple little girls any more, they were all grown-up people.

Loud talking is certainly unnecessary in any place, but so much more on the street or in any public place. If girls are known to come from a certain school, and act loud and undignified while on the train or elsewhere, it immediately spoils the reputation of the school. And it is just the same in the school as well as out; if she has a loud, flashy manner at first, even if she does improve, the reputation seems to cling, and she is never admired so much by the teachers or has as many friends in the school as the quiet, unobtrusive girl. A quiet and simple but cordial manner will usually gain the warmest and most lasting friendships. It is said "manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world"; and if this is true, then poor manners must be for the uneducated, and none of us want to have any one think that of us, for in these days of many colleges and seminaries to be uneducated is a great crime.

It is much better to observe simplicity in dress as well as in manners. Leave the many diamonds and flashy clothing for those who know no better.

It is every girl's right to make herself look as well as possible, but it is not necessary to have as many gowns as Queen Elizabeth is said to have had and to have a great variety of jewelry.

A gentleman of my acquaintance says he never knows what a lady has on unless she is dressed in poor taste, but if she is well dressed he only thinks that she looks well.

LOCALS.

OH, why do they tell us on Monday morn
We must banish the sweeping skit,
For it took little time to clean our rooms
When we'd that to take up the dirt.

ANOTHER innovation. The chapel exercises in the evening will come directly after dinner, instead of a quarter past seven, recreation hour lasting from that time until half-past seven.

THE annual trip to Concord was taken Thursday, October 15. It had been postponed several weeks on account of stormy or cold weather, so advantage was taken of the first warm day. Though the morning was threatening, and it rained heavily in Boston as well as in Auburndale before noon, it did not reach the excursionists; and they returned well pleased, with this, the most enjoyable of all the excursions.

WHY is Na H C L O_3 like an intoxicated sailor? Because it is an unstable salt.

MR. ROLFE spoke to us of Tennyson in the time usually devoted to the study of Shakespeare, October 21. Not only the members of the Shakespeare Class, but all of the students and any of their friends who might care to come, were invited, and many availed themselves of the invitation. Mr. Rolfe said that he was not prepared for a lecture, but would tell us something about his visit to Tennyson this summer, at his home near Hazelmere. His talk was greatly enjoyed, and we may thank him for a clearer insight into that poet's home than we had had heretofore.

WHY did the young ladies who formed one of the late shopping expeditions, return so sad? Because of their Rich's leaving them, at the Boston & Albany station.

THERE has been a change made in the Christmas vacation, which is very satisfactory to the students, and no doubt to the teachers also. School will close after the cooking lecture, Monday, December 21, instead of December 23, thus allowing some of the students to go home, who would not have had time according to the first arrangement.

WE miss the familiar faces of the Brown's, Jones', and Smith's. Not a representative this year.

THE annual Harvest Festival and Hallowe'en were celebrated together this year. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated as usual, and the girls spent a very pleasant evening there. A

little after nine, we went to the dining-room, where the customary Hallowe'en refreshments, doughnuts and milk, were served. It is through the kindness of Mr. Shepherd, that we have this celebration, and many thanks are due to him.

ELECTION RETURNS,

LASELLIA CLUB.

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| President | Miss Burrill. |
| Vice-President | Miss Ryan. |
| Secretary | Miss Sherman. |
| Treasurer | Miss Rawleigh. |
| Critic | Miss Barnhart. |
| Executive Committee . | Misses Falley, Short, and Scouller. |
| Guard | Miss Hanson. |
| Assistant Guard | Miss Holmes. |

S. D. SOCIETY.

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| President | Miss Wolfe. |
| Vice-President | Miss Vance. |
| Secretary | Miss Bragdon. |
| Treasurer | Miss Hogg. |
| Critic | Miss Hamilton. |
| Usher | Miss Medsker. |
| Executive Committee, | Misses Tukey, McDonald, and Seaman. |

LASELL is shorn of all prophetic glory, as returns for governor ran, Allen, 87; Russell, 34.

WE wish now that all of the students had attended Mr. Stockton's lecture on the Argentine Republic, given at the Congregational church, Auburndale, November 8, as it was greatly enjoyed by those who heard it.

OUR colored preachers are well known for their earnestness of manner as well as for the very unexpected interpretations they sometimes give to passages of Scripture. One of them had labored for a long time with the female portion of his flock. Their fondness for personal adornment, and especially for false hair, seemed to him the great unpardonable sin, for which there could be no pardon. At last he preached a stirring sermon on the subject, taking for his text a clause of the seventeenth verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, — "top not come down."

AN Englishman asked an American if there were any gentry in this country. "Gentry"! was the reply, "what do you mean by gentry?" "Why they're the men who don't work, don't you know." "Ah, yes," said the other, "I understand; we have them, but we call them tramps."

INTERESTED ART STUDENT: Oh you see such lovely things at the Art Museum! Last time I was there I stood and gazed at those wonderful Gates of Gibraltar for the longest time.

ADMIRING SPECIAL: Gates of what?

INTERESTED ART STUDENT: Why, of Gibraltar, the bronze Gates of Gibraltar, in the Baptistery at Florence, you know, only those at the Museum are but a copy.

ADMIRING SPECIAL: Oh! (Wonders whether Ghiberti is not the artist meant, after all.)

THE RISE OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

The dawning of English dramatic literature can be traced almost to the time of the Norman Conquest, for in the twelfth century short plays were performed called Miracle Plays, representing Bible characters and saints.

They were at first produced in churches, and were mostly written by monks and priests, but later they were brought forth in church-yards and in the squares of the several towns, and later still they were acted upon immense platforms which were drawn about the city.

To us the idea of taking the part of Christ, of the apostles or saints, seems almost a sacrilege, but the people of those days considered it no impropriety. The Devil always played a prominent part, and the humorous character was called Vice.

The acting compared with the acting of the nineteenth century seems crude and vulgar, and indeed it was, for the harder a blow, the more profane the language, the better suited were the people. Although these plays were of the rudest type, yet by the popes they were deemed necessary for general education, and in many cases a pardon of a thousand days was granted to all persons who might go peacefully to the play at Chester.

From the Miracle Play grew what was termed the Morality Play, which became popular during the fourteenth century. Instead of representing the characters of the Bible to bring forth the moral, these plays were written in the form of an allegory in which the virtues and vices were the characters. At last virtues and vices reached such a high standard that English names were

used in their stead, and with the decay of the instructive play, humorous plays were substituted.

So from this grew the first tragedy and the first comedy.

The first tragedy was written for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1562.

The first English comedy was written by Nicholas Udall and called "Ralph Royster Doyster." It was lively and humorous, and pictured the people of the sixteenth century and their customs. The next comedy was "Gammer Gurton's Needle," in which the loss of a needle takes up nearly the whole play comprising five acts. A needle in those times was considered a valuable possession; yet, it was only about forty years after this production of "Gammer Gurton's Needle" that Shakespeare brings before the public the beautiful plays of "As You Like It" and "Much Ado about Nothing."

The influence of Shakespeare upon the history of our language has been powerful and lasting, and to him we owe our first plays. Shakespeare wrote nearly three centuries ago, yet while he made the language of Chaucer obsolete, his own has stubbornly withstood the assault of time.

With Shakespeare and Ben Jonson the English drama began to wane, and its extinction was hastened by the breaking out of the Civil War in 1642. Soon after this date all theatres were closed, so that from that time until the Restoration all theatrical performances were illegal.

MARRIED.

MISS LEAH COUTS marries Nov. 11, and before this paper is printed will probably be Mrs. William P. Anderson. The wedding will be in church, at her home, Weatherford, Texas. Leah came to Lasell in '84 and was graduated in '89, being away a part of that time.

MISS ARRIA EMOGENE FLINT was married to Mr. William Emerson Fay, Oct. 21, at Roxbury, Mass. She was at Lasell in '83 and '84.

MISS LAURA EMERSON PEW married Mr. David Allen Somes, Thursday, Oct. 20, at Gloucester, Mass. Laura was at Lasell from '87 to '89.

MISS ANNE ELIZABETH CRAWFORD married Mr. James M. Hawxhurst, Oct. 20, at Cincinnati. She is to live in Chicago. She was here last year.

MISS LUCILE WYARD married Mr. Arthur A. Newbery, Oct. 21, at Washington, D. C. Lucile was at Lasell from '87 to '89.

MISS CHARLENA TIDD married Mr. Newton Webber Lamson, Oct. 14, at her home in Stoneham, Mass., where she will continue to live. She was at Lasell in '85 and '86.

IN Lincoln, Nebraska, Nov. 4, '91, Miss Lillie Estella Hathaway married Mr. Robert D. Muir. Lillie was with us last year only.

MISS SARA BELLE HARVEY will marry Mr. Chas. W. McChesney, Nov. 18, '91, at her home in Chicago. She was a graduate of last year, and many Lasell people had the pleasure of meeting Mr. McChesney in his visits to her. The young couple will make their home at Flatbush, Long Island.

PERSONALS.

LUCY CURTIS writes of improved health and happiness.

NELLIE TAFT is doing much private study with her uncle at Munson, Mass. She follows a carefully laid out routine, exercises much, enjoys country life, and, in short, is well and happy.

NELLIE DAVIS met Luella Dadman of '74 on the cars in June.

MAE FOWLER, Sallie Head, Harriett Emery, and Emma Civill were a group of Lasell girls who spent some time together the past summer. It was their first meeting all together since leaving school, and a jolly one. Harriett and Emma mean to study short-hand in Boston this winter. Emma met Louise L. Huray in New York, on the top of *The World* building. The Civill family are at the Ecumenical Council in Washington.

WE hear with regret that Alice May Klein, who was with us last year, lost a brother in the summer.

ONE of the Lasell people was at Mrs. Atwood's (Miss Jennie West), in Portland, in August, and met there Mrs. Jennie Raymond Geyer and her lovely little boy. Mr. Geyer has bought a beautiful house in the pleasantest part of Brooklyn, near Prospect Park. Jennie invites her friends to her new home most cordially.

LIZZIE DAVIS and her mother have gone to Germany to spend the winter. Sailed Nov. 7. Their address is, Care Gebrüder Bethmann, 13 Buchgasse, Frankfort a. / Main, where she will be glad to hear from her old mates.

SUE BROWN renews her subscription for the LEAVES, and reports that Ida and Madeleine Colburn have just arrived from Paris. Their father has bought a home in Philadelphia where they will live.

SUE FLATHER is expecting a visit from Lucy Dudley and Inez Bragg.

EMILY ROWE writes from her Evanston home of a Lasell club, which at present is in rather an embryonic state. The two sisters, Maud Snyder, May Rice, Dora Jackson, Myrna Lamson, Florence Hawes, and May Towle are of the club. The girls seem to be studying literature, art, and music, especially the latter.

MISS FARWELL gave Lasell a flying call in October, she goes to live in Philadelphia.

AT last hearing, Helen Thresher was not decided as to teaching this year or not.

MARIE SHELLABARGER wrote in the summer of being "homesick for Lasell." Yet after all she found it very charming to be living at home.

LILLIE EDDY was at home when last heard from in summer weather.

BESSIE MERRIAM has described her late trip to Alaska in the same bright, readable manner which she used for her European journey. The little pamphlet is bound in the same pretty style and is a great credit to her in every way.

MRS. WARD and Minnie have come back to their home in Brookline, Longwood, Kent Square and street.

EDITH DUNHAM made a recent call at Lasell.

MISS LE HURAY writes of Miss Larrison's return from Europe and visit to her before going to teach again in Chicago.

MAMIE WOOD has just returned from Europe. She met Gertrude White at Loch Katrine. She begs Lulie Hogg to visit her at New Orleans when the latter returns to Texas.

Two pupils of the time of Mr. Cushing's administration have been at the school,—Mrs. Teel, who was Mary Smith, and Mrs. W. D. McIlvaine, once Mary Warren. Both live in Boston, and the latter is a cousin of Jessie Hayden's mother.

MISS WELLS, from Cincinnati, the new assistant in the gymnasium, is well acquainted with Florence Mann. Florence is at Delaware College as she intended to be, but is not teaching. She is taking the full course to graduate. She finds it work enough.

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL writes of Sue Hallock's engagement—a mere allusion—and that Priscilla Parmenter is to be painting in Boston this winter as she was last winter.

EDITH NICKERSON and her mother brought an English cousin from London who is visiting them to see Lasell. Minnie is at home.

CARRIE FISHER has announced her engagement, but the happy man was not named to us. The engagement of Minnie Jones to Mr. Henry Eddy came out in July.

MAUDE and Laura Whitney have been visiting Nettie Woodbury, in Beverly.

WHEN the girls are being weighed, one's attention is called to the very handsome scales used for the purpose. They were the gift of Mr. Priest, of Priest, Page & Co. Mr. Priest is an Auburndale man, living in one of the handsomest of our beautiful homes. Lasell seldom gets so acceptable a gift.

WE want to correct a mistake in the October number of the *LEAVES* and beg Mamie Hathaway's pardon. She has not yet done any man the honor of becoming his wife. It is Bertha Hax who is Mrs. Hartwig.

EMMA HACKETT is studying to prepare herself to return to Lasell next year.

JENNIE BISHOP would like to be at school this year, if home ties were not so binding. She has been nurse to a sick father. She acknowledges a pleasant call in the summer from Miss Chamberlayne.

GOOD reports of Mary Hazlewood last summer. Ada Jones and family have come to this country

for a permanent residence. They are on Copley Square in Boston.

PROF. DOLE grows feebler in health, yet writes cheerfully in approval of the good work which he recognizes at Lasell in its domestic department, the desirability of which he once questioned.

SOME one hears now and then from Marion Crane and Gertrude Hooper very pleasantly.

AN Auburndale lady saw Mrs. James (Maggie Hamilton) in the summer at her home at Covington, Ky., with her four beautiful children.

SORRY to know that Lillie Potter is not well enough to come East this fall. So she writes from Fort Madison, Iowa.

GRACE SEIBERLING writes from Akron of nursing her sick mother. She longs to see Lasell, and is faithful to her old love for it.

MARY MILLER GROSS tells of her sweet little boy, and of a home they have bought in New York, from which is a view of the Hudson.

MAI SUTTON speaks of Lasell girls; she saw Bessie Prescott, Jo Bogart who is in very good health, Blanche Pruyne, and Annie Alexander some months ago. Fannie Lamme writes her from Paris, that she is soon to sail for home. By the chance of a railroad accident, Mai met Grace Huntington and her family for a few hours.

MRS. SARAH COREY BRAY and her husband, last summer, took a tramp of twenty-six miles in two consecutive days. Pretty good! But some of her acquaintances thought it a "girlish freak." At Winchendon she chanced to take tea with Mrs. Charles L. Beals, a graduate of Lasell in 1864. The two ladies were much interested in comparing notes between now and then.

IN August, Principal Bragdon sent out a circular asking that all old girls who had failed to leave him photographs of themselves, should send one corresponding as nearly as possible to the time when the girls were here. Also he begged for photographs of the children of the married pupils, to put into the album of Lasell's grandchildren. This circular has elicited some replies and some photographs. For both grateful acknowledgment is due, and gladly given. Blanche

Bussell sends her photograph — not as good looking as herself; she hears that the Misses Morse and Choate will be at home this winter. Miss Pitcher is at school in New York City, Miss Hatch will study music in Chicago, and Miss Myton be at school in Brooklyn.

MARION GUNNISON sends her picture from Erie, Penn. She was at Lasell in '86.

THE picture of Jessie Wilson is good. No letter with it. Mrs. Harrie Joy Martyn of '87 sends picture, and writes that her home is to be in Chicago where the house is now building.

MRS. MORTIMER D. HYDE (Bertie Steele) goes back to '78 and '80, when she was a pupil here, and only sixteen.

MARGUERITE M. WATERHOUSE was here in '87.

CARRIE FISHER's is good.

ESTHER BRIDGMAN—Mrs. Lane—sends with her own photograph, that of her little boy, Spencer Bridgman Lane.

DORA JACKSON's sweet face seems to repeat her words, "There is no place for a school-girl quite like Lasell."

MRS. MAY CHURCH COTTLE sends her picture from Marshalltown, Iowa; she was here in 1886.

MARY P. NORTON sends her photograph from Bennington, Vt.

ADELAIDE SPARKS who was here in '86-89 is teaching instrumental music at Lee, Mass., as she writes in letter with photograph.

NELLIE F. HENRY sends her picture from Santa Yuez, California, also a photograph of her "olive branches" which in this case were literal. She and her mother four years ago went to California, planted eighteen acres mostly in olives and prunes, and have found health and pleasure in ranch life, Nellie being the sole manager. She thoroughly enjoys it. The trees are growing well, so that she hopes to become a successful orchardist. She asks, "Is there another farmer among all your girls?"

LASELL's grandchild, Cleves Gowing Richardson, is a fine little fellow. The middle name is his mother's.

MARTHA S. TASH of '87 sends only a speaking face, no other word.

HELEN R. STAPLES of '89 writes from Bryn Mawr, and appears in cap and gown as is the custom. She is now a junior and enjoys her work very much.

ELLA STEDMAN FRANK's two children, Louise and George, are taken together. We have an earlier picture of the little Louise when much younger.

CAROLINE B. COBURN of '86 writes from her home in Weston. All of her letters are filled with kindly words of affectionate remembrances of the old school days, and regard for the principal, teachers, and school-mates. Evidently the old school days were happy.

A NUMBER of apologetic letters come from those who cannot just now send their pictures. Belle Anderson is teaching at Nathrop, Colorado. She thinks that State is making strides in education, and will prove it at the World's Fair.

MRS. GRACE PERKINS PATTILLO writes of her two babies and her cherished memories of Lasell.

LUCIE SIMON will send a picture by and by. She and Jeannette Brookmire regret not being able to be here.

MRS. MINNIE EWING COFFIN writes of the Des Moines students, Laura Conger Lendrum, the Williams girls, etc. Helen Gilbert has been East. Mr. Coffin is running for the State Legislature.

ANNA R. SMITH is a junior in Simpson College and may graduate.

MRS. ALLIE GARDNER ROGERS is living in Duluth.

EDITH GALE is in Chicago with her sister. She will belong to the Lasell Association already referred to which meets at the home of Emily and Sue Rowe in Evanston. The minister of her church, Mr. Atchison, was a former pupil of Mr. Bragdon, at Aurora, Ill., and affirms that Mr. Bragdon taught him how to study. Edith writes of old Lasell girls she is meeting, — Ada Dunaway, Fannie Foster, Carrie Knill, etc. A brief word from Grace Havens at Terre Haute.

MAY RICE gave a musical at her home in Evanston, in honor of Maud Snyder. Among the guests were Edith Gale, Emily and Susanne Rowe, Myrna Lamson, Dora Jackson and Florence Hawes.

DEATHS.

ANNIE BLANCHE MERRILL, who was here in 1887-88, lost her mother by death, Oct. 31, at their home in Manchester, N. H.

NELLIE BORDEN, who accompanied a Lasell party to Europe, has recently lost her father, who died at their country home, Ulster County, N. Y. Miss Borden is a cousin of Carrie Johnson.

LASELL is deeply mourning a pupil who, coming only by the day and for a very limited time, was not personally well-known, yet had awakened love and confidence. We copy from a local paper in her late home in Plainfield, New Jersey, the sad story of her sudden death.

NELLIE PATTERSON JACOBUS.

On the twenty-sixth day of October, in Auburndale, Mass., there fell asleep one who will be tenderly remembered by many friends in this city—Nellie Patterson, youngest daughter of the late Samuel H. Jacobus and Elizabeth P. Jacobus, and granddaughter of the late Melancthon W. Jacobus, D. D., LL. D., a name honored throughout the Presbyterian church.

She was born at Allegheny City, July 10, 1877. A child of the covenant and of many prayers, it soon became manifest that the blessing of the covenant rested upon her head. Her pure and gentle spirit endeared her to her companions and to all who knew her, one of her teachers bearing witness that she had never been able to find a fault in this pupil. Even as a little child, it was seen that her presence brought a benediction of peace and good-will into any circle of her playmates; and neighbors learned to drop all anxiety for their heedless little ones when they saw them safe in her company.

She had been a faithful and beloved member of the Sunday-school of the Crescent Avenue church until last September, when she removed with her family to Massachusetts for facilities of education.

She died, after a few days' illness, of diphtheria, and the sorrow which has brought such deep darkness into one household many will share.

It was a short life, without room for many deeds; but there are left friends not a few of whom, as often as they recall its sweet story, will be reminded how once the Lord called a little child unto him and set him in the midst of his disciples and said: "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

W. R. R.

Plainfield, N. J., Oct. 29, 1891.

BLANCHE HENLIN ROBINSON has met with another affliction, the loss of a sweet little girl, Eleanor, eight months old. It is so little time since the death of the twin babies!

EXCHANGES.

THE *Mount Holyoke* is a well-conducted paper, and its pages show the interest that is taken in its progress. We are glad to add it to our exchange list.

THE *Yale Courant* of October 24 was an exceedingly entertaining number; and the story of "An Advertising Scheme" ended very differently from what might have been expected. We notice in this paper that unlike most college papers the authors sign their names. The example is set by the *Courant*, and it would be well if more papers would copy it in this particular.

THE *Bates Student* has on a new suit, but when we open it we at once know our old friend. In the October number, the two poems entitled "Songs of the Night" are beautifully written.

WOMEN are hereafter to be admitted to Brown under nearly the same conditions as men. Reports of proficiency will be given after all examinations, and at the completion of any course of study, certificates of their attainments will be issued to candidates—*Ex.*

FROM the *Harvard Lampoon's* account of the after-thoughts of the "Weld Glee Club" we might infer that it did not exactly "take." It could n't have been the songs they sang, for what could be sweeter than "Comrades"?

SOME of the illustrations in the *Lampoon* are truly original in regard to perspective and in the picture called "One of the Disadvantages of Being in the Faculty," the expressions of some of the people are certainly touching.

IN the *Nassau Literary* "The Curé's Daughter" and "A Reminiscence" are both sad, and though very well written, leave the reader in an unhappy state of mind. The description of the feelings of a Freshman is perfect, and men are not the only persons that feel that way when they enter college, for a great many young women have the same peculiar sensation.

IN the *Wesleyan Argus* F. L. K. seems to be the poet-in-chief, for there are three poems by this poetic person printed in a row. To be sure there may be three "F. L. K.'s," but that is not probable. In one of the poems he speaks of "twinkling toes"!! We have heard of twinkling eyes, but never of twinkling toes.

LASELL LEAVES.

“DUX FEMINA FACTI.”

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Published Monthly, during the School Year,

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THE death of Lord Lytton was first announced to his friend Sir Edwin Arnold, who was then in Rochester, N. Y., by a reporter of the *Democrat and Chronicle* newspaper of that city.

This paper goes on to say: —

“Sir Edwin seemed greatly surprised at the news, saying that he had regarded Lord Lytton as a man likely to live long. He seemed disinclined to give a formal estimate for publication of the character and rank in statesmanship and literature of his dead ‘benefactor’; the word is his own, on such short notice. He spoke of him as a brilliant and lovable man, a social favorite wherever he went, and especially in the French capital, where few Englishmen achieve real social success. He spoke of his great readiness, saying that he was the best after-dinner speaker of his time, better than even Chauncey Depew. He said that as viceroy of India he perfectly fulfilled what was expected of him when he was sent to be the central figure of the magnificent ceremonies and festivities that attended the proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India. Sir Edwin was in India and was present when Lord Lytton, as the Queen’s viceroy, proclaimed the empire on the plains of Delhi. He spoke of Lord Lytton’s eminent fitness for the task here assigned him. No man could better have represented his sovereign at such a time or more deeply impressed the Oriental mind with the magnificent ideas of the resources and power of the monarch he represented.”

WE have many holidays in the course of a year: Fourth of July for the boys; May Day might be called the “girl’s day”; Washington’s Birthday for the patriotic people; but Christmas and Thanksgiving are holidays for everybody.

Everybody thinks and plans for Christmas and Thanksgiving, although at Christmas the children rule the hour, and the youngest is first. Thanksgiving may be called "Old-Folks' Day." It is at Thanksgiving when every one's thoughts turn homeward, and as many as can gather together for a good time.

With us Thanksgiving is an annual festival, not held to celebrate a single event but to show our gratitude to God for the blessings of the year.

It may be said to have been borrowed from the old Jewish Feast of Tabernacles. The Hebrews, under the Mosaic law, celebrated the goodness of God in a harvest festival out of doors under the trees or in tents. They seemed to feel more than other ancient people that all good things were gifts from God and that they should have a public celebration to show the gratitude that they felt.

There have been many national or local festivals in different countries which are very similar to our Thanksgiving.

In Holland, the anniversary of the deliverance of the city of Leyden from siege, Oct. 3, 1575, was kept as a religious festival of thanksgiving and praise. In English Church service, the 5th of November is celebrated in commemoration of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot.

The Harvest Home festival has long been kept among the German Protestants with religious services and general feasting and rejoicing, and it was the German and Dutch immigrants who first brought this custom into the United States.

The American custom of Thanksgiving is traced beyond a doubt to the earliest settlers of New England, who appointed a day of thanksgiving to celebrate their first prosperous year. To us now it seems as if they had very little to be thankful for, but it meant a great deal to them.

Several times during our early history, days of thanksgiving were appointed for any special providence; there was a day of general praise for the return of peace and liberty to the country; a day of rejoicing for the adoption of the Constitution; and then in February, 1795, the President issued a call for a national Thanksgiving, which was observed by most of the New England States. Every year after that some kind of a thanksgiving was appointed, and gradually the custom spread to the other states. The Southern States did not

take kindly to the idea, and it was not until 1858 that their governors sent out any proclamations. The custom was strictly confined to the will of the governors of the respective States until the Civil War.

During the war Lincoln appointed several days of special thanksgiving for national victories, and a few times when the results of the battles were discouraging he appointed days of fasting and prayer.

In 1863 President Lincoln issued a long proclamation appointing the last Thursday of November as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and since that year every President of the United States has appointed the same time, and nearly every governor has followed with similar proclamations for their respective States.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE LEAVES.

GIRLS, how shall we increase our subscription list? Surely every old pupil of Lasell wants the paper, that she may keep up her knowledge of her school-mates, and know what the school is doing. There are also many friends of the school, and friends of pupils, past and present, who would gladly pay the small sum of one dollar, to help in the success of the paper, and to keep themselves informed in regard to the school. Suppose each present subscriber interests one other person to add his or her name to the list. Will not each one try the experiment?

WHAT is there which will cause the heart of a woman to beat more proudly than the consciousness that she is the possessor of a collection, large or small, of rare old laces? And to be the owner of real lace, of any age or any texture, is a source of gratification to most feminine hearts.

Just now, when women's work is so widely discussed, a few words on the subject of real lace, entirely the work of women's fingers, may not be out of place.

Though there are many names in vogue, these come most frequently from the name of the town or district in which the lace is made, and, properly speaking, there are but two divisions of lace-pillow or cushion lace and point lace. The former name is applied to all the laces made on a pillow,

over which the pattern is laid, and the latter embraces all lace made with a needle.

As yet, this industry has no place among the occupations and employments of American women other than as it is made, as a thousand other things are, as "fancy work," but in Europe and Great Britain the making of lace is resorted to as a means of livelihood by many thousands of people.

On the European continent, it is from the convents that most of the lace is sent out. These institutions are the great lace schools of Europe, and the many yards of the dainty material made therein command prices worthy of the labor expended. But in Protestant England quite another side is shown. Here the lace-makers are the humble women who live in the straw-thatched cottages in the beautiful counties of Buckingham, and Devonshire. From Honiton, in Devonshire, comes the beautiful Honiton lace, so fine and dainty that it looks frail as a spider's web. The owner of a handkerchief or collar of Honiton lace has reason for self-congratulation, since it is the one lace that has never been successfully imitated by machinery.

Beautiful as it is, the women and girls who spend their lives in its manufacture work early and late to secure enough to purchase the needed daily bread. We know of these laces as expensive; but the money paid for them does not go to the makers, but to the middle-men or agents who buy from them.

It is said that a dozen sprigs of Honiton lace will bring to the weaver but one shilling (twenty-five cents), and that many times this price is even lower. About a half century ago the liking for this particular lace seemed to have died away, and there was great destitution among the families of Devonshire. The matter was brought to the attention of the young Princess Victoria, who, moved with sympathy, exclaimed: "English people should wear English lace! I will try to make them see how beautiful it is"; and so, on her wedding-day she wore a gown of Honiton lace, and ever since, at the marriage of a princess of England the only decoration on her wedding-dress has been of this most beautiful of English laces.

The subject is an almost inexhaustible one, but our space here is too limited to do more than call attention to the fact that there is a branch of

work in which women are engaged, *not* for purposes of education, advancement, or pleasure, but because it is their only means of sustenance, and that, notwithstanding such unromantic connections, it is at the same time the most beautiful and fascinating work imaginable.

"WHAT gives you, child, this hopeless air,
This tear-stained face and frowzled hair?"

"Oh, nothing much!" the girl replied,
"They thought I could study better outside."

"And where are you taking this ponderous book?"
The teacher asked, with inquiring look.

"Ah, well," said the maid, "if you must know all,
I'm on my way to the study hall."

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

"OH, it really was too bad!" said Aunt Nettie, as she and mamma sat laughing over old times.

I, who was fourteen years old at the time, pricked up my ears, not so much at the exclamation as at the laugh, and demanded to know all about the above-mentioned horror. So she began:—

"You know that your mamma and I were twins, and the only brother we had was your Uncle Jack, who was five years older than us. He was twenty-one at the time this happened, was something of a dandy, and had one prominent characteristic,—a great love of playing practical jokes on us girls. His last experiment had been to soak our dresses completely with essence of peppermint just before a party,—a proceeding which involved the wearing of old gowns to the assembly. We were, naturally, rather angry, but held our peace and plotted deep and dreadful revenge.

"Sewing coat-sleeves up, nailing boots to the floor, putting kerosene in the cologne bottle were all dismissed as old-fashioned modes of procedure. Finally we hit upon a plan that at least had the charm of originality. We put a solution of mucilage into his hair-oil bottle, and then ran to our room and held on to our mouths to keep from laughing.

"That day at luncheon we preserved an ominous silence, and were on the whole so good that Jack asked if we had been into mother's preserves.

"That afternoon as we sat sewing away for

dear life on some new aprons, we saw Jack and a fine-looking young man just appearing at the front door. We girls started for our rooms, and for a few moments there was a great confusion, while ribbons and laces were pulled out and put on.

"In a little while we heard Jack coming upstairs, two steps at a time. He tapped at our door, and then, not waiting for an answer, popped his head in, with, 'Say, girls, I've brought Ned home to dinner and want you to run down and entertain him while I send around for the horse. We're going to drive until dinner-time.'

"Now Ned was Jack's college chum, — a person whom we had never seen until this summer, when he had come to spend a week with Jack, in which time he had deeply impressed us girls with his faultless and polished manners.

"It did not take us long to make an appearance in the parlor, and we were laughing heartily over a college story when Jack came in and ruefully announced that papa had the best carriage horse out, and the ride must consequently be postponed until after dinner.

"Time passed merrily until dinner. We sang and played. The boys regaled us with new college songs.

"The dinner was as pleasant as our parents could make it. They both were as young as any of us, and were always anxious for their children's friends to enjoy themselves. After dinner we saw Ned call Jack aside and say something, after which Jack turned around with a benevolent expression and said, 'Come, scud up-stairs and get ready, if you are going with us.'

"We 'scud,' — and while we were slipping into fresh dresses we heard the boys flying around in their room. When we go into the hall they are waiting for us, and we step into the big company carriage, while Mike, with a final desperate straightening of the shoulders, starts the horses.

"We chatted on in the gayest possible manner, until we passed a carriage containing some young lady friends of ours. We bowed, and the boys endeavored to tip their hats, but somehow they did n't tip. A blank expression came into Jack's face, and I felt myself grow white, as sister Minnie stooped over to brush one of my flounces into shape, and at the same time whispered, 'Oh, horrors, Net, the hair-oil bottle!'

"I have a vague recollection of talking of the times of Louis XVI., while my thoughts were GLUED to the awful present by the remembrance of that mucilage.

"Every now and then one of the boys would pry at his hat, and then look more blank than before. We did n't laugh: we were too miserable for that; we sat and trembled.

"All times have an end — so did that ride. When we girls had again fled to our room we opened the door a crack and listened. We heard some one coming up the stairs, and on looking out we saw the boys making for their rooms with their hats on. For the next few moments we heard smothered ejaculations intermixed with the sound of ripping straw. Then came a splashing like that of a porpoise.

"We girls could stand it no longer, but fled to the parlor, where the boys joined us about an hour afterwards, looking rather cheap."

"Was Ned very angry?" I asked.

"Not so much as Jack, to whom we afterwards confessed, and from whom we got the worst scolding imaginable."

"Did you ever see Ned again?"

Just then papa came through the room. Aunt Nettie called out, "Did you ever come to our house after the time we glued your hat on, Ned?"

And papa looked at mamma, laughed, and said, "Well, yes, — a few times."

LOCALS.

ALTHOUGH many of the girls spent Thanksgiving at home, or with friends, yet a larger number than usual remained here during the vacation.

A great deal of pity was bestowed upon them unnecessarily, for, with boxes and numerous permissions to go to Boston, the time was very pleasantly passed.

THE first of the series of law lectures was delivered by Miss Greene, Monday evening, Dec. 7. This course is one of the most advantageous, as each lecture treats of the position which a woman occupies with regard to the law.

WE are wondering whether those unfortunate six States will ever be allowed to resume their proper positions. They surely must regret their admission into the Union.

ANY information regarding "Miss Passes" will be gratefully received by the junior literature class.

THE old and revered bulletin board has now a rival, but one in name only. The new bulletin board is placed just outside the library, and contains the most important news of each day. The office of keeping the board filled will be given to each of the English classes in turn. Each member of the class is given a paper or periodical, from which she gleans the items of interest, and gives them to one known as the leader, who accepts or rejects them as she thinks best. There is only one objection to be made, and that is, some do not yet realize that the board is intended for matters of importance, and not for the chance productions of their fertile brains

QUESTIONS of the free-hand drawing class:—

What is the meaning of the word "fare"?

Why in describing a certain picture is mention made of "men and other horses?"

ANXIOUS GIRL IN CHAPEL.—"What time at noon shall we leave for the Christmas vacation?"

A NUMBER of the students wished to attend the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention Saturday evening, Nov. 15, but as this was decided to be impracticable, arrangements were made for going the next afternoon. Although seats were difficult to obtain, all were finally provided for, and the afternoon's programme very much enjoyed. Miss Willard is well-known to Lasell, not only because she has spoken here several times, but she is an old school-friend of Mrs. Shepherd as well.

SCENE OUTSIDE THE READING-ROOM.—A girl in the four-o'clock drill asks a member of the half-after-three company, if she would lend her her drill suit, as her own had not yet arrived from home. A lengthy discussion follows, after which they appoint themselves a committee on "ways and means," and a movement to adjourn is made. "Presto change!" saith the hearer.

It has been discovered in one of the German classes that the imperfect tense of "I must," is "Would I have to must."

WE had the great pleasure of hearing Mr. Bartlett, who spoke to us concerning his native

town, Concord, Dec. 3. Having been a personal friend of Louisa Alcott, Thoreau, and others, he was able to tell us many things which were of great interest. Opportunity was given us to meet Mr. Bartlett, and examine the interesting pictures which he had brought with him.

THE drill is very well attended this year, especially when the fact that it is not compulsory is considered. The battalion is divided into three companies, commanded by Capt. Shepherd, Milikin, and Medsker.

THE lessons in practice cooking have begun, Miss Barrows taking the place of Mrs. Oakes. A bit of advice to those who intend trying for the bread prize is, By all means join a base-ball nine, as the prize is gained by one having experience in that line.

AT the last regular meeting of the Publishing Association several changes were effected in the constitution: The name of business manager changed to publisher; a written excuse must be signed by the president, and read before the Association, to account for the absence of any person. The fine for unexcused absences is reduced from fifteen to ten cents. Half of this fine will be given to the secretary, who will have the trouble of collecting it. The officers for next term were elected as follows:—

| | |
|------------------------------|---|
| Editor-in-Chief | Miss Collins. |
| Associate Editors | { Miss Hoyt. Miss Sherman. Miss Case. |
| Exchange Editor | Miss C. Eddy. |
| Local Editor | Miss Couch. |
| Subscription Agent | Miss Adams. |
| President | Miss Dice. |
| Vice-President | Miss Tulleys. |
| Secretary | Miss Goodell. |
| Auditor | Miss Medsker. |

A WORD ABOUT BALLADS.

BALLADS are a common heritage of peoples, handed down to them from the remote past,—guide-posts, we may say, to a knowledge of the tastes, beliefs, and habits of life and thought in very early times among the peasantry,—confessedly the very pith and marrow of a nation. Now if the character of a nation is the character of its people, the ballads of a people, carefully studied and

compared, will shed no inconsiderable light on that wonderful tapestry of humanity's weaving, history, whose figures and coloring are often so perplexing. Some study then, more or less critical and extended, seems to be demanded of one who pretends to a knowledge of history or literature. Let us see what are the characteristics of these old songs, what their origin, what they hold for us.

One might not inaptly compare ballads to amber, in which may be seen imbedded and fast locked up from Time's destroying touch a tiny insect, or a delicate moss spray; for in ballads are preserved for us many curious phases of the vanished life of a people long silent, beliefs and customs which else we should probably never know otherwise.

Ballads had their origin, we are told, in the song and dance of simple villagers or country folk, to whom, in all ages, this has been a favorite kind of diversion. We are indeed referred to this same form of merry-making as connected with harvest rejoicing and thanksgiving, for the first budding of that beautiful flower of Greek poetry, still a source of delight to men. The blossom of ballad poetry, the magic of the type has petrified for us, so that we may yet enjoy the beauty of the fleeting thing, — fleeting, because from the very nature and circumstances of its growth it was subject to continual change, a true, musical, rhythmical Proteus. To-day it is of one form, to-morrow a skilful singer will add a stanza here, change a name, phrase, or incident there, suiting his changes to his audience, or reflecting in them, without seeming to do so, somewhat of his own personality. From mouth to mouth it passes, singer after singer reshaping it to suit new demands; thus grows — rather thus grew — the ballad. What is the ballad? Simply a story cast in rhythmical form, and simply told, but a story, too, instinct with the spirit of poetry. In olden times, the time of ballad poetry, the newspaper was a biped, a sort of self-regulating postal-system and newspaper in one, — a man, in fact. This novel newspaper took with him not alone the news from village to village, but he took also the songs of the one place to the other, this being indeed his main business, — that of a singer of tales, — news, as we consider it, being altogether of

secondary importance. How mankind loves a story! But the story, mind you, must be one about mankind, or if of supernatural beings, these must have the attributes, the loves and hates, the desires and repugnances of men. No man in primitive times had any fondness for abstractions, of that be assured. The singer sang his ballads, received his meed of praise and reward, and went his way; but not infrequently he left his song echoing in the minds and hearts of other minstrels, whose own it became. Thus by no one person and in no one community can any true ballad be said to have been made; but its authors were the people themselves, the place of its birth the land as a whole, not some one corner of it.

What are the distinguishing characteristics of the ballad? you may ask. Ampère, an authority on the subject, names as the characteristics of the French ballad, the following: the use of assonance instead of rhyme; textual repetitions of speeches of persons; brusqueness in the recital; constant use of certain numbers, 3, 7, and 9 being favorites. To these another writer on the subject adds, recurrence of plots common in the ballads of other countries, and the same non-Christian idea of death and the future world; also ghostly superstitions; stories of metamorphoses, and of elves and fairies. It might be of interest to take some one of the old ballads with which our own literature is enriched and see how far we can trace in it these several characteristics, remembering that all of them will be found in no single ballad perhaps. We shall find as we go on, that the characteristics of the French ballad are, with few exceptions, those of our own English ballads, and, if we push our investigations so far, of those of other countries as well.

Without any hunting up of special ballads, we take the first that suggests itself, which chances to be *Burd Helen*, — *maid Helen*.

The story in brief is one of the testing of true love, and its ultimate reward, a note frequently struck in the ballads of all countries, as is natural enough. Lord John announces his intention of departing to his "ain countrie," with the implication that Burd Helen is to remain behind in the land where she had been wooed. She, however, overruling all objections, attires herself as a

page, and accompanies him on foot, though he bestrides a good white steed. After sundry hardships they reach his castle, where yet other trials are endured ere she sufficiently proves her love, and receives her reward, — elevation to the rank of lady of the castle, — Lord John's wife. So much for the story.

In the first place, we find here not assonance but rhyme : —

“ Richt hastilie he rose him up,
Socht neither hose nor shoon ;
And he 's doen him to the stable-door,
By the lee licht o' the moon.”

The brusqueness Ampère notes is all here ; no words are wasted in telling the story. The dramatic element is strong, and every word goes straight to the mark. The question of Helen's going is quickly disposed of : —

“ Then if you be my foot-page, Helen,
As you tell unto me,
Then you must cut your gown of green
An inch abune your knee.
So you must cut your yellow locks
An inch abune your e'e ;
You must tell no man what is my name,
My foot-page then you 'll be.”

And without further parley the hurrying tale goes on, carrying you in breathless interest along with it, —

“ Then he has luppen on his white steed,
And straight away did ride ;
Burd Helen dressed in men's array,
She ran fast by his side.”

No pause, you see, to moralize over the hardness of the conditions, no mention of Helen's acceptance of them, or of her arraying of herself, a point which not a few poets would make much of, as offering a chance to awaken still further the sympathies of the reader by dwelling on her beauty. Compare, if you choose, Lady Godiva unclasping the wedded eagles of her belt in her high tower, before taking the famous ride which won her people's release from the grim earl's exactions. These points are, in the ballad, too trivial to be allowed to stay for a moment the rushing river of the song, which hastens to the end, Helen's triumph. To appreciate this element of the ballad, the real folk-song, read one of these vehement poems, white hot with passion,

all astrain with action, then one of the modern, the made-by-a-poet ballads, and if at the first you do not clearly see and strongly feel the difference between them, a repetition of such readings will soon force it on your consciousness in a way not to be mistaken. Hynde Horn and Lochinvar might be taken for such a comparison.

In Burd Helen the number 3 appears at that point of the story where Helen fords the river whose flood almost overwhelms her. The first, step, the second, and the third, with the circumstances attending each, are duly set forth, and the rest of the crossing dismissed in the one line, —

“ And when she came to the other side.”

In the ballad “ Lord Lovell ” we have the careless lover planning to stay away from his lady-love “ seven long years.” The “ Hireman, Chiel,” serves seven years for his love, the “ Demon Lover ” has seven pretty ships at anchor in the bay when he woos the foolish wife, and, like Sir Patrick Spens, they too sail, —

“ A league, a league, a league, but barely three,”

when the ship sinks beneath the wave. In “ King John and the Abbot of Canterbury,” the poor abbot has but a three days' lease of life allowed him in which to find an answer to the king's questions ; and in a number of ballads occurs the good wife who has seven fair sons.

Ampère notes also among ballad characteristics the mentioning of various articles of common use as being made of gold or of silver. In Burd Helen, the seam which Lord John advises the lady to stay at home and sew is a “ silver seam,” whatever that may mean, and her girdle is “ gowden.” In the Marchioness of Douglass we have the line, —

“ I 'll set thee on a chair o' gowd,”

and in Anne of Lochryan we find, —

“ Oh, who will kemb my yellow hair
Wi' a new made silver kemb ? ”

Whether among the ballads of other lands there are to be found those having the same plot as this of Burd Helen I do not know ; but it is a well-attested fact in ballad literature that many ballads of different lands have as their basis legends which are identical or very nearly so. Over and over again are found in the ballads of

Italy, Germany, France, and other countries the same story told in varying ways, accordingly as it has taken shape as a ballad among one or another of these peoples. This similarity evidently points to a common origin for these legends, as in the case of the world-old wonder tale and nursery stories which are found among all people, and whose origin lies in the thick shadows of the long ago, so far back that no one pretends to more than conjecture about their birth.

In Burd Helen we fail to find the supernatural element, or the thread of superstition; but there is no lack of ballads in which these do appear, for example, *The Witch Mother*, *Binnorie*, *The Demon Lover*, and others.

Thus, we see, the ballad we have taken for examination conforms quite closely to Ampère's typical one.

It would be very interesting to prolong this hasty sketch by a further glance at other peculiarities of this class of poems, as, for instance, the burden or refrain of many ballads, a curious feature; the colors seen oftenest in them, white, yellow, green, and "scarlet-red," being favorites, even gold being "the gude red gold" much oftener than yellow gold; the uncanny things one finds in ballads, as the enchanted harp made of the breast-bone of a drowned girl, whose yellow hair furnished it with strings.

It is a curious fact that Scotland is a very hot-bed of ballads. Now the Scotch character, so rugged and austere, would at first thought seem soil unfitted for poetic growths, even of the vehement nature of some of the old Scotch ballads; yet there they are, proofs incontrovertible that the sturdy and severe in man is no bar to poetic fancy and its expression. On the contrary, some of the ruggedest of lands and peoples produce a beautiful wilding flower of poesy, more attractive often than the more finished productions of milder lands, and of peoples who have yielded more readily to the softening and conventionalizing influences of an advancing civilization. Emerson's ideas about compensation are, after all, "more than half right," as the Englishman said. But these subjects are at present beyond the scope of this paper, and must be deferred till some future time, when a fuller and more critical examination of ballads can be made.

THANKSGIVING WITH MOTHER.

THIS time it was by the North Shore Limited, the train that promises the fastest time between Boston and Chicago, the train that seldom does it (officials along the route told me this train was almost always late), the train that let the Lasell girls be twelve hours late last Christmas, — an inexcusable outrage, — this train was two and one half hours late this time. Mrs. Shepherd and I surprised our mother, and next morning came my brother and his wife, also a surprise, from Colorado, so that once more we were all together for Thanksgiving dinner. Was n't it a good dinner! and was n't it a happy and thankful company! Friday morning we found the ground covered with snow, and went about all day in a soft, steady fall of snow, which brought out the sleigh-bells and sleds, and "Gi' me a ride, sir," and all the jollity of the first snow. An hour and a half cable ride (the snow delayed the car) brought me Friday afternoon to Edith Gale's new home, at her sister's, Mrs. Harris, on the magnificent boulevard (Drexel) that lies way at the south end of that ambitious city of the impossibles. Found Edith well and good-natured as ever, with an added dignity and grace that well befits her. A royal welcome from her and Mrs. Harris, an old-time and valued friend, made me feel at home, even in the midst of magnificence, such as your old principal is not used to. A truly royal house Mr. Harris has builded for his dearies, — finer than many a palace in storied Europe. A good dinner and a quick drive after one of Mr. Harris's fine horses to Illinois Central (Miss Hanson's) R. R., and a twenty-minute run to that disreputable old station which the roads using it ought to be ashamed of (how will they like it in 1893? they surely will have a new one before that time), and I reached Evanston in time for a pleasant company at my brother's. Saw Sue Rowe, — the rest shopping, I guess, — had a hasty glimpse at Dr. Stewart, the genial assistant editor of a live paper, *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, Mr. Herben, the ditto of a ditto paperet, *Epworth Herald*, well known now through our Methodist land, and a host of old and dear friends, and then a pleasant ride on Grand Trunk brought us *on time* into Boston town and our beloved work-home

and its generous greeting. Snow disappeared as we passed through Canada, and bare ground and genial skies welcomed us to the much and wrongly abused New England climate. No cyclones here ; we rest secure in the midst of winds and storms and rumors of storms.

Truly such bits help make life sweet, and work easy.

WHO ARE THEY?

THE girl who first our notice doth claim
Is one from somewhere "way down in Maine."
To be so tall might seem a shame,
But that fact disturbs her not:
To mind the world is not her lot.

One lively maid doth think not at all,
Or else she'd never have left in the hall
So many things both great and small;
And her pocket-book grew low,
For auction day came on the morrow.

And reason for my next may be seen,
Because in all gymnastics we deem
Her feats are such they rank not mean.
But my portrait is so lame,
Look in the first line for the name.

To those who wish to avert their fate,
My fourth would be a most helpful mate;
Secure her aid before too late.
All she tells is surely so,
For her words portend much woe.

To have a talent is to be blessed,
To use that gift without being pressed
Doth please one's friends, and proveth a rest.
She it is whom all implore,
"Do sing again, please, just one more."

THE dainty mittens I had been knitting for Helen's Christmas present were finished and laid on the table beside me. The last stitches had been taken, the ribbons tied in pretty bows at the wrists, and with that satisfied feeling that only comes when one has completed something, I drew my easy-chair a little nearer to the bright fire in the grate, and settled myself for an hour of quiet meditation.

Connected and serious meditation, such as is deserving of the name, is a variety of mental occupation, to which this rather trifling specimen of femininity is only too little accustomed. I began by mentally arranging in rows all the little things I had prepared for holiday gifts:

the handkerchief-cases, photograph-holders, doll-penwipers, and fancy calendars ; how pretty they were, and how pleased everybody would be ! And then I tried to imagine what my own share of good things from St. Nicholas's pack would include ; but the warm solitude, the flickering fire before me, and the silence, intensified by the low whistle of the wind at the window, were too much for me. Strange figures began to dance on the coals, and, half unconsciously, I slipped lower in my chair and rested my head on my hand, and so fell asleep ; and this is what I dreamed :—

I saw a young girl alone on the streets of a great city. Her face was stung by the bitter winter wind, which penetrated unmercifully through the scanty clothing which she wore. Her feet were very very weary, but on she pressed, squeezing her way through the crowd thronging in front of the inviting show windows. No one spoke to her, no one seemed to notice how cold and sick she looked. Only once, when she stopped to take a peep at the appetizing display in a baker's shop, a little ragamuffin pressed close to her side, and said with an expressive smack of the lips, "Say, Missis, don't they look good?" "Yes," she answered with a pitiful smile, and turned to pass on ; but just at that moment a large mirror in the jeweller's store close by showed me her face for the first time, and I saw that she was—I. O, how unspeakably lonely it seemed in that great crowd of happy busy men and women to have no friend, no home, no Christmas ! Did any of those bright faces that passed me dream of the leaden weight of pain under the pinched features they scarcely noticed ? If they had, would they have cared ?

The business part of the town was passed at last, and I came into a dark alley, where the high houses seemed trying to clasp each other across the narrow street, and crush the feeble life struggling between them. The air was dead and stifling in this dreary place, and even the kindly sky was almost forbidden to show a glimpse of its face. Sometimes I had seen blear-eyed men and old-faced children here, but it was late at night now, and no one seemed to be stirring save myself.

A little door-way showed itself ; I opened it. Just beyond rose a long, dark flight of stairs,

and I knew that I must climb them, for at the top was my home, — home! Wearily I commenced the ascent, but it was a long time before I reached my room, for I could hardly lift my feet, they were so tired. At last the door was reached. I opened it, entered, and closed it behind me. It was dark and cold inside, but through the curtainless window shone a faint light, and I crept toward it, knelt on the bare floor, and rested my throbbing head on my hands.

Everything without was hushed as death, and almost as gloomy, but as I gazed upward at the tiny patch of sky that had managed to elbow a place for itself between the jealous chimneys, I saw a single star shining clear and kind, as if to tell me I was not, after all, quite forgotten of God. I wondered if it were the Star of Bethlehem, and if the Christ who had come to earth to save the wretched had forgotten all his sufferings now. And as I looked and looked the star grew large and glorious, until it filled the whole sky, and a band of beautiful angels seemed to come out of it singing; but the song they sang was "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Behind the angels I saw green fields and happy people, and no one seemed lonely or sad. I tried to call to the beautiful beings "Oh take me!" but I could not speak. I strove to reach out imploring hands, but the muscles refused to move. The light began to fade, in a moment it would all have vanished. With a despairing effort I struggled to my feet — and woke. The fire was burning low, the light had gone out, and the wind was moaning at the window.

"Can't we think of some funny way to celebrate Christmas this year, Nan? It will seem so lonesome unless we do. I wish home was n't so far away. I hate Paris. I believe I'd be willing to give up the whole tour for the sake of being back in our own New England to-night."

"I have an idea," answered Nan. "Let us get a little Christmas-tree and trim it with candles and bonbons and presents, just as if we were going to invite some friends to spend Christmas Day with us. Then we'll write half a dozen invitations and drop them into the street for whoever may find them, and see who comes."

The plan was agreed upon, and when Christmas eve came it found the little parlor bright and homelike, with two expectant girls waiting by their wonderful Christmas-tree for their unknown visitors.

There was a sharp peal of the bell, and when Helen opened the door there stood two little newsboys, ragged at the knees and elbows, but with merry, mischievous faces, curious to see what new sort of show this was to be. The girls were ready, and before long candy and stories and the barbarous playthings boykind delights in had so far removed any undue embarrassment they may have felt upon entering that the old lady who roomed on the floor above put her head in at the door to inquire if anything serious had happened.

One other visitor came, a young woman, who said she was a seamstress, and had herself and mother to support. Her face showed how hard the struggle had been, and when her arms were filled with warm clothing, and a big basket with wholesome luxuries for the invalid mother, her bright tears told with touching eloquence how sincerely the kindness was appreciated.

When the tree was stripped, the presents all distributed, and a sweet song sung by Helen in parting, the visitors departed, and the two young Americans sat down, weary, but very happy, to discuss the success of their experiment. It had been a happy time, after all, the happiest Christmas they had ever spent; for had they not made the day joyous for some to whom otherwise it would have brought no pleasure?

"Some angel must have put that thought into your head," said Helen, as she and Nan were going to bed. "Perhaps so," was the reply, but she did not tell her secret.

WHAT WE CAN DO.

"THAT our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." — Ps. cxliv. 12.

What a host of women! Where have they all come from?

This exclamatory question might have been heard many times on the streets of Boston during the late World's and National W. C. T. U. Convention.

But did the inquirer stop to think of the mean-

ing of this grand gathering? Did he weigh their words, their motto, their pledge, — their forcible words, scholarly addresses, expressing what is nearest and dearest to their hearts, — the elevation of the fallen?

Their motto — what can more show a Christian character than this? — “For God and Home and Every Land.”

Their pledge requiring a noble character to adopt and live up to in its full meaning.

But while you were kept back or hindered on the street now and then by a crowd of these white ribboners, did you stop to study their faces? It seems to me that there was not one unpleasant countenance among them. The features may not have been regular nor beautiful, but they were thoroughly good.

The number that met in Boston, however, is but a small fraction of the great number all around the globe that are bound together by bands of white ribbon.

The spirit has travelled north, east, south, and west, and the little white ribbon may be seen almost anywhere.

There are several divisions of the Christian Temperance work, — the Woman's work, the Young Woman's work, and the Junior Young Woman's work.

The Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union, or the “Y's,” an auxiliary of the Woman's Union, numbers thirty thousand members in the United States, and is being spread world-wide.

Perhaps many will say that there is very little that can be done except the signing of the pledge in a temperance society.

Think of the influence for good that the sincere adoption of the pledge can exert over one's acquaintances!

If all the young women in America wore the white ribbon and obeyed its commands there would be a steady decrease in the liquor traffic, and in a short time America would be free.

We *are* our brothers' keepers. And now let me tell you how one association tries to carry out this belief.

The society in Toledo, Ohio, numbers about two hundred and thirty regular members and forty honorary members, and there are twelve departments of work carried on by them.

1. In a large Southern city a young woman lay upon her bed a helpless invalid. Next to reading the Bible, her greatest comfort was in flowers. Loving friends remembered her in this way, so that seldom was her room without “something white, something bright, something sweet.” And she was as fair and frail as the white roses and lilies, and as full of “God's thoughts” as they.

“Can it not be multiplied,” she said, “this mission of the flowers with their messages of love human and divine? And out from that thought grew the Louisville Flower Mission, which has blessed thousands of weary ones in the years that have passed.

This dear woman and her work became known to the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. “Why cannot the good be multiplied and reach the whole world?” they said; and the department of Flower Mission of the W. C. T. U. was established, and Miss Jennie Casseday, of Louisville, Ky., chosen as its leader.

The Flower Mission of the great National W. C. T. U. has joined hands with the Prison and Jail Work, and into many of these sad places the flowers and verses are taken.

They bring not only the fading flowers but the unfading love of their hearts, and the hope of that better home where “there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.”

The sick and needy of the city are also cared for under this department by the “Y's.”

2. The Union supports a free kindergarten, where the poor little urchins who would otherwise be running the streets or abused by intemperate parents are given a taste of real love and comfort.

3. The Junior Y. W. C. T. U., or the “Junior Y's,” as they are so happy to call themselves, is an organization about one hundred strong in Toledo, and the children from eight to sixteen are as earnest in their temperance work as are the older “Y's” as they term us.

There are three divisions in our “Junior Y's”: (1) the older girls, (2) the younger girls, (3) the honorary, or boys' division, which is called the “Willard Branch.” Leaders are appointed from among the “Y's,” and the society holds very interesting meetings twice a month.

4. Press work. — One of the daily papers

kindly gives us as much space as we can use once a week. Through the press we notify members of meetings and the doings of the different committees, and many outsiders are anxious to read our "Y" column every Thursday evening.

5. Distribution of Temperance Literature.— There are temperance leaflets and stories kept in small boxes in all of the public places of the city, such as the post-office, hotels, barber-shops, railroad transfer stations, depots, etc.

6. Parlor Meetings. — This department is a very pleasant and very important part of our work. Once a month our doors are thrown open for a social evening together. Any one is invited. The programme consists of (1) devotional exercises, (2) temperance entertainment, as solos or papers, (3) some game or amusement in which *all* can join. We have found these to be very well attended and very helpful in bringing the young men into sympathy with our work.

7. Temperance Education. — Every "Y" makes it her duty to exert as much influence as possible in favor of temperance instruction in the public schools. Already the study of the effects of alcohol has been made compulsory in every grade by the Board of Education.

8. Post Office Mission is a distribution of good reading matter, which is donated by families that have a surplus. The business of the committee is to see that such literature reaches the hands of the needy poor, and hospital and infirmary inmates.

9. Hygiene department, in its relation to health.

10. Sunday School Work. — We have successfully attempted introducing Temperance Sunday into the Sunday-school. In some it is observed once a quarter and in others every other quarter, thus alternating with the Missionary Sunday. On such days the "Y's" prepare some short but interesting temperance programme for the close. The temperance lesson leaflets prepared by Frances Willard are used.

11. Narcotics may be called a department, as we include tobacco in our pledge.

12. Physical culture and dress reform have been adopted.

It is the aim of our "Y's" to be the embodiment of health, purity, full of the love of Christ, and busy doing what he calls us to do.

The deeds themselves perish, but not the influence on the lives of those who perform them or those who are helped by them: love makes them immortal.

CUSTOMARY SCENE IN CHAPEL, SATURDAY, 6.30 P. M.

A BRIEF LECTURE.

EVIDENCES OF GOOD BREEDING :

- a. To bear in mind the vulgarity of slamming a door.
- b. To speak in the gentle voice most becoming in woman.
- c. Not to wear a "demi"; for the ownership would imply the incompetency of Gov. Russell to provide for cleanliness in Boston streets.
- d. To preserve the closet door free from finger marks. No blame is attached to guests, as a closet is not supposed to be a general reception-room.

NOTE. — For further information on the subject, refer to Mrs. John Sherwood's "Social Usages."

SUBJECT TO CONFISCATION :

All books and wraps left in front hall will be consigned to the Lost Drawer. Owners may regain their property by applying and paying a fine of five cents.

All superfluous jewelry will be carefully guarded in the office safe until the next vacation.

High heels and alcohol lamps also considered unnecessary articles, and if not delivered up will undergo the common fate.

All eatables, with the exception of fresh fruits. (Salted almonds not classified as fresh fruit.)

See Catalogue.

AS TO RECEPTIONS :

Let the occupants of rooms be at home between the hours of ten and twelve, A. M., on Monday, to receive callers. Subject of conversation to be pins, tacks, pictures in mirrors, *et cetera*.

Appointed in the linen room at 7.30 this evening. Positively last appearance of all unmarked and unclaimed articles. A full attendance is desired, as every thing remaining will be sent to the Home for Little Wanderers, Boston.

Concerning that of Monday. Do not rush to greet your friends until they have been announced, as embarrassing mistakes are liable to occur. The reception hours are from three to five. Those who dislike to remind their friends of the time will be cheerfully furnished with assistance upon application.

Cf. — "Mrs. Grundy on the place and manner of parting."

GENERAL REMARKS:

Shopping lists should be in the box by Friday evening, and they will be promptly attended to either affirmatively or negatively.

IMPORTANT NOTE. — Any one having permission to shop in Boston not at liberty to execute commissions for those less fortunate ones.

Uniformity in tardiness on Monday mornings.

A marked tendency in the clocks to lose time. Should the necessity for an extra half hour on Sunday evening continue to be slower, the time will gladly be granted.

Walking reports are desired from the following young ladies, who may see me at their earliest opportunity. Please to remember that an ordinary person can be in only one place at one time.

Let the chapel racks be ready for inspection before our next coming together, all torn paper, chestnut shells, and other *débris* having been removed.

Those who by virtue of concentration can obtain the required amount of sleep in six instead of eight hours, and who wish to employ the remaining time in doing their Monday work, must remember those who are not so bountifully endowed. There is a time for everything.

Sunday is not a day set apart for the special purpose of "making up" in the correspondence line. Some portion of the day should be reserved for meditation and reflection.

Chapel is dismissed early, that an opportunity may be afforded for the use of the needle.

PERSONALS.

It is Edith Hax, not Bertha, who is Mrs. Ernest C. Hartwig. Apologies are due.

MRS. J. MONROE POLAND, who recently visited Miss Nutt, was once Miss Josephine Reed and a pupil of Lasell in '57.

KEARNEY, Neb., takes time for things of taste. On its Art Loan Committee we see the name of Mrs. George W. Frank, Jr.,— Ella Stedman; and a number of pictures of a high order of merit were loaned by her husband and herself for the October exhibition.

WE learn of Ida Simpson's engagement to be married, and with the announcement comes a request for two of Mrs. Lincoln's cook-books! Quite significant.

MRS. BISHOP SIMPSON, delegate from the Woman's Home Missionary Society of Philadelphia to the Woman's Christian Temperance Convention recently held in Boston, and her daughter Sibbie, have been visiting a valued friend in Boston, Mrs. Capt. Thomas. Mrs. Simpson drove out to Lasell to call on Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon and Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd.

MR. BRAGDON has received cards for an "at home" from Mrs. J. William Barbour and daughter Fannie, Evansville, Ind., Dec. 10.

SOME one met Lizzie Whipple, of Wellesley, on a train. She is staying with a friend in Newton Centre. Her sister is in Boston.

MAE BIGELOW spent a little time at Lasell. Blanche Busell, Bertie Burr, M. Hagar, C. Fisher, Mabel Cogswell, Fannie Thomas, Lizzie Bacon, the sisters Margaret and Mabel Morse, Maudie Stone, Effie Prickett, M. Cole, Sarah Belcher, Ada Jones, and Lucy Sargeant are old girls who have recently been at the school. Rev. Mr. Tirrell with his wife, from the Maine Conference, made the tour of the recitation-rooms, gymnasium, studio, etc., Nov. 24.

EMILY ROWE tells of the last meeting of the Lasell Club at her home, in Evanston. Owing to special circumstances, only eleven gathered on that occasion, but these were much pleased with a letter from Mr. Bragdon's own hand. The club will meet every other month, and the next meeting will be a banquet in Chicago, to which every Lasell girl in the vicinity will be bidden. It is to be a notable affair, without doubt, as it is put into the hands of members of the society who are sure to carry it through well. They had at the last meeting some kind of literary game with prizes. Dora Jackson won the first, Florence

Hawes the second. The whole account is interesting, and we wish the young club much success.

POLLY STEBBINS — perhaps it should be Mary now, as more dignified — acknowledges it, and his name is John Albertson Ingham. He is in Union Theological Seminary, and already has a license to preach. They met last May, and in June were companions in a tramping and camping party in the Berkshires. A very charming romance.

MRS. WALSTON has been at Lasell. Her grandchild, Dora's baby, is over a year old.

LOUISE DIETRICK has been performing in amateur theatricals at Newton. Louise teaches concentration in Boston, as taught by Miss Call, whose pupil she was for years.

ARTHUR BINNEY LANE, born Nov. 16, 1891, is Esther Bridgman's child, — Lasell's grandson.

RUMOR says that Emma Belcher is to be married, but we cannot learn the name of the fortunate man.

SOME of the Lasell people remember Annie Elizabeth Bartlett, who came here in '78, and remained two years. She was a bright lovely girl and a sweet singer. She lives in Derry, N. H., is very happily married, has two little boys, is a valuable member of society, and still sings sweetly, sometimes, as a favor, on public occasions. She is Mrs. Frederick J. Shepard.

IRENE CUSHMAN lives very near her father. She has a nice home, and, better yet, an excellent husband.

THE school organ in the chapel, that old friend which has led our matins and our vesper services for many years, was built by Mr. Horatio Davis, of Cambridge, — a sweet-spirited gentleman of the old school, he was. We have just learned by accident that he passed away nearly a year ago. We are glad to give this tribute of respect to one who was truly worthy of esteem.

ALICE DUNSMORE VAN HARLINGEN writes concerning the coming reunion and banquet of the Lasell Club at Evanston, Ill. She proposes to be present. She is in La Porte, Ind. It seems that old Lasell girls even quite a distance from Chicago are invited guests. Lida Brooke Ressler is one of the Chicago girls. Alice looks quite confidently to seeing Mr. Bragdon at the

banquet. All the girls are *longing* for it, perhaps not *expecting*.

ALICE MAYO HICKS has been spending some time in East Gloucester, for the strengthening of her convalescent husband, whom she took there. She has called on Grace Pattillo. She found the high waves of November a great delight.

DEATHS.

WE are pained to learn of the death of Priscilla Parmenter's father, Mr. Henry A. Parmenter, who passed away Dec. 2 at his home in Gloucester, Mass.

MYRNA LAMSON sends us a notice of the death of Susie Keith in November. Never very strong, she sunk rapidly when disease attacked her. She died at her home, on Prairie Ave., Chicago. She was at Lasell in '89. Her friends have our profound sympathy.

IT is truly sad that Jessie Ball has lost a younger sister, Edith Florence, who died at their home, in Grand Rapids, about the middle of November.

EXCHANGES.

WE have received the first number of the *Record* from *Mt. Vernon Seminary*, and it is a very bright and interesting paper. We are glad to add it to our exchanges.

THE "Amherst Literary Monthly" for November contained some very well written articles; "How Squawky Won" deserves special mention.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard, is much averse to co-education, and prophesies that this system which is so much in vogue in the West at present will be radically changed within a very few years.

THE *Yale Courant* for November is an unusually good number. The story of "The Little Doctor of the Rue St. Gothard" is very well told.

AT Iowa Wesleyan University a man must have become a Sophomore and maintained an average of 8.5 in his studies before he is eligible to membership in a fraternity, and if a fraternity man fails to come up to the requirements of the college the faculty appeal to his fraternity for their action in the matter.

LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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| 1-6 " | 3.00 | 5.00 | 7.00 |
| 1-4 " | 4.00 | 6.50 | 9.00 |
| 1-2 " | 6.50 | 11.00 | 15.00 |
| 3-4 " | 9.00 | 15.00 | 20.00 |
| 1 " | 12.00 | 19.00 | 25.00 |

Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

THE Old Year gathered up his luggage, bade farewell to the mad world, and went into his long exile as quietly as he came twelve months ago.

He was unable to say that he left things very different from the state in which he found them.

The same people who had eagerly watched him in were equally zealous in watching him out, perhaps not without some pangs of regret, thinking with what high resolves and bright anticipations they had awaited his advent, and which now seem no nearer attainment.

But all of us, I think, if we were to balance our shares of good and evil, à la Robinson Crusoe, would find the former greatly in excess in the year's account, and hope that 1892 may profit by the example of his predecessor, holding an equal amount of happiness and good fortune in store for us.

MOST of the members of "our family" have now returned to school, and the Christmas holidays, which we looked forward to for such a long time, are over.

We all seem to have realized our anticipations, and report a very pleasant time, in spite of the dreary, rainy weather during the first week, and that bothersome rascal, the "Grip," with which some of us had to contend.

Some one sent a Christmas greeting to Prof. Bragdon and the "children in his school," and doubtless this would have seemed a more appropriate expression for us if this person had heard the babble of voices as we went down to dinner on the first night of our arrival, and the girls talking about Santa Claus and what he had brought them.

We, the "children" of Lasell Seminary, have

now settled down with resignation to our work for the winter term, and no doubt all of us can find plenty to keep us busy if we keep all of our New-Year resolves.

We feel very sorry for the girls who cannot return to school, and wish them a Happy New Year.

A FRIEND gives the following report of snatches of conversation heard at a "5 o'clock": So charmed! I was afraid you would—bring your mother, and she is always—such a nuisance, don't you think. I really hoped—this especial tea would prove—a ridiculous failure—but I was so delighted to hear—that you fell overboard, and they said the yacht was all trimmed with narrow lace just like that—jelly-cake we had in—the great Siberian Desert, and those awful tragic adventures—at the bargain counter at Lacy's, but such a struggle as I had—with the president of Harvard College, and he decided—to chop some onions very fine with salt—for a really nice wedding gift.—Oh! this summer I met a gentleman who—is constantly running up and down stairs—on his hands, with a bald head and eye-glasses—whom I pointed out—just before he flew out of the window—in search of—another cup of tea.—My husband has been so prostrated—from hearing them sing those two songs—it was really an outrage—so I told him if he insisted on—the continued use of corsets—and such tea as the Chinese drink—what the results would be—but it seems literary appetite demands constant food—and somehow I thought he was—such a very small cake for so many! Aren't you going to stay—on exhibition in the show window—I am sure you would enjoy it much more than—the ignorance and frivolity one finds—at a ladies' luncheon.—I am just wild for—some more tea, and let me give you two lumps—one for the forehead, and a curled bang—with a slice of lemon.—No, thanks, I really must go—I am obliged to—climb a telegraph pole—and dance half the night, so I really must—thank you for this opportunity and I should—certainly tell an untruth if I said—the afternoon has been a success. It reminds one, don't you think—of the witches in "Macbeth."—Good-by—so glad at the chance to—get away.

HELP FOR WORKING-GIRLS.

IT is scarcely two years since the hearts of Lasell girls were greatly moved by the eloquence of a missionary who came from the great hunting-grounds of the West. He told of the grievances of the Indians, of the cruel oppression of the white man, of the slow and often abortive measures of compensation by the Government, of the general ignorance, degradation, and suffering, and the great need of moral and spiritual uplifting, as well as of physical aid. The response to this appeal for help in educating our red brethren was prompt and hearty. Money was at once forthcoming to the amount of hundreds, and Lasell girls equipped the young Indian woman, Winona, and sent her out among her Dakota tribe to teach them the fundamental principles of intelligence and Christian faith.

Lasell girls gave marked proof then and there of their readiness for noble giving whenever they clearly comprehended the need. Now the call for help is nearer, and it is a tenderer claim. Girls like themselves, often as young, as sensitive, as pleasure loving, perhaps as fond of study as themselves, unlike themselves only in being less favored by fortune. Often alone, homeless, and unprotected in a most unfriendly moral and social atmosphere, compelled to earn the daily pittance that keeps them from starvation, under most unfavorable conditions, our sisters, the working-girls, make strong claims upon those favored girls who have come from luxurious homes to enjoy the privileges of a school like Lasell.

This time the missionary who awakened their attention and interest was Rev. Louis A. Banks, of Boston, whose searching investigations of the Sweating System in that city are only equalled by his zeal to create the needed reform. His plain statement of facts was eloquent with truth, and brought conviction. It is hard to believe that the evils of the tenement-house can be so near to our own doors. One must listen to such details as Mr. Banks gives of hard work at starvation prices to conceive the suffering that the system alluded to has produced. When Mr. Banks had graphically set forth the evils and danger resulting to large numbers of young girls like themselves, Mr. Bragdon arose, and, with his usual alacrity to remedy a wrong, proposed to lead his

girls to aid in a project that may be at least an amelioration. The plan is to erect a permanent home for working-girls in the suburbs of New York City, where the needy may find rest and comfort when over-worked or ill. Certain articles in the *Christian Union* of New York City advocating such a home suggested to Miss Carolyn E. Porte, a teacher of Mount Vernon Seminary at Washington, the idea that school-girls who belong to families of means might contribute of their abundance to help their less fortunate sisters.

This lady corresponded with the *Christian Union*, and that paper conferred with the officers of the Working-girls' Vacation Society. The latter gladly agreed to assume the management of such a Home, and five thousand dollars was reported to be the amount needed. The *Christian Union* espouses the project, and in its issue of Nov. 7 printed Miss Porte's letter and all needed explanations. The advantage of placing such a Home near the Metropolis is the saving of time and money in passing to and fro, and the benefitting of larger numbers. A tired girl might go on Saturday evening for a Sunday's rest, and return Monday morning in time for her day's work. She could pay her own fare, which the courtesy of most railroads makes a reduced rate.

Miss Porte remarks in her letter that it has been her custom each year "to interest the girls in some charity, not only for charity's sake but to educate the girls in giving, and to interest them in the poor and unfortunate."

Those who know the principal of Lasell will not need to be told of his hearty sympathy with this sentiment, so in accordance with his own practice. Also, the further suggestion that, instead of making costly interchanges of Christmas gifts, the girls should reserve some of the money for this better Christmas offering, won hearty approval.

Past experiences make it almost needless to add that a cause so championed met with the heartiest response. Five hundred dollars was raised almost upon the spot. That makes Lasell one of ten schools to contribute the five thousand necessary. The *Christian Union* receives the funds and makes acknowledgment, printing Mr. Bragdon's letter in its issue of Dec. 26. It is a lovely deed that girls should give to girls, — the

fortunate to the unfortunate. It is, to many who gave, a few dollars out of a great abundance, yet it means a great deal for some of these saddened ones, help and happiness that will shelter them from sorrow, perhaps from sin. Blessed indeed is she who has the privilege of helping in such a work! If any former pupil of Lasell, reading this account, is moved to add something for this good cause, she can send her contribution to Mr. Bragdon — it will be forwarded. It is desired that this shall be done before March.

HEARTS were made to break;
Hands were made to squeeze;
Eyes were made to rove about
And make boys do as you please;
Ears were made to hear;
Feet were made to show;
Girls were made to flirt with boys;
Boys with girls — oh, no!

Waists were made to hug;
Tongues were made to tune;
Arms were made to encircle girls;
And lovers were made to spoon;
Eyelids were made to droop;
Cheeks were made to blush;
Hair was made to curl and friz;
And lips were made to — oh, hush!

HOW I RODE OLD KIT.

It was a bright, pleasant morning, and Mrs. Barnes had asked her husband to saddle old Kitty, that I might have my promised ride. She knew that I had been looking forward to that ride for some time.

It took me longer than usual to get into my habit, for I knew that a girl on horseback would be an object of curiosity in that quiet neighborhood, where the houses were half a mile apart and there was very little passing of any kind. But they called to me that the horse was at the door, and I finished in a hurry.

They were all out to see me mount, — Mrs. Barnes, with her apron thrown over her shoulders, little Dan and his shadow, Andrew, staring with wide-eyed admiration, and Baby Lyman, looking so roguish that I was afraid he was planning to hit old Kitty with his whip. As I sprang into my seat I noticed that it was an old-fashioned,

two-horned saddle, with an iron stirrup. But, although I had always looked on this kind with mistrust, I thought that the horse was so reliable it did n't make much difference about the saddle.

I was anxious to see how well she loped, so as soon as I was out of sight of the house I touched her with the whip. But she broke into a trot, and the more I urged her the harder she trotted, till I felt like a kernel of pop-corn.

At last my efforts were rewarded, and she started into an easy lope. Just then I was obliged to change my position, and ride Indian fashion, — on the side of the horse, — in other words, the saddle turned.

Now I rather enjoy new experiences in riding, and presume I might have adjusted myself to this new method in time. But that saddle did n't give metime ; it kept on turning, and turning, till I had to hop off and race with the horse. But all the advantage of the race was on her side, for she had four feet, while I had only one, the other being securely held by that iron stirrup. Then, too, she had nothing to fear from the results of the contest, while I fully realized my imminent peril should I lose my hold upon the reins or fail to "single-foot" successfully.

I finally succeeded in stopping poor excited old Kitty, and led her back to the barn. After the saddle had been righted, and the girths, much to Kitty's disgust, had been tightened, we started out again. This time we'll walk, Kitty!

Walking, if not so exciting as loping, at least gives one a better opportunity to admire the scenery. On my right, a merry brook appeared and disappeared among branches clothed in the soft and tender green of early spring. But when old Kit took it into her head to "jump into the bramble bush," if she did n't "put out both my eyes," she at least convinced me that the branches were anything but "soft and tender."

To make sure that my old and reliable steed should not again diminish that "distance which lends enchantment" to our view, I gazed afar to where the green hills of Vermont lifted toward the sky their summits topped by sentinel pines. But the mean little bushes by the roadside hid all this grandeur from my sight, for old Kit, like all things mortal, had "returned unto the dust" in a most awkward tumble.

What did I do? Sat still and let her get up!

By this time I was tired of giving an exhibition of horsemanship without any one to applaud ; so I turned towards home, and persuaded old Kit to gallop ; for I was determined to get there as soon as possible. But "haste makes waste." That hateful horse had the habit of holding her breath whenever they tried to put on a saddle. So of course mine turned again, and I had to walk back half a mile before I could find anybody to fix it. Then I walked the horse all the rest of the way home.

With a sigh of relief, I gave up the reins to Mr. Barnes, determined never again to mount that beast, and to think twice before I rode any horse that was considered "old and reliable."

LOCALS.

ANNA WALSTON went to Chicago Dec. 21.

WEDNESDAY evening, Dec. 10, the Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs of the Boston Tech. gave a concert in the gymnasium, under the auspices of the S. D. Society. After the concert the S. D.'s gave a reception to the clubs in the parlors. Those who were not among the favored S. D.'s had the pleasure of hearing a serenade by the Glee Club, which was enjoyed very much, although the selections were not new.

DR. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS gave a talk on "The Poor of our Cities," in the chapel, Dec. 15. Much interest was shown. At Mr. Bragdon's suggestion, about four hundred dollars was subscribed to a working-girls' home in New York City.

INNOCENT SOPHOMORE: "I'm just crazy to see Booth and Barrett."

WISE JUNIOR: "Well, you won't see them now."

INNOCENT SOPHOMORE: "Why? Is he dead?"

THE regular Pupils' Musical Rehearsal was given in the gymnasium, Wednesday evening, Dec. 16.

MISS MARY A. GREENE gave the second lecture in the course of Business Law for Women, Dec. 18. Of course we were all interested in the laws of the domestic relations and the rights of married women.

THE Junior Literature class would be glad of any information concerning Mrs. Moses.

THE companies of the battalion have chosen their colors as follows : —

COMPANY A. — *White*.

COMPANY B. — *Pearl-gray*.

COMPANY C. — *Yellow*.

The neckties will be of the company color.

Election returns of the S. D. Society : —

| | | | | | |
|----------------------------|---|---|---|---|-------------------|
| <i>President</i> | . | . | . | . | MISS MILLIKIN. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | . | . | . | . | MISS McDONALD. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | . | . | . | . | MISS TUKEY. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | . | . | . | . | MISS CROCKER. |
| <i>Critic</i> | . | . | . | . | MISS GRIFFIN. |
| <i>Ushers</i> | . | . | . | . | { MISS BURR. |
| | . | . | . | . | { MISS NORMAN. |
| <i>Executive Committee</i> | . | . | . | . | { MISS ANDREESEN. |
| | . | . | . | . | { MISS ALLEN. |
| | | | | | { MISS STEELE. |

THE HOUSE OF PAUSA.

THIS reproduction of the ancient house of the Pompeian nobleman is considered by all who have visited it as such an extremely novel and interesting place that I will endeavor to take my readers there in imagination, hoping that they will some time have the pleasure of visiting it in reality.

Those who have read Lord Lytton's most interesting and instructive novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii" cannot enter this house without letting their thoughts return with a great deal of interest to the characters represented therein, and can easily imagine Diomed or Glaucus giving one of his noted dinners to his friends in just such a house.

As this house is built in Saratoga, the great summer resort of people from many parts of the world, it is daily visited by those who come to see it, either from curiosity, intelligent interest, or both combined.

The first object to meet our eyes on entering is the device in mosaic of a fierce dog in the act of springing upon us, and, beneath, the inscription, "Cave canem."

On either side of this entrance hall, or ostium, is a small room in which chained slaves were kept.

As it was not customary to keep the doors locked, such a protection was necessary.

We are also greeted by the word "Salve," on

the mosaic pavement, but before we can go farther it is necessary that we shall pay our fifty cents to an occupant of one of the previously mentioned small rooms, who, to all appearances, bears not the slightest resemblance to a slave, and certainly is not chained.

Having paid our dues, we will now push aside the heavy drapery, and the sight which meets our eyes is imposing and beautiful. Graceful pillars, fountains, statuary, and growing verdure are harmoniously grouped. The effect is grand.

As the draperies are all thrown aside, we are enabled to catch a glimpse of the garden beyond, with four rooms intervening.

The atrium, in which we now are, is an imposing hall, where the master of the house received all his public friends and clients. The room is lighted from above by a skylight. In the centre is an oblong tank, filled with water, which flows on a level with the floor, and surrounded by growing orchids and palms, giving a very cool and pleasing aspect to the room.

The ceiling and walls of this room, as well as of all the others, are decorated with paintings, copies of famous mosaics. Statues of the Muses are placed in different parts of the room.

We will now pass on to the tablinum, which adjoins the atrium, and was the private sanctum of the master of the house. Here were kept, in cabinets, busts of ancestors, family archives, and genealogical tables.

Passing through this room, we enter the peristylum, a court larger than the atrium, with the statues of Pan and Satyr in the centre, surrounded by verdure, and the whole enclosed by twelve columns, while above is another opening, admitting light and air. Here were given private entertainments.

The bibliotheca, or library, is not very large. A few rolls of parchment are shown, which have been found in excavating.

The balneum, or bath-room, is also small, as the Romans patronized the public baths so largely. The marble tub is below the level of the floor, and is much larger than an ordinary sized bathtub of modern usage.

There are two dining-rooms, a winter and a summer one, connected by the kitchen, which is very small.

The bedrooms are also quite small, but as the people were not accustomed to disrobe, this was no inconvenience to them.

Ascending the stairs, we see several small rooms, which were occupied by the slaves.

The roof is converted into a garden, and many a pleasant evening was probably spent in just such a delightful spot. The exterior of the house is composed of many colored bricks, to represent mosaics.

The contrast upon coming from this quiet house, with its delightful coolness, and many recollections of the past splendors of the Pompeiian nobleman, to the humdrum life of the nineteenth century is very great, and we leave with real regret "The House of Pausa."

THE LASELL BANQUET.

It was truly a pretty sight to see those twenty-six young women merrily discussing old school-days in the parlors of the Hotel Richelieu on that memorable Monday afternoon, Dec. 28.

After a pleasant social hour, they adjourned to the silver and crystal banquet hall, and there indeed was a prettier sight to behold. The tables were arranged in the shape of a horseshoe, and were literally buried in white hyacinths and maiden-hair ferns. At the head of the table sat our beloved Miss Carpenter, while on either side beamed the radiant faces of the girls — you prefer to be called girls, don't you?

If any one wishes to know what constituted the tempting *menu*, let her petition for a supplement to the LEAVES: space will not admit of it here; suffice it to say that everything was delicious, and the girls of last year must know that we ate in "rhythm" to the sweet strains of Valisi's mandolin orchestra.

Now for the best of all, the toasts. Although Miss Carpenter did not know that she was to be toast-mistress until the "eleventh hour," her remarks could not have been more fitting to the occasion. How interested we were in hearing of the changes at dear old Lasell! and when she reminded us that Lasell's reputation ever rested on *our* shoulders, how much more emphatic it seemed to us than when we bade adieu to the old school home! We were greatly disappointed in not

hearing Edith Gale toast, "The Faculty," but her greeting to us was kindly read by Alice Platt.

Mrs. Judd (Eva Bragdon) responded to "The Alumnæ," and well might the Alumnæ feel proud to have had themselves in her hands, for truly noble and excellent Lasell daughters did she make them.

Mrs. Van Harlingen (Alice Dunsmore) told us exactly what we wanted to hear on "Reminiscences," — how the girls as far back as '78 had sports and trials not unlike those of our day.

"Lasell up to Date" was Flora Gardner's subject. She gave us a witty picture of the modern Lasell girl, with her ambitions, desires, and longings, and in closing she raised her glass, and, as we all united in drinking to the health of the modern Lasell girl, we wished that we also could be classed under that title.

Eula Lee gave us a glimpse into the future, or "Looking Forward," and well might we smile when she prophesied what glorious women we might become; but whatever we are or will be, let us be sincere and true, making the most of ourselves, that we may be of some help to others.

May Towle read a telegram from Professor, sending greetings, and that made us happy, for we knew he was thinking of us.

All hail to dear old Lasell! May we be proud to bear her name, and may each year find her children as loyal and devoted as they were at the first Western reunion at Chicago!

Those present were Miss Carpenter, of Auburn-dale, Mass.; Alice Platt, Eula Lee, Stella McChesney, Delia Davis, Ava Rawleigh, Sallie King, Dora Jackson, Florence Hawes, Mrs. Shattuck, Bertha Morrison, Helen Gilbert, Elizabeth Harwood, Mattie Fowler, Myrna Lamson, Katherine Mills, of Chicago; May Towle, Emily and Susanne Rowe, Flo Gardner, Lu Pinney, May Rice, of Evanston; Mrs. Van Harlingen, of La Porte, Ind.; Mrs. Judd, of Englewood, Ill.; Mrs. Jebb, of Waukegan, Ill.; and Rena Day, of Boston.

AFTER XMAS.

My empty pocket-book to-day
Gives cause for much repining;
Unlike the dark and stormy clouds,
It has no silver lining.

BRUNONIAN.

A PARABLE.

ONE day an angel stood on the sea-shore. Her eyes were fixed on the calm sky, and seemed to have caught the reflection of its deep mysterious blue. When now and then a gray cloud slowly floated past, its shadow lingered for a moment on the fair upturned brow, and then went away again, leaving it as beautiful and as unsearchable as before; for though one gaze on the face of Truth his whole life long, and though he love it with all his soul, yet he can never read the thoughts that lie below.

And so she waited — waited by the sea. By and by another form came, and stood beside her, — a form as fair as she, but the eyes were gray, — and they looked not on the heavens, where the stars are drowned in the glory of day, not on the firmament, beyond which God sits on the great white throne, but on the shifting, changing sea, and on her face were reflected the myriad lights and shadows that play forever on the water.

Truth shrank when she saw who it was who stood by her side, but she did not go away, and both waited and watched.

Suddenly something shone white on the yellow sand. It was a pearl, which the last wave had washed up and laid at their feet. Both stooped to grasp it. Gray-eyed Error clutched it in her fingers; but the jewel slipped through them, and was half buried in the sand. Then Truth almost grasped it, when Error, with flushing cheeks, snatched it away; and so the contest went on, now one and now the other seeming to be the winner, while the sky, that had been so clear, grew dark and troubled, and the waves moaned on the beach.

At last Truth fairly clasped the precious treasure, and, turning, fled from Error, as when the fresh breeze of morning lifts the white mists of the valley and bears them swiftly away. Weary and breathless, she stopped at length, and sat down to look at her prize; but alas! the beautiful white surface was all stained from the struggle and the touch of Error's fingers, and Truth looked at the blackened pearl, and a great sadness oppressed her heart, and she wept until the clouds, for very pity, wept with her.

How long she sat there I know not, but when

she lifted her head the sky was blue again, a little bird was trilling his most rapturous lay in a tree close by, and the pearl lay in Truth's hand, more fair, more glorious, than when the sea first tossed it forth on the wide shore. Truth's tears of yearning love had washed it white again, and, with a cry more joyous than the bird's song, she spread her white wings, and darted upwards through the air to lay it in her Father's hand.

A JUNIOR'S PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not in mournful numbers
Latin is a joy serene,
For his grade is nought who blunders,
And words are not what they seem.

Virgil's real and Virgil's earnest,
And it is no empty tale,
"To the same old page returnest,"
This is spoken when we fail.

Not enjoyment but much sorrow
Is our destined end and way,
Thirty lines must each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Lessons are long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Oftentimes begin hard beating
When the teachers's face looks grave.

In the Sem.'s broad field of knowledge,
In the bivouac of life,
In this far superior college,
We the teachers meet in strife.

Trust no "Pony," howe'er gentle,
Better get it out instead,
For *these* are not instrumental
In fixing Latin in the head.

Cicero's orations did remind us
How great men oft did kill time;
But those now we've left behind us,
With all feelings not sublime.

We have left them for the others,
Sophomores on the classic main,
Our forlorn and shipwrecked brothers
Now must read them o'er again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
With a scolding oft pursuing,
We for Horace calmly wait.

A COMPARISON OF SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET AND TENNYSON'S MAUD.

HAVE you ever thought of the mutual relations of these two great masterpieces? Of the resemblances and differences between Shakespeare's greatest drama and Tennyson's favorite poem?

The chief points in the stories and the distinguishing traits in the characters of Hamlet, the melancholy Dane, and the lover of Maud, certainly present some striking points of resemblance. Before the beginning of each story a tragedy, the death of the hero's father, has occurred; and "one woe doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they follow," until at length each closes with a tragedy. The similarity of circumstances thus thrown about each hero must necessarily attract a reader's attention. The death of his father, in so unnatural a way creates in each mind suspicion. When we are introduced to either of these wonderful characters we find him soliloquizing over the death of his father. As suspicion grows stronger and stronger, a desire for revenge springs up in the heart.

Revenge fills the mind of Hamlet to the exclusion of all else, even the great love he had for Ophelia. Not so with Maud's lover: although hatred and revenge are prominent characteristic of his disposition, yet love is the uppermost, the controlling passion. But note how similar the love of these two men are, — how passionate, how extravagant. Hamlet says: —

"To the celestial and my soul idol, the most beautiful Ophelia."

and also, —

"Doubt that the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love."

Then turn to the language of our other lover, —

"She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

These same beautiful and lovable women, whom they should have most tenderly guarded, die; and alas, their blood stains the hands of their lovers! Is it not so? for indirectly each hero brings about the death of his lady-love.

Does not Hamlet kill the father of Ophelia? Is not Maud's brother slain by her lover?

Another point of resemblance in the beginning of each story is, that both meditate suicide. Who is not familiar with that famous soliloquy beginning, — "To be, or not to be, — that is the question?" Does not our other hero ask, — "Must I too creep to the hollow and dash myself down and die? Would there be sorrow for me? Why should I stay?"

And both — may I say it — were mad. Certainly the latter was, as Tennyson himself gives us ample proof; while "Was Hamlet Mad?" has been the subject of innumerable essays and debates, and many able critics have left us a long list of proofs that he was.

Lastly, each is so sad, so terrible, that it stirs the very depths of our soul and fascinates us intensely.

NEW PICTURES AT LASELL.

THREE oil paintings have been received from Mr. Geo. C. Folsom, of Bromfield Street, Boston.

1. "Holiday Preparations," by C. Petit, is a Flemish genre picture, — a kitchen scene in the artist's home.

2. "At the Spring" represents a young girl filling her pitcher, the background, a dark forest and a cliff — a gleam of clear sky is seen through the trees. The artist is Rudolph Epp.

No. 3, called "A Lake in the Tyrol," is by Julius Rose, and is five feet nine and three quarters in size. It has a noble range of snow-clad heights in the distance, while the green, gem-like lake has on the left an overhanging pine-crowned cliff that catches a roseate glow of light, while a forest of pines runs down from the middle distance at the right, and mossy rocks lie in the foreground. The soft clouds of the sky receive much light, and a mist softens the rocky heights. It is a wonderfully interesting picture, and lights up admirably. One can sit long before it entranced by its charm, for "a thing of beauty is indeed a joy forever."

NEW YEAR RESOLVES.

1. I will get up and dress when the breakfast-bell rings.

2. I will remember the poor, if I have to make a memorandum to that effect every morning. The memory can be greatly strengthened by practice ; it does not cost anything, and brings a pleasant glow to the approving conscience.

3. I will pay all my debts, if I have to borrow money to do it with.

4. I will find out the day before if my teacher is going to question me especially, so as not to get a lesson unnecessarily.

5. I will strive to be more thoughtful for my own comfort, that others, seeing me happy, may also endeavor to be contented ; and thus I will be a missionary for good.

6. I will not complain when everything goes to suit me.

7. I must be more unselfish, and take better care of myself, that I may long be spared to be the joy and light of the house which it has pleased an appreciative Providence to bestow on one in every way worthy of the blessing so wisely ordered.

8. If I go visiting at the fashionable hour, — after nine o'clock, — I will see that the gas is turned out before leaving my room.

9. I will be, in all things, a good, conscientious girl, cheerfully taking all blessings as my just and due deserts, obeying my parents and teachers as long as it is of no inconvenience to myself.

CHRISTMAS VACATION.

THE vacation did not begin so cheerfully as one might have wished. Rain and clouds outside and clouds and rain inside combined to make things appear slightly gloomy. From Tuesday morning until the following Sunday, Old Sol never so much as gave us a peep of his cheery face; what wonder if that natural sympathy of the human feeling with the moods of the weather (we won't call it home-sickness, oh, no!) was a trifle depressing!

During the Christmas vacation the girls seemed

to like the express-man better than any other person in Auburndale. Every time a sound was heard from outside those girls who had not received their boxes would run to the windows and fairly hang out of them, then run downstairs at a dangerous rate of speed to see if *their* boxes had come ; if not, what woe-begone expressions those poor creatures' faces would wear!

Christmas morning, as we lay calmly sleeping, dreaming perhaps of the glad day so long anticipated, strains of the sweetest music suddenly floated out on the darkness, like the song of the herald angels. Soon after, the halls were filled with many a voice crying out, "Merry Christmas!" At ten o'clock we were all welcomed in the parlors, where we had our morning prayers, and then came the tree with its many presents. Dogs and spiders found their favorite resting-places on its branches also. At the present time there may be seen in one of the rooms in the building a spider hung at the door, which makes all innocent maidens coming into the room jump and give a scream, as the "horrid thing" tickles them in the face; or, if the people are short enough, it will put its feet in their hair. Christmas evening we were very pleasantly entertained at Mrs. Bragdon's.

The last week was spent in driving, writing letters, eating, and sleeping. Wednesday evening a number of the girls went to a cobweb party at Belle Bragdon's, and had a very pleasant time. Thursday evening we had a taffy-pull — and such a time as some of the girls had with it sticking to their hands! One girl especially had difficulty with hers, for it kept falling on the floor; but she at last came out victorious. Later in the evening Mr. Shepherd showed us a number of very pretty pictures which he had collected abroad. Then we danced, and told ghost stories until a few minutes of midnight, when we began to dance the old year out and the new year in. We finished by going through the chapel and halls ringing the gong with all our might.

The last evening of our vacation was spent by twelve of us in taking a long straw-ride.

THE oldest student in Harvard is in the Graduate School. He is seventy-seven years old, and graduated from Yale in 1834.

BOOKS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

- Andrews, E. A., and Stoddard. Revised Latin Grammar 475. An2
 Arnold, Sir Edwin. The Light of the World . 821. AR61
 Arnold, Sir Edwin. The Light of Asia . . . 821. AR62
 Banks, Rev. Louis A. White Slaves 339. B22
 Brewer, E. Cobham. Historic Note-book . . . 902. B74
 Brown, Helen Dawes. Two College Girls . . . 823. B78
 Call, Annie Payson. Power through Repose . . 613. C13
 Collar, Wm. C. Practical Latin Composition . . 470. C67
 Cook, Clarence. Art and Artists of our Time.
 3 vols. 759. I
 Eddy, James. Thoughts on Religion and Morality 250. Ed2
 Everett, Chas. C. Ethics for Young People . . 170. Ev2
 Fiske, John. The Beginnings of New England . 974. F54
 Gepp, C. G., and Haigh, A. E. Latin-English Dictionary 473. G29
 Grove, George. Dictionary of Music and Musicians. 4th vol. 780. I
 Hastings, Mrs. Harriet B. Pebbles from the Path of a Pilgrim 813. H27
 Hurd, D. Hamilton. History of Middlesex County, Mass. 974. H93
 Höffding, Harald. Outlines of Psychology . . 140. H67
 King, Moses. Handbook of Boston 917. K58
 Lanier, Sidney. Poems 811. L27
 More, Sir Thomas. Utopia 829. M79
 Morley, John (and others). Essays on The Study of English Literature 824. M71
 Rolfe, Wm. J. Tales from Scottish History for School Reading 825. R64a
 Steele, Geo. M. Outlines of Bible Study . . . 220. St3
 Steele, Geo. M. Rudimentary Ethics 170. St3
 Seelye, Julius H. Duty; A Book for Schools . . 170. Se3
 Wendell, Barrett. English Composition . . . 815. We48
 Weed, A. R. Business Law 343. We4
 Whitney, William D. German Grammar . . . 435. W61
 "Salmagundi" 1891 Junior Class, Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y. 60. 5
 Annual Report of Life Saving Service of 1885.

PERSONALS.

LIZZIE DAVIS is with her mother in Frankfort, Germany. She writes with profound regret that she cannot graduate with her class next June. Her knowledge of the German language helps her very much.

MARY MARSHALL CALL writes in the *Churchman* of Dec. 12 upon Christmas giving, and the mistaken principle of giving beyond our means and where love does not dictate.

ESTHER E. BURNHAM, a pupil of Lasell from '77 to '79, has for some years carried on a millinery

establishment in Bethel, Me., where she lives. Judging from the advertisements in local papers, her business is especially flourishing of late. Her sister Mattie, who was with her at Lasell, is a successful dressmaker at Lynn, Mass., we are told. Lasell is proud of such good workers.

JESSIE M. LAW sends The Nebraska State Journal Educational Souvenir. In the public schools of Lincoln her name figures as one of the teachers. She must be a good one.

MARY HAZLEWOOD has been passing through much trial since last summer in the severe illness of a younger sister; also the ill health of her mother and grandmother. The case of the sister is still undecided, and there is danger of her being crippled for life. Mary is very useful, brave, and busy, hoping for the best.

LAURA HUTTON is gaining in health.

MARY HAGAR is well. She hears of the illness of Abbie Hartwell,—a case of typhoid fever. Thanks for a photograph of Mary.

VIRGINIA PHÆBUS lives at 33 Third Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. She is housekeeper, and teaches a little. Her photograph is a good one. Thanks.

MARY P. NORTON says it was eleven years ago that she was at Lasell. *Tempus fugit!*

MARTHA TASH has quite regained her health. Her home is at 116 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. She is expecting a visit from Marie Moger. She says Mabel Williams is taking music lessons in Boston.

LITTLE Lillian Packard Draper is a dear, as she looks out of her picture with Nellie's eyes.

ROGER FERGUSON CONANT and Mamie Ferguson Conant make a lovely picture together and do credit to their old Grandma Lasell.

THE photograph of Sadie Ostrander is wonderfully good. Received with thanks.

LIZZIE ATKINSON is spending the winter at home. She has completed her medical studies, but does not practise, her mother being very desirous to keep her with herself.

A FINE organ recital was given at South Manchester, Dec. 23, by Mr. Henry M. Dunham, assisted by Mr. William H. Dunham, tenor, both of the New England Conservatory of Music. We see that Miss Maytie Case, Mabel's sister, was one of the performers.

GRACE GARLAND (Mrs. Etherington) and her two children have been seriously ill with scarlet fever. We understand that they are recovering.

GERTRUDE NEWCOMB made a flying call in the holidays. She is devoting herself to shorthand, taking lessons in Portland. One of her sisters is in Europe; one has just returned. She has had a charming visit from Laura and Maude Whitney.

MR. E. ASODA, of Tokyo, Japan, called at Lasell in the holidays. He speaks English admirably, and is a student in Union Theological Seminary, New York. He is acquainted with Miss Jennie Vail.

MRS. EDDY and Elizabeth were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon, Christmas week. Mr. Eddy came within five votes of being elected to the Legislature. Mr. Bragdon congratulates him on his "lucky escape."

ALICE MAGOUN has gained in health very much indeed.

MR. BRAGDON wishes gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of photographs from Eloise Knowles, Minnie Jones, Jessie Butler, Lucy Pennell, Mabel Engelhart, Gertrude Littlefield, Hattie Van Cise (Mrs. Youngs), and Helen Dodds (Mrs. Sternbergh).

MABEL ENGELHART and Stella have been disappointed in an expected visit from Margaret Coon, who has been severely ill. Lill Hathaway (Mrs. Muir) writes to Mabel that she is keeping house, and finds it "such fun." Her new home is very pleasant, and Lill is very happy, as she says.

GRACE HUNTINGTON sends New Year's greetings.

FLORENCE MANN's father, Mr. H. P. Mann, of Cincinnati, writes to introduce Mr. T. B. Cunningham, a cultured Chinese gentleman, a Christian also. Mr. Mann wished Mr. Cunningham to know Mr. Bragdon, and to see Lasell.

MARRIAGES.

MISS HELEN M. DODDS was married to Mr. Philip H. Sternbergh, Wednesday evening, Nov. 18, 1891, in Burlington, Vt. Miss Dodds was at Lasell in '89 and '90.

MISS ALICE E. THAYER, of Tarrytown-on-Hudson, was married to Mr. Frank S. Abbott, Dec. 12, 1891. Miss Thayer was at Lasell in '86 and '87.

MISS GERTRUDE WHITE was married to Mr. Francis D. Pastorius, Wednesday evening, Dec. 2, 1891, at Colorado Springs. Miss White was at Lasell from September, '86, to June, '88.

MISS JULIA P. HUBBARD was married to Mr. Wilson I. Kelley, Dec. 31, 1891, in Wheeling, W. Va. Miss Hubbard was at Lasell in '89 and '90.

MISS NANNIE FISHER was married to Dr. Samuel M. Mosgrove, Nov. 11, 1891, in Cincinnati, Ohio. The young people will live in Urbana, Ohio. Miss Fisher was at Lasell from September, '78, to June, '80.

DEATHS.

IN the October issue of the LEAVES was mentioned the death of a dear friend and former teacher of Lasell, Miss Harriott A. Eager, who passed away last July. It is now our sad duty to record the death of her sister, Miss Fanny F. Eager, who died in Boston, Thursday, Jan. 7. Miss Eager had led a quiet home life, ministering to the wants of her family, and nursing each beloved member until one by one death had taken them. The death of Miss Harriott left her almost alone, one brother, Mr. George R. Eager, of Auburndale, and a trustee of Lasell Seminary, being now the only remaining member of the family. This retired life of Miss Eager, to which her natural disposition was adapted, had made her less known than was Miss Harriott, but she was equally beloved by her smaller circle of friends. She was eminently gentle, sweet, and loveable, a sincere Christian, a refined and intelligent lady. There are many at Lasell as elsewhere who deeply mourn her loss, and heartily sympathize with Mr. George R. Eager and his family in this heavy affliction.

THE December number of "The Mount Holyoke" contains a very pretty but sad little story, entitled "Xmas Flowers."

THE December "Brunonian" contained as many bright sayings as usual, and the cover, especially, was very attractive.

AT Des Moines (co. ed.) college, any student falling in love with another during the term is liable to severe punishment. — *Ex.*

AMONG the many good things found in the December number of the "Amherst Literary Monthly" is an article entitled, "The Humor of Charles Lamb."

CHALK is cheap, but should not be thrown.

THE child is farther than the man, according to his own opinion of his youthful abilities.

A SNOWBALL in hand is worth two in the bush (in a snowball fight).

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THE article in the December Arc-X, "Is She Cute," teaches us a very good lesson, and we all wish that we might be termed "a cute girl," for cuteness is nearly allied to pleasantness of manner. Pleasant manners have their true foundation in a loving heart; to be cute is to be lovable.

THE first graduation at Harvard University was in 1646. — *Ex.*

A MODERN college course runs thus:—

Freshman: Walks, Talks.

Sophomore: Moon, Spoon,

Junior: Kiss, Bliss, Gate, Late.

Senior: Nice, Splice.

Alumni: Boy, Joy.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

IT was very naughty ; who could have thought it of so exemplary a young woman as H. F.? But instead of joining in the struggle between Mason's and Sullivan's music, she took observations on the *coiffures* of the singers in front of her, and, worse still, dropped into poetry, as follows : —

I'm but a Lasell girl,
I have no comb ;
Waves my hair in many a curl,
I have no comb.
Brushes and all such things,—
Hair-oil, and pins, and strings,—
All these have taken wings ;
And eke my comb !

I HAVE looked in vain for a girl with a Lasell pin ever since we left America in June, and since I can take no individual by the hand I send you all in the dear school-home a "Happy New Year" greeting.

Of course you have had a pleasant holiday — those who went and those who stayed. Would you like to hear how one of your older sisters and her family spent Christmas in this quaint old German town ?

The approaching festivities began to express themselves at least two weeks before the joyous twenty-fifth. The shop windows were so filled with toys and pretty things that it was an impossibility for the children to pass them by. They would stand gazing and talking English so fast that the little "*Deutchers*" forgot they had also come to see the pretty things, and had ears and eyes only for the little "*Amerikaners*." Then one day we were overcome with admiration on finding the Market Place, which had heretofore boasted of nothing more attractive than im-

mense cabbages and odorous cheese, crowded with stately fir-trees; stout, smiling peasant women presided over booths filled with remarkable toys, gay ornaments and frosted cakes, and every few minutes we would meet a man or woman carrying home the tree which no one is too poor to have.

In spite of these gay scenes, the time dragged to the little folks until four o'clock on Christmas eve, when all the American children assembled at the home of the youngest for their tree. Such a gorgeous tree, loaded with strange fruit, and where every child found the desire of his heart, from the boy who had long wished for "soldiers, and a cannon that will really shoot," to the blue-eyed baby who clasped in her arms an equally blue-eyed doll with an extensive wardrobe!

The pretty candles could not burn forever, and after they had gone out we gathered up our share of the spoils and returned to our rooms, where we found American letters (the most welcome gift one ever receives in a foreign land) and a plate of sugared cakes — the latter from our landlady.

Then we prepared for the festivities in which we were invited to participate with our German friends. And here I cannot refrain from some advice to any Lasell girl who wants to study modern language: By all means come to G—— and to Frau Pastorin B——, where you will find good food, well cooked, hear the best German, and make friends with the kindest, gentlest, most cultured people, to know whom is "a liberal education."

At half past seven the bell rang, and we were joined in the family sitting-room by the servants, and a poor woman with her children, who were invited *because* they were poor (true Christmas spirit!).

After singing a Christmas hymn, we passed into an adjoining room, where we joined hands and circled around the tree, singing that pretty German song, "Oh Tannen Baum." I cannot imagine anything more beautiful than the tree which stood in the centre of the room, with cotton so deftly laid on every branch that one felt almost sure it must have snowed. Over all, diamond dust was plentifully sprinkled, which in the light of the many candles added to the impres-

sion of snow. A little bird sat in her nest near the trunk, and the only dash of color was a strip of yellow ribbon bearing the words "Glory to God in the Highest," arranged as if it were blown around the tree.

After the singing each one sought out the table bearing his name, where his presents were tastefully arranged, with a lighted lamp or candles, and a plate of fruit, cakes, nuts, and bonbons in the centre. Most of the gifts were useful articles, though of course the pretty *Fraülein Tochter* had her share of ribbons and laces, and the *Frau Mutter* the daintiest of embroidery and bric-a-brac.

After admiring our own and each others gifts (how charmingly the son and daughter expressed their thanks to their mother!), tea was served in the very best china, and while so engaged we received a visit from the "*Weinachts Mann*," who shook hands with the children and asked if they had been good all the year. My two olive branches answered rather hesitatingly in the affirmative and were given some nuts and apples from the sack which the old fellow carried on his shoulder.

Refusing a cup of tea on the plea of haste, he bade the little folks be good and studious, and took his departure. We soon followed him, and on our way home saw happy groups of children and brilliant trees in every house. Most of the trees were decorated with frosted cakes, gilded nuts, red apples and bright ornaments, but to my mind the simple snow-trimmed ones were more attractive.

It was late before Young America could be induced to sleep, and we were aroused the following morning by the bells calling to six o'clock service in the green-trimmed lighted churches. A second service, with excellent music, at eleven o'clock was followed by a bountiful Christmas dinner. No turkey was there, but, believe me, girls, roast goose is quite as good, when prepared by a Hanoverian *Haus Frau*, and, if I faintly sighed for mince-pie, I realized that one can not have honey cakes and curious bonbons every day.

So, on the whole, we voted our German Christmas a great success, and though "there is no place like home" on Christmas or any other day, I think we people in American homes may well

imitate the child-like spirit of enjoyment, and the absence of over-excitement which keep our German brothers and sisters always young.

A. L. H., '78.

GÖTTINGEN, Jan. 1, 1892.

AWAY AGAIN.

THIS time I was gone less than a week, and yet saw so many old girls that I count it a great event.

Mercy Sinsabaugh and her mother gave me so cordial a welcome that I felt wholly at home in their delightful parlor, with the handsome products of their brushes hung on the walls. Mercy has done well in water-colors since I saw her work, and has a right to feel that she has something good to show for her industry.

Mary Beach Schneider has also something to show for hers, — a bright young husband and one of the finest houses I have ever seen. It is a model for those who have money enough to indulge their taste in this direction. She was the same Mary, only a little thinner in body. She lives corner of Eighteenth and Second Streets.

Anna Lovering Barrett has also something fine to show, — a brave, handsome boy (whose photo has not yet joined the Lasell grandchildren's ranks), who quite took my heart. She has moved to 1449 N. Street. She reports a pleasant reunion of her class and their descendants in Massachusetts last summer. Nellie Ferguson and her three, Gertrude Rice and her boy, and Anna with hers. Pity they did n't stop one day all together at Lasell! Funny Gertrude Rice has n't brought her boy here yet to show him to his "grandpa!"

A visit to Mrs. Somer's school gave us a delightful hour with our old Cincinnati friends, Mrs. Parker and her daughter Lucy, my old pupil when her feet did n't reach the floor, now for some years an enthusiastic and successful teacher. I was very sorry lack of time prevented my finding Louise Bailey and Ella Morrison, whom I meant surely to hunt up, and wanted to see. They are not forgotten at Lasell.

In Baltimore, we visited the Woman's College and found a good beginning of a good school gymnasium, which has a great many machines, but uses them very little, the work being almost

wholly in classes on the Swedish plan. I don't see yet how it is logical for all grades of girls to do the same work.

Our Schiff girls, — Emily, Tessie, and Florence, — with their older sister Jennie, have their own home and share its care and comforts. They have a great number of photos and curios from their long stay in Europe, the same hearty ways as of old, and are altogether charming.

Gertrude Hooper grows (no) older dignifiedly; reports Catharine Lazenby well and busy, as she is, with "nothing much." Report says she is too modest in this statement.

Bernice Langworthy McFadden we grieved not to find, — time too short.

In New York, Blanche Henlin Robinson welcomed me cordially to her pleasant home, which her taste (and considerable expenditure, methought) has made a very picture-gallery with many gems. She has grown matronly in person, but seems the same Blanche.

Georgie Prickett Burrowes was all dressed up in white kid (?) slippers, to greet her lord on his home-coming from the fatigue of a day among the "bulls and bears"; which coming, to my regret, did not happen while I was there. But I saw little Virginia, who is as winning a little puss as one wants to see.

Georgie's sister is with her, and they seem to enjoy life in her fine house with its innumerable bric-a-brac.

Dear girls, all! into what chances for doing good to your less "fortunate" sisters you are coming as the years go by! "Neglect not the gift that is in you." As riches increase set not your hearts upon them, but seek to make the sum of misery in the world smaller and more bearable by your good deeds.

If I had known Etta Fowler and Katie Gibbons were in New York, I should have tried to find them. Came back by Royal Blue Line from Washington to New York, and everything was perfect.

We warn travellers against the St. James Hotel in Washington as not clean and having a poor table. Commend the Richmond, where we were well taken care of, and our old hostelry, the St. Denis in New York. Lasell is better than any of them, to my partial heart.

C. C. B.

AFTER THE PATTI CONCERT.

THEY had been to hear Patti
And homeward they came,
Through the dark of the night,
And the dismal rain.

But happy they were,
For had n't they been
To hear the great Patti,
Of song the queen?

They came up the stair
With noise and with shout;
They sang Annie Rooney,
The latest thing out!

Two girls staid at home,
And went to bed longing.
They awoke and arose;
They thought day was dawning.

They dressed themselves quickly,
For breakfast made haste;
And down the stairs madly
Each one of them raced.

The clock in the hall,
As they went, met their gaze;
"Just twelve! the thing's off,
There's no telling its way."

They went up the stair
To find some dear mate,
And found the girls chatt'ring,
Although it was late.

"And why are you dressed?"
One of them asked.
"The first gong has rung
And it's time for the last."

It did not take long
To know their mistake;
And then back to bed
Their way they did make.

Now, here is a moral:
If from trouble you'd keep,
Think before, not after,
And then make your leap.

THE IMAGINATION OF A CHILD.

AT a certain age in the life of children, cotemporary with the question-asking period, the imagination appears to be unceasingly busy. The activity of the imagination of the average child seems much greater than that of the average grown person. As we outgrow childhood, the

imagination seems less and less employed, as we begin to feel the realities of life; and as we begin to study philosophy and science we assign a reason for everything, and so the use of the imagination for the why's and wherefore's is dispensed with. We use it, then, less for the creative than the reproductive power.

Before the child has learned the games which are played by rule, this faculty serves him with an endless variety of amusement. He has but to invert the chairs, and he has a train of cars at his service which will carry him across the ocean, to the North pole, or to the moon, if he wills. I have seen the same pieces of wood go through the successive transition from wood to soup, from soup to ice-cream, from ice-cream to cookies, from cookies to potatoes, from potatoes to candy, from candy to coffee, and from coffee back to wood again. With some sand or leaves, he makes him a house which, I dare say, no grown-up person ever possessed, for in it is everything heart could desire, as any requisite is created with the thought. And so one might continue naming occupations with which the imagination of the child affords amusement.

To me the questions prompted by the imagination are a source of amusement. You tell the familiar story of "Golden Locks" to some child who has an interrogating propensity, and some such questions as these will follow: "How could the bears make the soup?" "Oh, they used their paws as we use our hands." "Did they have a fire?" "Yes." "Where did they get their matches?" "They bought them." "Did they have some money?" "Yes." "Where did they get it?" "They found it." "Did all of 'em find some?" "Yes." "Where did they find it?" "In the woods." "How did it come there?" "Somebody lost it out of a hole in his pocket." "Did n't they know they lost it?" "Yes." "Why did n't they hunt for it then?" "Oh, they did, but they could n't find it." "How could the bears go up-stairs?" "They walked up." "Did they have a cane?" "Yes." "What did they have a cane for?" "Oh, they liked it to walk with." "How big was Tiny Cub's cane?" "Oh, it was a little bit of a cane." "Was it as big as papa's?" "Just about half as large." "Did the bears have sheets on their bed?" "Yes."

"How could they wash 'em." "There was a brook near the house." "Did the mamma bear wash all of 'em?" "Yes." "Why did n't the papa bear wash some?" "The mammas generally do the washing." "Did she like to wash all of them?" "Yes." And still the questions would continue, unless by this time the patience of the answerer is exhausted, or the imagination of the questioner has wandered to dreamland.

Not only are the questions sometimes very amusing, but there are also times when they are equally annoying, particularly to those most interested in the child. A mother invites the newly installed minister to spend the Sabbath at her house. She, conscious of a fact which many mothers are not, viz.: that her offspring had not yet reached the round of perfection, concludes to keep him from the minister's presence as much as possible during his stay. The minister arrives after the boy has retired on Saturday evening, and as he awakens just before breakfast next morning, he is obliged to remain in bed until breakfast is over. After he has breakfasted he is persuaded to go out doors to gather flowers, but he, aware that there is a stranger within, returns shortly and enters the room where the minister and parents are seated, a query in each eye. After looking him over, he exclaims, "If you had a boy would you make him lie in bed at breakfast time when the minister came to see you?" The minister replies that he has no boy. The boy continues: "When you have a boy will he have to?" By this time the mother, much embarrassed, changes the tide of conversation into another channel. As the subject soon touches on the denominations of different churches, question number three suggests itself to the mind of the boy. "Down at the Baptist church they chuck 'em in all over, don't they?" Although the mother feels more than a due amount of mortification at this, it ends in a good laugh, and the boy is left to pursue his own irrepressible course.

HER PHOTOGRAPH.

HE said without the photograph
He really could n't live.
And asked for it: she, with a laugh,
Gave him her negative.

LOCALS.

ARE you aware that the school year is half gone?

A SLIP of the tongue:

"Have you read Shakespeare's 'Merchant of Venison?'"

ON Jan. 28, the Day of Prayer for schools and colleges, all work was suspended and the day was given to devotional exercises. The morning service was conducted by Dr. Cutler of the Auburndale Congregational Church, the sermon being delivered by Dr. C. C. Ramsay of Boston. In the afternoon, Rev. Thomas Bishop had charge of the service, and we had great pleasure in hearing Rev. W. I. Haven.

THE last of the Law Lectures was given Jan. 29, and we are now anxiously awaiting the examination.

SINCE the Bible study has been introduced into the regular course, great improvement in that branch has been shown, as is illustrated by the following: In one of the Bible classes, the Ark of the Covenant was being discussed, when one young lady, thirsting for knowledge, wished to know if it was the same as Noah's Ark. But she is only a freshman, and there is still hope.

PROF. LUCY M. SALMON, of Vassar, lectured in the chapel Jan. 25, on "Domestic Service."

"WHO was Levi?"

FRESH. — "A disciple."

WE were very sorry to say good by to May Collins. She will be missed, especially on the LEAVES.

FRIDAY evening, Feb. 5, we enjoyed a beautifully illustrated lecture on "Grecian Antiquity," by Miss Peck.

OVERHEARD at the close of the law lectures: "A minor is a man working in a mine, is n't he?"

THE "S. D.'s" have invited the "Lasellias" to their irregular meeting, Feb. 27.

REV. T. BISHOP, of the Methodist Church, conducted the service at the Tuesday evening prayer-meeting, Jan 30.

WE are anxiously awaiting the sleigh-ride.

WE are very glad to learn that some young ladies in the Seminary are not ashamed of earn-

ing their livelihood by hard work. When we wish for a silk waist we know where to go.

SOME time ago in London a two-guinea prize was offered for the best definition of a kiss. Seven thousand answers were received. The prize was awarded to Benjamin J. Greenwood, whose definition was as follows :—

“An insipid and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love.”

WHAT mournful faces were seen about the halls when we learned that the faculty had decided against our “fancy dress assembly” which was to have been given the evening of the 20th.

A YOUNG lady thus describes her feelings, and finds sympathy :—

“My heart is sick, my heart is sad.
But oh, the cause I dare not tell;
I am not grieved, I am not glad,
I am not ill, I am not well!
I'm not myself, I'm not the same,
I am, indeed, I know not what.
I'm changed in all except my name.
Oh, when shall I be changed in that!”

LEAP YEAR.

THEY were walking down Columbus Avenue, talking interestedly about the play they had just witnessed. It was dusk, and as they stopped in front of her home on the corner of Wright and Forty-second, she said, “Won't you come in, Ted? I know mother has something hot ready for us, and to-night is your night off, you know.”

“Thank you, Gwen, I will.”

Who are Gwen and Ted? Why Gwendoline Graves and Theodore French. Oh! you've heard of the young gentleman, but you do not know the young lady?

Well, perhaps that is natural; but you have really missed something. She is, as the boys say, an angel; not very tall, but slender, lithe, and graceful, dark wavy hair, an unrivalled complexion, dainty rose-bud mouth, and eyes,—indescribable! A certain young man said of them, “They are her greatest charm, luring you on, as the sirens did the sailors of old; still, she is not a coquette.”

She had had many proposals, but, as yet had seen fit to answer “no” to all. Several other young gentlemen of the city, especially Theodore

French, were known to be deeply in love with this damsel, but dreaded her awful “no” too much to put their fate in the balance. Gwendoline knew this, and fully enjoyed her position, although I once heard her say when she thought herself unheard, “I wish he was n't afraid of me!”

Theodore had been going with Gwendoline quite steadily for over a year. She was eighteen and he was twenty-two.

“Why shouldn't he propose now if he ever intends to,” thought Gwen, with an inaudible sigh as they ascended the steps to the porch. As they entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Graves greeted them pleasantly:

“How did you enjoy the play?”

“Oh, immensely,” from Ted, with a glance at Gwendoline.

“It was very fine, mother dear, and I am so glad Ted took me, for he can explain so clearly all the parts I do not understand.”

An animated conversation then took place; the play, players, and audience, each in turn, were subject of much discussion. One poor little damsel, who had unconsciously over-acted her part, was remorselessly torn to pieces by Ted, while all the feathers she had righteously gained, were piled on the hero and heroine with the indiscrimination of youth.

Mrs. Graves left the room to see that the two should be provided with numberless dainties, for she had noticed her daughter's fancy for such things (discerning mother!), and she knew Ted liked everything Gwen did.

Ted thought, “Now is your chance, my boy,” but did not say anything, somehow or other; he had forgotten just what he was going to say, anyway. Well, never mind, it did n't amount to anything or he would have remembered it.

“Oh, when will Gwen ever stop talking about that confounded fellow!”

“And there is still one more thing I can say in his favor,” Gwen was saying with some warmth, “and that is, that he would be too polite to sit gazing absently at the fire while I would be talking about subjects I thought interesting to him!”

Ted woke up; he had offended Gwen; “and no wonder, big block-head!” thought he.

She continued. It was now about a German she was going to have and she wanted Ted to lead.

"All right, if some other engagement does n't turn up," abstractedly from Ted.

"Why, Theodore French, I never saw your equal! What is the matter with you to-night?" and the hot tears came to Gwen's eyes; but Ted did not see them, he was having a reckoning with himself inwardly and thinking what a fool he was.

Gwendoline started to leave the room, but Ted would not suffer that; no, he would rather face his tailor than have Gwen angry with him for a moment.

"O Gwendoline, don't you know what is the matter with me?" forcing his eyes to meet hers.

"No, Ted, I confess I don't," very coolly.

"Well, you might try and think. You can be awfully cruel, Gwen, when you try."

Had she been cruel, she wondered — and then, no, she didn't see how; but evidently something was wrong with Ted: did she know what? Perhaps. No telling how much a girl does know.

"Gwendoline!"

"Yes, Ted."

"Do you know it?"

"Know what?"

"That you can be terribly cruel when you want to be?"

"I don't want to be cruel now, Ted."

"Then, why don't you say it?"

"Say what?"

"That, that —"

"That I love you, Ted?"

"Gwendoline!" What a world of untold happiness in that single word!

She had n't said no, after all his trembling; in fact Gwendoline had done the proposing; but she would have been horrified had any one suggested such a thing.

Mrs. Graves came in so quietly that neither heard her, and both were startled when an arm went round each neck and a motherly kiss was imprinted upon each forehead.

Ted and Gwen were very happy, and, I am happy to say, are happy still.

FROM A VALENTINE.

Not by beauty nor sparkling wit,
Not by wealth nor blood nor station,
But by thy pure and kindly heart,
Hast thou won my adoration.

Ex.

A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER RESORT.

THE beautiful summer resort I am going to describe is Manitou, Col., where I spent the summer, two years ago.

It is situated in a gulch at the base of Pike's Peak. It is a famous health resort, owing to its climate and extensive mineral springs. There are the Iron, Soda, Magnesia, Minnehaha, and Sulphur Springs, also many others not so important.

There are twelve different kinds of iron water springs situated within a radius of a few feet.

Manitou is a very pretty mountain town, having near it many places of interest. Among the chief are the "Cave of the Winds" and the "Grand Caverns." In the "Cave" it is wonderful to see the stalactites and stalagmites which have been centuries in forming. In the "Grand Caverns" there is an organ (composed of ribbon stalactites). It is so called for its musical qualities that can be brought out by properly tapping on the stalactites with sticks.

The "Garden of the Gods" and "Rainbow Falls" are other very interesting places to visit. The "Garden of the Gods" is a formation of rocks, and, by stretching the imagination somewhat, different objects can be discerned in them.

Some of the most plain objects are "Balancing Rock," "Mushroom Park," "Gateway," "Tallyho Coach," "Siamese Twins," "Punch and Judy," "Kissing Camels," etc.

"Rainbow Falls" are up the Pass about a mile; they are not steep, but very picturesque. In order to see the rainbow, one must visit the falls about noon.

The most interesting feature of Manitou is Pike's Peak, which is within plain view on clear days.

A great many people visit the Peak every day. Some go in coaches, some walk, and others ride on horseback or on burros. Heretofore people have gone as I have mentioned, but two summers ago there was a railroad laid all the way to the top, called the "Cog-wheel Railroad." By this great work many people ascend the Peak, whereas they would not have attempted it before. G. A.

THE SUICIDAL DEATH OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

SUICIDE may be either an act of commission or an act of omission. It may be a sudden and

violent extinction of the life by some destructive power outside itself, or it may be a gradual dying out of that life by the neglect to furnish the material with which it is supported. For illustration, a person may put an end to his existence by blowing out his brains with a pistol, or he may cause his own death by neglecting to provide his body with the necessary means of subsistence,—that is, by a process of starvation. It is this latter view of suicide, which is as truly self destruction as the former, that we wish to consider in connection with the death of the Roman Empire.

A people, in order to live, must have within themselves the essentials to that life. There must be within the body of the people those qualities which are necessary for the sustenance of the body. What are these essentials? There must be a strong moral force residing in the people which will discountenance all wrong and uphold the right. There must be a healthy, vigorous, *intellectual* atmosphere, in which all matters pertaining to the welfare of the people will be properly supported. There must be a *physical* power resting in the natural and complete development of the people physically, which will be able to enforce all moral and intellectual measures.

This being true, how did the course pursued by the Romans starve life in these directions? We find the answer to this in the degeneracy of the people, caused by their entire and abject surrender to the enervating influence of wealth and luxury. The moral force which existed among the Romans as shown by their integrity, frugality, and regard for religion, became weakened by their course of life, and the outcome is seen in their final loss of virtue and in their scepticism. Intellectually the process of starvation was promoted by their neglect to adequately train their youth, which must always bring death to a people. Their physical power was completely destroyed by their sensual and effeminate life of ease and luxury. Thus we see that in their eager search for wealth and pleasure all moral, physical, and intellectual strength was in a great measure lost.

This internal consumption was going on for many centuries, and its outcome was clearly foreseen by the wisest men of the times. They recog-

nized the fact that it was a process of suicide, and that death was sure to follow, for the gradual loss of power rendered them more and more unable to repel the attacks of outside forces. The barbarians, who at first were repulsed with ease by the vigorous old Romans, little by little found the resistance growing weaker, and finally the overthrow came.

Gibbon, in assigning causes for the fall of the Empire, finds the principal one in the people themselves. The cause of the fall acted from within, and was the neglect to furnish the means of life.

Thus we see that the method of the death of the Roman Empire was suicidal.

MARRIAGES.

MISS GERTRUDE STEWART, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was married Wednesday, Dec. 16, to Mr. Edward E. Titus. Miss Stewart was at Lasell from September, '84, to June, '86.

MISS ANNA D. PHILLIPS, of Hudson, Mass., was married, Feb. 3, to Mr. Bertrand W. Hastings. Miss Phillips was at Lasell from September, '84, to June, '86.

PERSONALS.

By one of those accidents which will happen "even in the best regulated families," a portion of the "Personals" was omitted not only from the December LEAVES, but, with others, from the January issue also. Some of them are very important in their character, as, for instance, the list of deaths in December,—those of Miss Grace Richardson, Dr. Washington F. Peck, Mr. William B. Williams, Rev. A. W. Tirrell, and Dr. Mary J. Safford.

This apology explains the antiquity of some "news," which we yet think interesting and "better late than never."

GRACE T. RICHARDSON, of Boston, was a pupil at Lasell in '84 and '85. She died, Dec. 10, 1891, of consumption. She was to have been married next fall. It was a sad cutting-off of her young life which we deeply mourn.

DR. WASHINGTON F. PECK, of Davenport, Ia., died at his home, Dec. 12, 1891. He was the father of Mamie, who was with us at Lasell in '86 and '87, and who died in '88. Dr. Peck was a man of very marked ability as a physician and surgeon, and one who greatly distinguished himself in the service of science, and the good of humanity.

WE are grieved to learn that Bessie Williams has lost her father, Mr. William B. Williams, who died at Chicago, Dec. 19, 1891. He was a man of much worth of character. He served his country in the war in a New York regiment. He was for many years a prominent railroad official.

REV. A. W. TIRRELL, of the New England Conference, died at Chicopee Falls very lately, of typhoid pneumonia. It is only a very few weeks since he came with his wife to make an official visit at Lasell. A promising young man in the pulpit, and useful in the cause of education, his loss is a sad one.

DR. MARY J. SAFFORD died Dec. 8, 1891, in Florida, where she was compelled to remain because of feeble health. She was born in Vermont. When the war broke out she was teaching a free school in Cairo, Ill. She gave it up to aid the wounded and suffering soldiers. She was the first woman, it is said, to give help upon the field. Being a personal friend of both Lincoln and Grant, she was able to secure especial means of help, as she went up and down the Mississippi in transports. A small and delicate woman, her health suffered from these labors, and she went to Europe for rest, where she remained five years. She studied medicine three years in the University of Vienna, being the first woman student. She also studied three years in New York, and practised in Chicago and Boston, teaching also in Boston University. She was a lecturer on physiology and hygiene at Lasell Seminary in 1874 and 1875. She was a reformer of a decided type, and she had the spirit of a martyr. She was radical in her opposition to fashionable follies of social life in dress, diet, etc. To eat mince-pie was, to her, a sin. One should be "ashamed of a headache." She was a noble, unselfish, good woman, and all who knew her, at Lasell or elsewhere, mourn her loss.

MAMIE WOOD goes to a gymnasium, in New Orleans, where there is a swimming-tank, and a teacher who was instructed in Boston.

BERTHA OSWALD will be in California this winter with her parents, and will marry in the spring. The name of the favored gentleman is not given — a Harvard graduate. A photograph of Emma and Bertha taken together in '86 is very good. The picture of Emma's baby, Alice Oswald O'Brien, is lovely.

DORA JACKSON's father explains that the moving of his family to Chicago prevented Dora from returning to Lasell this year.

MARY MILLER GROSS sends a photograph of Andrè Eugene Gross, her one-year-old little boy. No wonder she is happy,—with a good husband and this bright, pretty child.

JESSIE BENTON made Lasell a call before going to California for the winter with her invalid mother. She spent the summer at Plymouth.

EVERYBODY enjoyed the little visit of Mrs. Harriet N. Noyes, early in November. She is always most welcome.

LAURA BROOKS seems to be enjoying herself in Berlin. It will be remembered that she is at Mrs. Willard's home school.

GERTIE BENYON, now Mrs. W. Eugene Parker, of Kansas City, visited her *Alma Mater* Dec. 11, looking very much like her former self years ago. Her only child, a boy of four, came East with her. Miss Florence Tower, whose guest Mrs. Parker was, called at the school also. Miss Tower was also a former pupil of Lasell, but, though a near neighbor, gives the school almost as little of her society as if she too lived in the far West.

MR. BENJAMIN A. GOODRIDGE, who had charge of the department of Latin and Greek at Lasell from the fall of '81 to June, '83, made a call at the school in January. Since his return from Europe, Mr. Goodridge has resumed editorial work, and is now engaged upon some of the Boston papers, making his home in Cambridge.

AT the Art Club exhibition some of the Lasell people met Helen S. Johnson, of Boston, and Mrs. Bessie Sayford Bacon with her husband. Bessie's parents are visiting the West this winter,

and the young people are carrying on the home alone. Bessie understands housekeeping very well. We are happy to say that Helen Johnson has better health than in her school days at Lasell.

MISS MARY J. FOLSOM was a teacher at Lasell under Rev. Mr. Cushing. She has lately paid a visit to Miss Nutt. Her home is at Waitsfield, Vt.

REV. S. A. STEEL, of Nashville, Tenn., is to give the baccalaureate address at Lasell, next June. He is pastor of the McKendree M. E. Church. It issues a bright little paper called the "McKendree Worker"; a copy of the January number has been sent to the school.

MRS. M. M. TUCKER taught elocution at Lasell Seminary in its early days, some time before the present administration. She has lately brought out some of her poems, in a booklet entitled "Driftwood and Other Poems, by Margaret May." She speaks of this pretty book very modestly as a Christmas gift for friends. They are bright little poems, written in a happy mood, nearly all of them concerning birds, flowers, or insects, mainly objective in their quality and showing a tender love and appreciation of nature. There is a gladness in "The Yellow Jessamine" to which those who have gathered it in its beauty and spicy aroma in the South will cordially respond. The "Bird Song" is like a familiar out-door strain, and "Woodland Flowers" speaks welcome truths to wild-flower lovers.

HELEN WESTHEIMER and her sister Yetta (Mrs. Simeon Binswanger) are much interested in the proposed Lasell quarter, to be made in the Columbian Exposition. She writes also of her sister's children, of a visit last year from Sadie Perkins, and one hoped for from Eloise Knowles.

MR. BRAGDON recently had a pleasant meeting with Miss Greely, who was at Lasell in '71 and '72. His last meeting with herself and sister was in Constantinople last April. The sisters are great travellers, and expect to spend next summer in Sweden.

MAUDIE STONE is pursuing her studies with enthusiasm at Cambridge. She gave Lasell a little visit lately.

ADA JONES, with her family, is at the Copley Square Hotel. Boston must be a contrast in climate to their Hawaiian home, mild though this winter be.

WILLIE KENNEDY still remains a positive invalid, as when we last heard of her in Berlin. Her mother has brought her home. There is less rain and more sun in our country than is reported in Berlin, and we hope for her permanent recovery.

THURSDAY, Jan 28, was the seventeenth anniversary of the marriage of Prof. Luquiens, once a teacher at Lasell. Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon and Prof. and Mrs. Luquiens have a yearly custom of dining together on that day.

WE are happy to say that our principal is still giving church and Sunday-school talks upon his "Round the World" trip, especially his visit to the Holy Land. They are received with enthusiasm in various environs of Boston, as well as in Auburndale and the other Newtons.

WHEN speaking at Lynn, on one of these occasions, he met Mrs. C. A. Newhall, once Emma M. George, and a pupil of Lasell in '73.

JENNIE DARLING FOLSOM, of the Class of '78, proposes to come from her home in Lyndonville, Vt., to attend the reunion in Boston at the Thorndike Hotel, Feb. 18. That is good.

LOU HAWLEY (Mrs. Sanders) will come from Southbridge, so she writes.

ALICE VAN HARLINGEN enjoyed the Chicago reunion greatly, though she was much disappointed because of the absence of the principal. She says Miss Carpenter made the best of toast-mistresses. Of course she did.

MRS. FANNY PAGE, who was at Lasell in '75 and '76, writes of teaching at the Adelphi, Brooklyn, N. Y., and then of two years at Santiago de Cuba, and having the yellow fever. She is now at the Rockland Institute, Nyack, N. Y. She half promises to visit Lasell in the summer.

WE hear of Etta Fowler in New York City, but are not informed as to her abode or purposes.

THE description of Göttingen, the University of course being most prominent, and the home-life and study she is having, makes the letter of Alice Linscott Hall very interesting. She promises a Christmas letter for THE LEAVES, which will be very welcome.

SOME girl tells of getting prompt recognition from Lasell girls because she wore an S. D. pin. This is a hint worth remembering.

BLANCHE HENLIN ROBINSON permits us to hope that she may soon visit Lasell.

ANNIE E. POTTER, of Greenfield, Mass., tells of a visit to Jennie Jackson Watts, where she met Rachael Allen and Nellie Bubb. When abroad she met a party of Lasell girls at the opera in Paris. She knew only Annie Kirkwood of the number.

GRACE ACKERLEY, "that was," sends a tiny card — Nathaniel Morris Kerr. Congratulations.

MR. AND MRS. HAWKES, of the "Round the World" party, have been visiting Lasell.

MRS. DR. PACKARD and Mary, also Miss Bertie Burr, Miss Merriam, Miss L. Burnham, Mrs. Springer, Miss Fannie Lamme, Miss G. Newcomb, Miss Rosa Best, Miss Helen Thresher, Miss Sue Richards, Miss Hayden, Miss Mary Hagar, Miss Blanche Busell, Miss Mabel Jacques, and Miss Sue Flather have all been at Lasell quite recently.

Two fine photographs have been added to the school collection, that of Gertrude Hooper, of Baltimore, Md., who was at Lasell in '84 and '85, also that of Martha Paige, now Mrs. C. H. Wheeler of Antrim, N. H., who was here in '82, '83, and '84. Her mother recently dined at Lasell.

AN enthusiastic reporter has interviewed Miss Ruby Blaisdell in her studio at Chicopee Falls. If the description can be trusted, it must be a very pretty studio indeed, filled with charming productions from Ruby's pencil and brush, as well as valuable bric-a-brac. It is hung with rich draperies, and has a delightful outlook. Ruby has been studying at the Art League in New York, and this article in a Springfield paper is illustrated by some of her work, much of it still-life and in water-color. This is very interesting news of Ruby.

THE engagement of Mary Fisher to James Buffington is acknowledged. Both are of Fall River.

MR. HENRY O. RYDER, who has charge of the studio at Lasell this year, has become a member of the Boston Art Club, and exhibits a picture at the February Exposition. It is an evening scene in Brittany.

ALL friends of the school are cordially invited to visit the school collection. A large portion is hung in the studio. The "Lake in the Tyrol" and "The Girl at the Spring," the latest purchases, are in the parlor.

EXCHANGES.

Ninety-Three (sadly). — I have a weight upon my mind.

Witty Ninety-Two. — That's good; 't will keep the wind from blowing it away. — *Ex.*

A SHAKESPEARIAN PROGRAMME.

Freshman Year — "Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore Year — "Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior Year — "As You Like It."

Senior Year — "All's Well That Ends Well."

— *Ex.*

ONE of the things peculiar to Oberlin is the opening of each recitation with prayer or song. — *Ex.*

THE "Seminary Record" has been added to our list of exchanges. We are glad to welcome it, and know that it will be thoroughly enjoyed by at least two of our girls, who attended the seminary where it is published.

BROWN UNIVERSITY supports a missionary in Africa, on the Congo.

THE "Brunonian" is always good, and we enjoy reading it very much. Its chief attraction is its Brown Verse.

AMONG the good things in "The Polytechnic" appears a sketch of "Dean Swift," which will, no doubt, be of interest to all students in English literature.

IN the January number of "The Bates Student" is found a poem well worth reading, entitled "The Three Crowns."

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OVER half the year, over half this term gone, and where? One might shake hands heartily with the author of "*tempus fugit*." It is hard to realize that "that hard winter term," with the many lectures, is fast leaving us, especially when we think of what we were going to do and what is still undone. But it is pleasant to think of the coming term with out-of-door amusements, and the "15th of June" girls are beginning to brighten up. Winter is a back number in spite of the late blizzard, and spring poetry is in demand. Perhaps the blizzard may be excused by the new song of the three-thirty chorus. We trust spring is not greatly frightened. And if the hand organ appears with spring, then spring must come with the hand organ, and then we know surely that it is here.

WHAT unspeakable joy some of us felt upon being informed that we were of the selected few chosen to sit at the French Table!

Do you realize the honor to be one of twelve, from so large a number, granted the privilege of "polishing up" our French? And then, no mere beginners could adorn such a position! One must be fluent indeed to ask for *de la soupe, le pain*, and the many fancy dishes that are so often seen on our bountifully spread table! Every meal, every day, every week, we converse in what seems to us our "mother tongue." We are so well instructed in the language, and speak it so habitually, that sometimes about the halls, you hear a sentence like the following: "*Où est Nellie?*" thinking that every one understands us, and when we hear "*Ich weiss nicht*" in reply, we hurry off down the hall, flattering ourselves that no one is so skilled as we, while our mate is left, wondering why we hold our heads so high.

To make you sure that we are the right young women in the right place, I will give a part of one of our daily conversations, exactly as it was spoken. Of course, in the morning, we greet our neighbor with "Bonjour, Mademoiselle, comment vous portez-vous?" and strange to say the answer is invariably the same. "Je-je [to next neighbor, 'how do you say well?'] Je," and after adjusting her napkin, she repeats again, "Je-je suis bien," sure she is right, but, at that moment she is thinking of home. We then commence talking about the morning news, and each is so very anxious to tell what she knows, that it is rather confusing. It has been decided that the earliest comer at the table should be so favored. With a very little help from our "maitresse," we finish the news, and by that time we are the only ones left in the dining-room; it is nearly chapel time, and our rooms are not settled, so each rushes to assist her mate, who is found sitting in the room, wondering why she does not come.

At luncheon we have more to talk about than we had at the breakfast table, so much has happened during the morning. Our teachers have praised us for our excellent recitation — our letters were so long and joyful — and so many other subjects, that we actually have no time to eat.

We often hear it said, "Why, I should starve if I sat at the French Table: I don't know the name of any article of food." As I said before, we knew it all when we came, and that is why it would be a great mistake to give a new-comer a place beside us. To our followers we wish you success, but we think *we* have gained all there is to know; but if there should be any knowledge left when we are through, it will be given to you next.

THE annual missionary festival was held in the gymnasium Saturday evening, March 5. The preparation for this entertainment was a matter of great interest and enthusiasm among the girls, as well as the teachers; for, a few days before, every one was requested to earn the money for her admission fee, and it was announced that a prize would be given to the person who earned the amount in the most unique way.

Of course it was a time of great rivalry in bright

ideas, and good luck. Transoms were washed for five cents a side, beds were made, waste baskets emptied, stockings darned, dresses mended, and shoes blacked, until these occupations became so common that the firms had to "shut up shop" and look about for something else to do.

Girls blacked the kitchen range, washed the bottles in the laboratory, shampooed teachers' heads as well as each other's, shovelled snow, transposed music, and painted picture frames.

Finally, two young ladies, in their desperation, gave a show in the S. D. room, which was a success as an entertainment, and also financially.

Among the curiosities exhibited there were the ten-thousand-dollar beauty, the monkey-faced girl, the ossified man, the three-headed dwarf, the living skeleton, Jack-in-the-Box, and the wild man of Borneo. Mr. Paderewski, represented by Miss Pinney, gave some fine selections on the piano, and also accompanied by Miss Ryan, à la Mme. Patti, who sang one of her favorite songs.

"Ice-cold lemonade, made in the shade," was served as we left the circus.

At last the night of the entertainment came, and we began the evening with a cobweb party. After the cobwebs had been swept down we listened to a recitation by Miss Mary Packard, to songs by the Amphion Quartet, and an organ selection by Miss Plummer.

Then the prizes were awarded. The first prize for ingenuity was awarded to Miss Gardner. Another was given to Miss Ransom for doing the most work, and one to Miss Medsker for earning the most money. After light refreshments had been served, the festival ended.

The amount netted has now been made \$100, so that the affair can certainly be counted a success in every way.

MABEL BLISS TIBBITTS "AT HOME."

SATURDAY evening it was, Feb. 20, at their beautiful home, 165 Falmouth St., in Boston; and Kittie Totman Brownell, from New Bedford, and Lena Foster Nichols, from Hoboken, N. J., with their respective and respectful "lords," helped Mabel to make their numerous guests "at home."

Mrs. Bragdon and I enjoyed it very much. Carrie Foster was there, looking very well.

Carrie teaches plain sewing at the Working Girls' Home in Waltham. Says she likes it. Mamie Cole was there, also looking well. Why should she not? for her Mr. Seaver was by her side — a likely young man, to all appearances. And Edith Kelley was there from New Bedford, much improved since her days at Lasell, and that is saying something. Perhaps it was the effect of the handsome black lace dress she wore, *all made by herself*. She makes all her dresses and keeps her father's books, she says, and "that's all Lasell, you know," she adds kindly; for she knows how it pleases the old Principal to know his girls are doing something useful. The rooms were handsome. On the walls were some of Mabel's paintings, of which Mr. Tibbitts may well feel proud. I had not time to see all. Some chrysanthemums were very good. The supper-table was elegant, the guests were congenial, or were soon made so by the happy power of the hostess and host, and the evening was a fine success. I was proud of all my girls.

C. C. B.

THE YOUNG WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

THE newspaper wit aims his shafts of humor at no object with such keen pleasure and delight as when he directs them at the modern young woman, her caprices and tendencies. And it must be acknowledged that he does so not without cause in many instances. While there are thousands of young women who represent what is best and highest in young womanhood, whose purposes in life extend beyond the frivolities of dress and outward adornments, there is, on the other hand, a large percentage that look upon life "as a joke that's just begun."

These young women live under the delusion that social distinction, beauty of person, and richness of apparel make the woman. They are slaves to custom and fashion, and revel in external attractions. They accept the glitter for the gold, the heraldry and trappings of the world for the priceless essence of woman's worth which exists within the mind. Their highest attainment is not the possession of a true womanhood, but that their position in society may be of a conspicuous order, and thereto they bend all their energies. Hours are spent over the latest fashion plates, while days are given over to the making

and perfecting of new apparel. They forget that a true woman exists independent of outward embellishments, that dress is regarded by many as only the ivy that encircles the oak, and is never mistaken for the thing it adorns.

It is not the queen of fashion that sways the sceptre of influence or authority over men. It is in the hand of the true, noble, sensible, and virtuous woman that authority is placed, and where she dwells there may refinement, culture, and intelligence, and moral power be found. The influence of such a young woman upon society is of the most salutary kind.

But what is that of the reigning society belle? Men may admire her for the moment, when, in brilliantly lighted parlors, her beauty and charms dazzle the eye; but what are the after conclusions? "Silly creature, wrapped up in herself and the world," was the comment of an apparent admirer upon a young belle after an eventful social occasion in New York only a few weeks since. Fashion and folly never gained an ounce of respect worth the possession, and never will. Young women, alas! too often mistake adulation for respect, only to find at the end that it was but hollow mockery, and, like a pyrotechnic display, prepared for the occasion.

A true young woman's ambitions stretch beyond the ball room and the milliner's establishment. She wisely strives to make her life grand in womanly virtues, and by her example inspires others to secure the same priceless crown of womanhood. This is the woman that commands the respect and admiration of the world; not temporarily, but permanently. In her, friends recognize a rich store of practical good sense, and a beautiful harmony about her character that at once inspires sincere respect, which soon warms into love.

LOCALS.

ON a certain day during the first week in March, an organ-grinder was seen in front of the seminary playing, "Spring, spring, gentle spring," while the snow-flakes were beginning to fall about him. How our minds wandered during those few minutes!

HAVE you heard of the little dog named Passementerie and called Jet for short?

A SURPRISE being promised for Friday evening, Feb. 12, we concluded that the law examination was in store for us, but we were happily disappointed, for after the usual chapel services, sleigh-bells were heard ringing merrily outside. We were soon on our way to Boston, where a hot supper at Cook's awaited us. We reached the seminary at eleven o'clock.

SPECIAL.—“Have you ‘Nicholas Nickleby’?”

PREP.—“What's that, some kind of liniment?”

MR. AND MRS. BRAGDON gave a reception to the members of the Freshmen Class and their friends, Thursday evening, Feb. 18, in the parlors.

THE S. D. entertainment given Feb. 27, 1892, was the prettiest affair of the season. The costumes alone deserving much credit because of their beauty and the hard work spent on them, while the young ladies, being so well adapted to the characters they personated, made the scenes surprisingly real. Scenes from a Winter's Tale, Merry Wives of Windsor, Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, Merchant of Venice, Macbeth, and others, were enacted before Queen Elizabeth and her court. Miss Lilian Tukey, as Shakespeare, was perfect. The younger members of the club acted as pages and ushers.

The guests were cordially received by Miss Milikan, president of the club, Mr. Burtie Burr, and Miss Vilas. Before leaving, cheers of goodwill were interchanged and the enterprise of the S. D. society highly praised.

“How have you earned your fifty cents?”

SUNDAY afternoon, Feb. 14, we enjoyed a very interesting talk by Mrs. Hume, on the missionary work in Bombay.

FEB. 19 we took our seats in the chapel with fear and trembling, for the long-expected law examination. We do not know the results as yet, but hope we have all passed.

THE Paderewski recitals have been well attended by the pupils.

A COURSE of lectures has just been completed at Lasell Seminary upon Greek antiquities. It was given by Miss Annie G. Peck, a graduate of Michigan University, later a pupil of the Ameri-

can School of Archæology, at Athens, Greece. Miss Peck was for some time a teacher at Smith College, but for the last five years has given her time to lecturing upon classical subjects. Her lectures were illustrated by the stereopticon, and treated of Athens, the Acropolis, and a trip to the Peloponnesus. The position of the city and the famous buildings upon the Acropolis were very carefully mapped out and described, while the interest of the youngest pupil was kept by lively accounts of personal adventure, by descriptions of the manners of the people, local customs, peculiarities of dress, etc. There were also many reproductions of old statues, with mythological explanations. One felt at the close that he had been in the land of the Hellenes, with one who knew and enjoyed her subject.

QUESTIONING.

IF there is a doubt in your heart to-day
That stretches its shadow across to me,
If you cannot look in my eyes and say,
“My trust is perfect and full and free,”
For the sake of a day that would work us woe,
I pray you pity and tell me so.

When you look in my eyes and kiss my face,
And hold me close to your throbbing heart,
Is there ever in it a hint or place
That tells you we could in the future part?
Does a doubt, as faint as an undrawn breath,
Suggest a parting that was not Death?

Dear love, search deep in your heart, I pray,
That its dimmest corner shall come to light,
Then look me straight in the eyes and say
The truth, as the truth seems just and right;
If your love can change — ah, love does, I know —
I pray you pity and tell me so.

THE LASELL REUNION.

IN January, the Lasell Alumnae Association sent out invitations, requesting the former teachers and students of Lasell Seminary, now living in New England, to be present at a luncheon, to be given at “The Thorndike” in Boston, Feb. 18. It was the first New England Reunion, and it is the plan to have one each year, and thus keep up a perennial interest in the institution, which has proved itself so noteworthy in the mat-

ter of graduates, as well as of educational excellence. There were some misgivings, at first, in regard to success, on account of some of those who belonged to the earlier years of Lasell's history thinking, "I will send regrets, as no one of my time will be there, and I will feel quite alone." All fears were allayed, however, when about two hundred merry "old girls" assembled in the pleasant parlors of "The Thorndike," at one o'clock, and clasped hands once more. Some of those present had not looked into each other's faces for twenty-five years. There was one very merry "old boy," Prof. C. C. Bragdon, the present Principal, and we are not sure he did not have the best time of anybody. First there was a business meeting, at which the President of the Lasell Alumnæ Association, Miss Whipple, requested each "old girl" to write her autograph in a book provided for the purpose, the original name first, and after it, the married name. This was very hard on the old maids, but one old maid was discovered who was quite equal to an emergency, she wrote the original name and then — *Mrs. Jones*. After the business meeting, a dainty lunch was served, after which a musical entertainment was arranged. There were piano solos by Mrs. Dumas and Miss Childs, vocal duets by Mrs. Morrill and Miss Whipple, and a reading by Mrs. Briggs. Prof. Bragdon made some interesting practical remarks in regard to the present prosperous condition of the Seminary, and also set forth the need of a chapel and music school.

The Reunion was a delightfully informal affair, and every one seemed to enjoy living again the "old times."

Among the guests present were the following:—

G, Graduates.

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| <p>1854. ADELAIDE BALDWIN HOLLIS. MARY TUCKER NETTLETON.</p> <p>1855. HARRIETT WHITTIER PAYNE. JOSEPHINE REED POLAND.</p> <p>1856. MARY P. JONES, <i>G.</i> MARY MURDOCK BILLINGS, <i>G.</i> MARTHA E. STONE, <i>G.</i> FANNIE GRAY MERRICK, <i>G.</i> MARIA RIPLEY BULLEN. FANNIE DEWEY BAILEY.</p> <p>1857. AUGUSTA DAMON NICKERSON. ABBIE HILLS HOLBROOK, <i>G.</i> SARAH HILLS HITCHCOCK, <i>G.</i> FLORA DREW SAMPSON, <i>G.</i></p> | <p>CHARLOTTE A. K. BANCROFT, <i>G.</i> FRANCES SYKES DAVIS, <i>G.</i> ADELAIDE SEARS GILMAN, <i>G.</i> CAROLINE SPEAR, <i>G.</i> JENNIE BARKER SOLIS. ADDIE STONE BRACKETT. EMMA SEARS MAY, <i>G.</i></p> <p>1858. MARIA WARREN HAYDEN, <i>G.</i> S. B. BRIGHAM MERRIFIELD. MARION BEALS HOLDEN, <i>G.</i></p> <p>1859. EMILY WOODWARD POTTER, <i>G.</i> FANNY NOYES WHITE. EVELINE BARTLETT, <i>G.</i></p> <p>1860. ANNIE DANIELS PERKINS. MARTHA B. LUCAS, <i>G.</i></p> |
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| <p>1861. CAROLINE HILLS LEEDS, <i>G.</i></p> <p>1862. ANNETTE HUBBARD HOBSON. HELEN BARKER DOBE, <i>G.</i> ELLEN M. CARPENTER.</p> <p>1863. MARY SHAW HARMON. ARABELLA HAGAR HOWE. ADDIE BERRY HUTCHINSON.</p> <p>1864. MARY THAXTER DENISON, <i>G.</i> SUSIE COOK BALLOU, <i>G.</i> A. LIZZIE MANN. FRANCES JOHNSON TINKER. MARY JOHNSON GRIMES.</p> <p>1865. LIZZIE S. EDWARDS.</p> <p>1866. MARY FRANCES COLBY WALWORTH EMMA F. BARKER. MARY POOR CUSHING. KITTEE SPARHAWK MARVIN.</p> <p>1867. ANGELINE C. BLAISDELL, <i>G.</i>, 1873-1892. SARAH F. BOYNTON, <i>G.</i></p> <p>1868. FANNY BARKER COFFIN, <i>G.</i></p> <p>1870. EVALYN P. WARREN, <i>G.</i> ANNIE HOWARD FARNHAM, <i>G.</i> ANNA CORBIN FULLER, <i>G.</i></p> <p>1873. CAROLINE A. CARPENTER, 1873- 1892.</p> <p>1874. CHARLES C. BRAGDON, 1874-1892. KATE R. BRAGDON, 1874-1892. MARY K. WALES. MARGARET NOYES OTIS. ANNIE SHILLABER FULLER, <i>G.</i> FRANCES MAYNARD WALLACE, <i>G.</i> FLORENCE E. TOWER.</p> <p>1875. ANNA L. KING. JULES LUQUIENS. LOUISE HAWLEY SANDERS. LOUISE BARKER HARDY.</p> <p>1876. NELLIE W. ALDERMAN. LIZZIE EMERSON GALE. HATTIE HASKELL BOWERS. MARION E. GILMORE, <i>G.</i> ALICE MAYO HICKS.</p> <p>1877. GRACE PERKINS PATTILLO, <i>G.</i></p> <p>1878. MINNIE STRICKLAND WHITNEY. ESTHER BRIDGMAN LANE. ELIZABETH TAYLOR BUTTERFIELD ANNIE H. WHITE, <i>G.</i> JENNIE DARLING FOLSOM, <i>G.</i> CARRIE B. LANE.</p> <p>1879. CARRIE ALLEN PIERCE. MARTHA E. RANSOM. IDA COGSWELL BAILEY. EVELYN M. WIRES. EMMA CLARK LUQUIENS. CARRIE KENDIG KELLOGG, <i>G.</i> IRENE G. SANFORD, <i>G.</i></p> <p>1880. IDA YOUNG THOMAS. MABEL T. EAGER. ANNIE SEELEY SPRINGER. EMMA FERNALD BROCK. ANNIE KENDIG PEIRCE, <i>G.</i> LOUIE BEST CUMNOCK. NELLIE CONVERSE ROCKWOOD.</p> | <p>1881. LAURA P. MORRILL. SARAH F. NASON. MABELLE CHENEY WILBER. EDITH T. KIMBALL. SARAH L. ALMY. NELLY FERGUSON CONANT, <i>G.</i> EMMA EATON BENT.</p> <p>1882. ANNIE BRAGDON WINSLOW, <i>G.</i> CARRIE WALLACE HUSSEY, <i>G.</i> BLANCHE JONES HASKELL. JESSIE W. HAYDEN. MINNIE A. NICKERSON. BERTHA W. RUSSELL. ABBY DAVIS VICKERY. EDITH FLINT BARKER. JESSIE J. MACMILLAN, <i>G.</i> ANNIE JUDSON HANNIGAN. CAROLYN C. WATERS. BERTHA L. CHILDS.</p> <p>1883. CORA E. COGSWELL, <i>G.</i> SEPHIE MASON DUMAS, <i>G.</i> LINA MAYNARD BRAMHALL. NANCY B. ALMY. EDITH ANDREWS WRIGHT. MARY HARMON HELLIER. LILLIE M. PACKARD, <i>G.</i> MAIDIE F. DYER. M. ISABEL WEBSTER. NELLIE PARKER LEWIS.</p> <p>1884. NELLY PACKARD DRAPER, <i>G.</i> ADA LANGLEY BRIGGS. MARY BIGELOW. A. ELOISE KEITH.</p> <p>1885. MABEL S. COGSWELL, <i>G.</i> LIZZIE MAY WHIPPLE, <i>G.</i> ELLEN L. FISKE. MINNIE WARD. EDITH R. WARD. FANNIE L. REED. MARY C. HASKELL.</p> <p>1886. KATHRYN TOTMAN BROWNELL. MABEL BLISS TIBBITTS. BESSIE SAYFORD BACON. ELIZABETH M. CAMPBELL. SUSAN C. HALLOCK. KATE COLONY FRYE. MARION W. PIERCE. ANNA W. MERRYMAN. CAROLINE B. COBURN.</p> <p>1887. AMELIA C. HARRIS. SUSAN J. DAY. ROSA M. BEST. FRANCES E. THOMAS.</p> <p>1888. ROSA R. BEST. RUBY M. BLAISDELL. LAURA G. WHITNEY. MAUDE WHITNEY. MARY B. HATHAWAY, <i>G.</i> MARY LOUISE COLE, <i>G.</i> BERTHA A. SIMPSON, <i>G.</i> ELIZABETH EDDY, <i>G.</i> EDITH A. ELLIS. MAUDIE L. STONE, <i>G.</i> GERTRUDE NEWCOMB. VERNEILLE SWAN. JOSEPHINE WALLACE, <i>G.</i></p> <p>1889. ALICE B. MALOON. MARY W. PACKARD, <i>G.</i> AMELIA S. DAVIS. MARY K. FISHER. ADA JONES.</p> <p>1890. MABEL L. JAQUES.</p> <p>1891. NETTIE F. WOODBURY, <i>G.</i></p> |
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THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

From the French of François Coppée, by Gabrielle Abbot.

MIDNIGHT mass is said and over,
Oh, what stars the sky does hold!
How it freezes! Quickly enter!
It is Christmas eve so cold!

Houses clustered seem together
Under ghostly hoods of snow.
As from cold each one seeks shelter
Behind doors and curtains low.

Sleep is over all the village,
Solitary, still and small;
And the stars with mystery
Shining, seem to blink o'er all.

Hush! the Angel is descending
From the sky with its black height,
For the children in the ashes
Put their little shoes to-night.

As in other years he cometh,
Beautiful and bright in all
Games, and sweets; and other presents,
Throwing by the chimneys tall.

But having fulfilled his message,
All at once he sees aloof,
At one corner of the hamlet,
Through the snow, a humble roof.

That deserted place alone
Has the angel missed this day.
He has naught left in his mantle,
He has given all away.

Here it happens that a grand-dame
And her little grandson lives,
Old and lonely, on the poor gains
That her patient sewing gives.

Poverty is here extreme;
In the cupboard is no food;
Ne'er the less the child has put
On the hearth his shoes of wood.

But the angels never money
Have about them, what a fate!
Shall this one pass by without
Aiding the unfortunate?

Can it be the good God wills it?
No — the Seraph kind afar
Takes his ascent, and from Heaven's
Firmament he plucks a star.

At his touch at once it changes
For a gold piece large and bright,
Which he to the orphan's hearthstone
Brings, before he takes his flight.

And to Paradise returning,
All confused, the Spirit there
Stands and sees before him Mary
With the infant Christ so fair.

But the child to reassure him
Lifts his pretty baby arms,
Takes the star, the brightest, purest,
From his mother's brow so calm,

And with sweet and childish gesture
Gives it with the kindest grace;
"Go" he says, "and ere the dawning
Of the day, put it in place."

And on clear, bright nights the wise men,
Versed in scientific lore,
Wonder alway why this star should
Shine more brightly than before.

ABSTRACT OF MR. PERCIVAL CHUBB'S LECTURE
ON ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND THE
ROMANTIC REVIVAL.

THE distinction between classicism and romanticism has often been discussed. It is hard to draw the line between them; but they conveniently indicate two different artistic tempers. Classicism, speaking roughly, is more deliberative than romanticism, and stands for self-restraint, temperance, order, lucidity, and submission to the law of things. The spirit of romanticism is that of bold experiment, exuberance, delight in the strange, exceptional, grotesque and mysterious. In some of our modern writers, Tennyson for instance, the two tempers are conjoined; but the different periods of English literary history generally show the marked ascendancy of one or the other. The cloudy, gusty spirit of romanticism was at large in the wonderful Elizabethan epoch. Classicism, formal and prim, dominated the age of Anne. In our own time, romanticism has suffered a certain eclipse owing to the rise of realism. The older fiction of Scott, Dickens, Kingsley, and the like, were voted down in favor of naturalistic and psychological stories; but the return was indicated by Stevenson, among others, who was hailed by Mr. Andrew Lang as a picturesque revivalist of the old savory fiction; racy, extravagant, adventurous and blood-chilling. Here was a man, moreover, who knew how to write; an accomplished stylist, whose wardrobe of words was large, varied, and, withal, of very gay colors. His thoughts

strut with a certain animated gait, a gay swagger and graceful ease, which are engaging and enlivening. The history of his assiduous efforts to cultivate his literary manners (which was narrated) is both interesting and instructive. He advocates the strenuous cultivation of the habit of apt and accurate expression as a means of making intercourse lively, edifying, and intimate. But his matter is full of interest; he represents and pleads for a romantic view of life — romantic except in one particular; for he is strangely insensible or indifferent to the romantic passion of love. To understand his rather high-pitched, bright-colored doctrine of the conduct of life, we must betake ourselves to his volume *Virginibus Puerisque*. In sooth, it is a gospel of the hey-day of youth, and for the hey-day of youth, save, indeed, for the youth of sentimental inclinations. He holds it wisdom to turn a bold, smiling, dauntless front to the world. A certain fine disdain of ill-fortune and a gay, braggart air in meeting death, mark for him the man of mettle. He is the propounder of the theorem of the liveableness of life. This was illustrated by various passages full of pith and bright extravagance. Amongst others, one in praise of profitable idleness, and one in criticism of the world's wondrous ways in regard to marriage. After a review of Stevenson's chief works, and some criticism of their limitations and exaggerations, — their occasional savagery and gruesomeness, — the lecture closed with some words in favor of the friendly union of romanticism and classicism, as mutually corrective.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

THIS house was not an ordinary edifice, but seemed as if it had always been inhabited by the supernatural. Nevertheless, human beings had worked, planned, and perhaps been happy, in it long ago, for it was an ancient, disused shaft-house; it had once harbored men whose hopes and ambitions were centered in the silver mine it covered, which, however, had proved worthless, and the old building alone remained witness of departed dreams.

It stood on the top of the hill which had once been softly rounding with a gradual slope, but the work of nature on one side in a rushing stream of

red water, and the work of a man in the other with the water used for placer mining, had given its once gentle face ill-tempered, abrupt features.

The dark, solemn building at the top looked down on one side to a stream, the waters of which, though it sounds improbable, were really made cherry red by the minerals in the sand; on the other side it overlooked dark caves and excavations.

The building itself was large, covering as much ground as Lasell Seminary, and having as great a height, oblong in shape, with one end higher than the other, giving it the aspect of a wild animal that had once long ago got ready to spring to a neighboring hill, and, becoming discouraged and despairing of so great a leap, had never gotten energy enough to stand straight again.

The boards were black with age and smoke. The window-glass was grimy with dust and dirt; while the frames without it were boarded up, so that as one stepped inside, the contrast between the bright light outside and the dark gloomy light within was awe-inspiring. Every voice and foot-step re-echoed through the building, the scrambling of mice and rats could be heard; dirt, dust, and cobwebs everywhere.

The dark shaft was open, and the atmosphere hanging over it seemed darker than that surrounding. And one could well imagine that away down in the depths of this dark hole an evil spirit kept his home, only rising up and out in the depth of the night.

The machinery had been taken away and the holes and cavities which they left serve as an abiding place for the rats and mice.

In the sides of the windlass, which was almost as high as the building, were made rickety steps covered with dust and cobwebs.

While at the top, on the beam over the shaft, sat an old owl, and his expression made one instantly believe him to be some wicked person who had sold his soul and in the daytime guarded the old shaft in the shape of an owl, but when night came resumed his evil shape and went about doing evil.

The most cynical on the subject of the supernatural will feel gloomy in the weird place, and he will not laugh or turn cynical again until he is well across the red stream of waters. .H K.

TO EUROPE OR WASHINGTON.

AN opportunity for taking a journey through Europe with your friends is seldom offered in a more attractive form than by the prospectus of the Lasell party for 1892.

The itinerary as planned is the most perfect that could be prepared for the time allowed, including as it does all the best attractions between Edinburg and Mount Vesuvius, with a trip eastward to Vienna, the beautiful Austrian capital, as well. The party will sail by the elegant Cunard steamer, "Etruria," from New York, June 18. Everything to be the very best throughout.

A number have already expressed their intention of going.

The annual trip to Washington is again offered to Lasellians and their friends, and we hope for a large party, for a more instructive or delightful short excursion could not be taken.

For particulars in regard to either excursion please write to

W. T. SHEPHERD,
LASSELL SEM'Y, *Auburndale, Mass.*

PERSONALS.

ALTHA PHELPS has been living at the "Oxford" in Boston for four years, but did not notify Lasell of her change of abode. Therefore she did not get her invitation to the lunch at "The Thorndike." She promises to come out to the school and atone for past remissness. She took a trip last summer that included the north of Europe, the midnight sun, Russia, etc.

MINNIE SHERWOOD is in New York at the Scharwenka school of music, taking lessons on the piano, in composition, etc.

SOME pleasant words from Louise C. Savage.

GERTRUDE WOODBURY writes to introduce a friend who is coming to Lasell next year. She feels that her happiest days were spent here; but she did not realize it *then*. She has had grippe very severely. She, with three others of the household, has been dangerously ill with grippe and pneumonia. An uncle and a grandmother have died.

NELIA CHURCHILL promised to make us a call quite soon.

GERTRUDE LITTLEFIELD of East Taunton has been on the sick list a year and a half, and naturally feels a little despondent, although her physicians assure her that she will ultimately recover. She loves Lasell and longs to be here.

CORA DAWES DENISON is in Harrison, Me., caring for her mother, who is sinking in consumption.

BERTHA LEE MORRISON has been at home from Europe five months. The family are in Chicago. She declares she will not attend the next reunion unless Mr. Bragdon will be present,—"much as I like Miss Carpenter," she adds.

FRANCES G. SWIFT is taking her second year in the Emerson School of Oratory.

NANNIE ATKINSON has been visiting Maude Littlefield, in Rondout, N. Y. Nannie spent a few months last year in Europe, and is spending her second winter at the Cowles Art School in Boston.

GERTRUDE HOOPER and Katharine Lazenby promise to visit Lasell one of these days. The former greatly regrets that she did not spend three years here as she first intended. It was her happiest school life, she says.

ANNA HOWE SHIPLEY of Lafayette, Ind., is already talking about the time when her little ten-year-old daughter can come to Lasell, the only school where she would be willing to trust her, or the seven-year-old. She sees Anna Claypool Vajen, now and then, a "plump" matron like herself, and hears from Anita Henry Mirick, Florence Moulton Schaefer, and Amy Kelly Adams. The latter has seven children. So many grandchildren for Lasell!

LIZZIE LUTHER LOTHROP tells of the loss of her only child, two years old. She lives in Providence. She sends her photograph.

CLARA E. COMSTOCK, having regained her health and eyesight, is studying at Brown University with eight other young women. The Brown professors give them instruction. Pres. Andrews heartily approves, and these plucky students receive assurances that a degree will probably be granted when they are ready for it. Brown opens its doors to women a "wee bit."

FLORENCE M. WILLIAMS writes that she should have been at "The Thorndike" had her invitation reached her address. She, Amy Harris, and Altha Phelps have been talking over the good times at Lasell.

CARROLL FULLER MERRIAM arrived at South Framingham, Feb. 25. Weight, eleven pounds. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Merriam.

LIDA BROOKE, Mrs. Ressler, lives on Wabash Avenue, Chicago. She has two children.

BESSIE WILLIAMS would have come back to school this year, except for her father's ill health. She travelled much with him and was his nurse, while he was vainly seeking relief from suffering. Death furnished at last the welcome release. Bessie may visit Lasell at commencement with Laura Hutton. She and Maude Lutes had intended to come together. The death of Maude, and Susie Keith's sudden death, were sore trials to Bessie.

LUCY DUDLEY writes of Sue Flather, and of Hattie Greenleaf Smith, whom she has visited and who has a lovely baby girl. She hears from Florence Durfee who is teaching a class in botany, and Laura Hutton, who since her late severe illness has taken a trip to the South. Lucy lost her mother a year ago last July.

ADA LANGLEY BRIGGS belongs to a topic class conducted by Mrs. Elizabeth Porter Gould. In February, Mrs. Briggs read "O, Monsieur," before the class in Boston.

REV. J. N. FROST, of Congress Street, Portland, and Rev. T. F. Jones, of South Portland, also Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, of Bradford, Vt., were conference visitors, who came in February, the former two from the Maine conference, the latter from the Vermont.

MR. E. G. WYMAN, cashier of the First National Bank of Bangor, Me., while visiting his daughter, at Rev. Dr. Peloubet's, made a call at the school.

MAY COLLINS has met Alice Hane, who is visiting in Toledo.

ANNIE WHITE, from Brockton, class of 1882, has a clerkship in the Athenæum in Boston, and is there daily.

ANNA J. BEACH is at home in East Orange, N. J., keeping house in a cosy little flat with her sister and cousin. Miss Ransom saw her recently, says she is the chief manager and enjoys it.

ELLA ELLIS HOLWAY lives on a farm near East Sandwich, has two little boys, does a deal of work for her home and family, teaches a German class, is on a lecture committee, and is well and happy. This is an active, useful woman, just such as she always was. Lasell is proud of her.

GEORGIA BOSWORTH, Mrs. Charles M. Ballard, of Fall River, greatly regretted that circumstances at the last moment prevented her attending the lunch at "The Thorndike" Hotel.

WINIFRED BRADY, of Muncie, Ind., would be at Lasell again but for the critical illness of her grandfather. She is gaining much experience as nurse and housekeeper. She is studying drawing with the aim to be a designer of carpets and wall-paper. This definiteness of purpose points toward success.

MAUD SNYDER has a class of twenty music pupils in Rockford, Ill., also others at home. A friend of Maude's proposes to come to Lasell next year.

A LASELL grandchild who has not yet received mention in these columns is Sylvia, sister of Roger and Morris Conant. We welcome her.

JOSEPHINE FARNUM writes of seeing Nena Williams, Laura Conger Lendrum, and Minnie Ewing Coffin. She hears from Annie Gage, who spent last summer abroad in company with Florence Bailey. Also, she has seen Vinnie Rose, and hears often from Lyda Curtis. Josephine had a fine trip to Europe in 1890. She has been recently in Des Moines, where she met some of the Lasell girls mentioned above.

EDITH ANDREWS WRIGHT is keeping house in Dorchester.

WHERE was Lizzie Atkinson on the day of the lunch in Boston? And where were many others who were invited? Not to mention those who accidentally failed of invitations. There is Gertrude Moore, of Nashua, from whom not a word has been heard since she left the school. Has she no interest in her old school home? Next year we must bring her and all the rest to the annual banquet.

ETTA JONES, Mrs. George P. B. Clarke, has lost two children since her marriage in 1884.

MARGIE REED BURBECK, formerly of Brooklyn, now of Newton Highlands, was at Lasell in 1880 and 1881. She did not inform us of her marriage, as all former pupils are continually urged to do. Of course it was not possible to include her in the list of guests for the Reunion.

MISS LUCY TAPPAN invited Mr. Bragdon to a High School entertainment and to be judge in a prize contest, where she is teaching at her home in Gloucester, Mass.

BERNICE LANGWORTHY MCFADDEN writes of the progress of Baltimore College. A new boarding hall, at the cost of one hundred thousand dollars.

ADDIE JOHNSON, Mrs. Dr. Plumstead, of Moodus, Conn., sends the picture of her baby boy, one year old last October. A dear, bright little fellow is Harold. Tassie Johnson is Mrs. Thomas Bent, of Middletown, Conn. She married in November, 1891.

MR. HENRY O. RYDER, teacher of drawing and painting at Lasell, is exhibiting at the Unity Club on Boylston St., Boston.

THE *Tennessee Methodist*, of Feb. 25, publishes a stirring sermon from Rev. S. A. Steel, who is to give the Lasell Baccalaureate. It is upon "The Sins of Society -- The Dance."

PROF. LUMMIS'S daughter, Miss Lulu, recently made a call at Lasell upon Miss Blaisdell.

LUCILE WYARD, Mrs. Newbury, is housekeeping in Spokane, getting along smoothly, and likes it. She sends a good photograph of herself. She meets a lady who knows and likes Miss Call; she herself rejoices in Miss Call's late article in the January "Atlantic." She hears items of old girls. Lucy McBriar Jarechi has a son, born late in the old year. Sue Hallock is to marry some one in Dubuque. She met Fannie Raum in Washington in society. Mabel is devoted to her family. Daisé Shryock was maid of honor at Grace Corré's wedding in Cincinnati, last December.

BIRDIE ROUTT BRYANT has two children. She is a first-class housekeeper and home maker. Mr. Bryant and Mr. Hartzell are both brilliant lawyers, of rising merit and reputation.

MRS. WILLIAM HANSCOME, of Denver, the mother of Fannie H., now Mrs. Herbert, has been spending some time with her relatives at Lasell. She and her husband live with Fannie, who has a nice home of her own. Mrs. Hanscome often sees the old Lasell girls at Denver, and hears them talk over the good times at dear old Lasell.

LOU WELLS BRENNAN is very happy in her own sweet little home.

MINNIE ROUTT HARTZELL, it will be remembered, left a little son. He is growing fast, and is a fine little fellow. He and his father have their home with Gov. Routt.

MABEL BLISS TIBBITTS held a reception for Lena Foster Nichols and Katherine Totman Brownell. The three ladies, with their respective husbands, came to dine together at Lasell a few days later.

MAMIE McMANN has a fine house which her father gave her when she married Mr. Kellogg, last fall.

NELLIE ALLING lives in Brookline -- Mrs. Thayer.

JENNIE YOUNG is an ornament of the society in which she moves.

So much for a few "old girls" of Denver. Of others we know well already.

OF late visitors at the school are Sue Hallock, E. Campbell, Maude Oliver, Ada Marsh, Cora Cogswell, Ruby Blaisdell, Jessie McMillan, Mr. Rust, Lucy Sargeant, Amelia Havens, M. Stone, Mary Cole, Ida Barton, Mary Hagar, Bertie Burr, Nettie Woodbury, Maude and Laura Whitney.

WITH our lecturer, Mr. Percival Chubb, came Lu Walston Chubb, his wife, and one of Lasell's valued "old girls."

MISS LE HURAY keeps us informed in regard to Miss Larrison, and Miss Louise Richardson, who has been so very fortunate in securing the opportunity to study abroad, granted to her by the College Associate Alumnae. She studied in Rome and at Cambridge, England, and since her return has received the degree of Ph. D. from Boston University.

PROF. HERBERT L. RICH, the present teacher of Natural Sciences, is giving some illustrated lectures at Ashland, upon glaciers, and their formation, using the stereopticon.

MARRIAGES.

MISS ALICE HOWLETT was married to Mr. Clayton N. Woodward, March 1, at St. John's Church, East Hartford, Conn. Miss Howlett spent the year of '82 and '83 at Lasell.

MISS LIZZIE FARNUM PECK was married at her home in Port Jervis, N. Y., to Mr. E. H. Courvoisier, of St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 2, '92. Miss Peck was at Lasell in '85 and '86.

DEATHS.

MR. CHARLES E. ROWE, late of the firm of Rowe Brothers, Chicago, Ill., died Feb. 22, '92. Mr. Rowe was the father of our late pupils, Emily and Susie. He had been an invalid for several years. The family now live in Evanston.

VERY sad news has come of the ravages of death in the home of Mary Robert, at Morristown, N. J. Two of her sisters died of scarlet fever early in the new year, one at home and one in New York City. The deaths were very near together.

MARY COLLINS MERRILL, of So. Framingham, Mass., who was at Lasell from '81 to June, '83, has just buried her father and a lovely sister. The former was an invalid for a year, but the latter went suddenly in the bloom of youth, under very painful circumstances. It is a sore affliction.

THE father of Blanche Busell, Mr. James H. Busell, of East Boston, Mass., died March 7, after a painful illness.

COLONEL EDMUND L. JOY of Newark, N. J., died Monday, Feb. 14. He was the father of Hattie Joy. He was a man of much integrity and public spirit, and seems to have been greatly respected and lamented.

GENERAL ROBERT N. HOOD, of Knoxville, Tenn., died the 2d of February, 1892. He was the father of Mamie Hood. He was a very prominent man, highly esteemed by all. The local papers give full accounts of the large funeral attendance, and general expression of mourning.

EXCHANGES.

A GRADUATE of Cornell, David Starr Jordan, who worked his way through college by hard, constant, untiring labor outside of school hours, is the president of the Stanford University, at \$15,000 a year, the largest salary paid to any college president in the United States. Recently the Czar has sent to this institution a magnificent collection of rare minerals, valued at \$35,000.—*Ex.*

A JAPANESE student describes Harvard in a letter home thus: "A very large building where the boys play foot ball, and on wet days read books."—*Ex.*

ANXIOUS MAIDEN.—Have you your algebra yet?

CLASSMATE.—Yet? I think so; I've had it all the year.—*Ex.*

IN the February numbers of the *Harvard Lampoon* are many bright sayings. The following is a good example.

LADY (*meetingl ittle boy crying*).—What is the matter, little boy?

LITTLE BOY.—My mother whipped me this morning 'cause I did n't keep my temper, and now my teacher just whipped me 'cause I did n't get rid of it, and I don't know what to do. Boo! hoo!

THE following beautiful poem, entitled "Imperfect," we copy from the *Wellesley Prelude*.

The sweetest song that ee'r was sung
Lacks some sweet note in singing.
The happiest chimes that e'er were rung
Lose some glad joy in the ringing.

The fairest rose that the showers unfold,
Within bears a crumpled leaf.
The gayest story that e'er was told
Has an undertone of grief.

The noblest life which man may lead,
Falls short of perfect living.
The greatest gifts by love decreed
Lacks something still in the giving.

O sweet, sweet song,
O wondrous rose,
O life to thyself most true;
In the perfect love
Of God's great Above
Ye shall be perfect too.

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EVEN an editor-in-chief cannot complain of the fearful responsibilities resting upon her, when she regards the grave, solemn face of a senior. How busy these '92's are with their regular work, to say nothing of the many studies they are making up and — a crowning misery — the senior essay! Do they expect us to remain here till July to read them? Is that the reason why so much time is spent over them? They have scarcely time to breathe, and yet they actually waste twenty precious minutes at a time telling their trials and tribulations to a wondering freshman, who listens attentively, eyes wide open, trying to think if her slender shoulders could ever carry so heavy a burden! At the time of the lectures upon the *Evidences of Christianity*, our seniors were hardly visible, and since Christmas most of the working hours have been consumed in consulting each other about photographers' proofs, and admiring themselves robed in their Oxford gowns and caps.

We find an apt illustration in a recent exchange: *Junior* (to Professor). — "Isn't the Seminary becoming a learned place?"

Professor. — "Yes: since the new pupils generally bring a little knowledge here, and the seniors never take any away, why, it — must — accumulate!"

Surprises are *sometimes* charming, but not always when one is shown into a recitation room, and there before the eyes are fifty questions in Cooking: — at that moment one does not enjoy the sensation. We do hope that we have all passed, for in our imagination we have our diplomas already in costly frames, hanging on the walls of our future homes! Sad indeed it be if we have to give up this mostly precious adornment, and

content ourselves with the encouraging thought that we passed the two previous examinations.

Lasell is the first school that considered a knowledge of cooking necessary to complete a young woman's education. Since that time many schools have added cooking to their regular courses, and still the good influence extends.

The first two years are given to the theory of cooking, and if one is successful in the examinations, she passes into the private class free of charge, where, under an instructor, she puts into practice what has been taught her in the previous years.

The private class has closed and we are sorry, for we enjoyed it very much. With two more lectures the course in demonstration will close.

THE SWEET COOKING-SCHOOL GIRL.

She measures out the flour with a very solemn air;
The milk and sugar also; and she took the greatest care
To count the eggs correctly, and to add a little bit
Of baking power, which you know beginners oft omit.
And she stirred it all together, and she baked it full an hour,
But she never quite forgave herself for leaving out the flour.

—*Selected.*

That the library and reading-room are popular places of study and enjoyment there can be no doubt, for at every hour of the day, both rooms are usually to be found well occupied.

What would we girls do for a quiet place, if it were not for these rooms? And besides we know if any knotty question comes up in our history, literature, botany or whatever we may be studying, we are sure to find help in the well-filled shelves. The library contains about 1,950 volumes, and every year tends to make it more complete. Through the care and attention of the librarian the books are easily found, although the system of numbering may at first appear confusing to new girls. A new book case recently placed at the back of the room leads us to believe that the increase of books demands more room and that the old shelves are becoming insufficient. One feature of the reading-room which gives us great enjoyment is the plentiful supply of magazines. English, German, French,—there are papers in all three languages. The English ones we can all read, but the others most of us have to content

ourselves with looking at the pictures, and hoping that one day we too will be able to read the accompanying articles. I wonder how many of you girls read an article in the February "Atlantic" on the education of French girls. How different and how much harder theirs is than ours! Imagine beginning school at half past seven on a dark winter morning, and not getting through until five. But if they did not begin that early, they would never get through the day's work, for French girls have an on average twice as many lessons a day as we do.

An interesting magazine, and one new this year, is the "Book Buyer."

If anyone is forming a library, or has any intention of so doing, it is very helpful, as it is often confusing to know what books to choose from the thousands offered us. And moreover, as someone remarked not long ago, one had only to read the synopsis of the new books in the "Book Buyer" and need not spend the time to read the books! Whether it were wise to follow this advice or not, let each one judge for himself.

With so many books and current magazines, one need never be ignorant of the best authors and leading events of the day.

APRIL 1st, 3 P. M.

DEAR MAY: I know you will wish yourself back when you hear how we celebrated the day. I know I never laughed so much in my life.

This morning, a few minutes past 6.45, our slumbers were disturbed by the most unearthly noise you can imagine. Come to find out, some mischievous person hid the gong, for want of something better to do. You remember the gong, kept near the chapel door, you couldn't forget that, and what a hard time you had the morning after our freshman reception to get me up, and I just got to the dining-room door when they shut it! Well, I am wandering from my story, but one thing recalls another. I do wish you were back, and I have wished it more than once, not that I want to lose my present roommate, for we get along beautifully together, but you were my first room-mate.

I must finish our eventful day. At breakfast nearly every girl, (you couldn't expect all), wore

their hair in two braids, and you have no idea how funny some looked. Even the teachers had to laugh. Most of the girls wore their hair in the described style all day, and when walking-hour came what do you think some of them did? I think it was *ridiculous*, but twenty went to walk dressed, — well, I couldn't attempt to describe the costumes, but as near like gypsies as you can imagine. Why, it disgraced Auburndale! I don't see what put such an idea into their heads. This is the first time since I have been here, that anything out of the usual way has happened, and I am *sure* nothing of the kind will ever again, for — Oh dear, the bell has rung, and I can't tell you the consequences of the procession now, but will when I write next.

NELLE.

A CHINESE VILLAGE.

WE are all interested in the strange race nearly antipodal to us, the Chinese, who, like many other foreign people, have found America a pleasant land to live in and have come here in great numbers. In the State of California alone there are said to be more than forty-nine thousand Chinamen. We find that almost every city in the State has its "China-town" as the Chinese quarter is called. One of the most curious of these settlements is situated on the Monterey Bay about two miles from the city of Monterey. This is more like a village than the ordinary China-town, as it is not within any city limits, but is like a small section of China set down in the United States.

The village lies along the beach in a semicircular shape covering less than three acres of land, and, as I remember seeing it three or four years ago, was surrounded by a high fence, across which there were two stiles, one at each end of the main street that runs directly through the centre of the village. In front is the long, sandy beach, broken here and there by high points of rock, and beyond is the beautiful blue bay with the Santa Cruz mountains just visible on the horizon, while to the rear are rolling hills covered with grass and flowers. Within this small inclosure live at least three hundred persons whose general appearance one really cannot admire, for they look as though they did not know what soap and water are made for.

The men and women dress much alike, in wide trousers and long, loose coats with bright colored silk shirts underneath. The sleeve of the shirt is turned back over the coat sleeve and the dark coat and bright shirt make a very pretty contrast.

The shoes are clumsy, boat-shaped contrivances, with exceedingly thick soles, and no fastening over the ankle, so that, as the wearer moves about they make a peculiar shuffling noise by flopping up and down at every step. The little children generally dress much the same as their parents, but with the addition of a gay pinafore and often a black silk cap embroidered with beads and colored silks. The girls paint their lips and cheeks with vermilion and think this makes them much more beautiful.

If a Chinaman's relative dies he puts on mourning by braiding several strands of colored silk in his long black cue; as, for instance, red for his mother, or blue for his father.

Their principal articles of diet are rice, fish, and the meat of the *abalone*, a kind of shell-fish found in abundance on the rocks at low tide.

The houses are small, one story structures, consisting of from two to four rooms and usually without windows. The bunks, or beds, which may be seen from the door, look hard and uninviting, with no mattresses, no pillows, and only a pair of blankets for covering. In fact the whole house looks and smells forbidding.

Between the houses are platforms built as high as the roofs. These are simply a floor of boards supported by four poles, one at each corner. The platform is reached by ladders. Here the men sit and smoke, and the little children run about, or sit with their legs hanging over the edge, as much at home as when on the ground or in the houses.

In one corner of the village is a little mission school kept by some Monterey people. The children are not compelled to attend, but a few of the parents seem anxious to have their children learn like the white people and so send the little ones. These, though, are rather the exception than the rule, for, in general, the Chinese hold aloof from the Americans, regarding them as intruders.

Along the principal street are a few stores, much like the houses in structure, where all sorts of strange trinkets, shells, and sweetmeats are sold.

Scattered about among the dwellings are the "Joss-houses" where the hideous idols are wor-

shipped. The interiors of these buildings are gaily decorated with paper flowers and hangings. Before the figure of the god are sacred lilies, candles and burning incense. Here often the prayers, printed on red paper, are burned.

At one end of the village is the cemetery, where each grave is surrounded by a fence, and on the grave are food and printed prayers for the use of the departed one on his long journey to the happy land.

The people spend much of their time in catching, selling, and drying fish. At almost any time of the day "junks" and small fishing boats may be seen on the bay, and the monotonous song of the fisherman may be heard, for he keeps time to his rowing with a song. The fisherman goes early in the morning to town to sell his catch, which he carries in two bushel baskets, each tied with four ropes fastened about the ends of a long pole. Balancing this pole with a basket on each end over his shoulders, he goes from house to house crying "fi-fi."

Large quantities of fish, mostly of the kind known as squid, are dried and sent to China, where they are bought by the wealthy people, who consider them a great delicacy. After seeing the manner in which they are dried, very few Americans would care to eat any, for they are simply spread on boards or on the grass, in the sun, and are turned day after day until dry, the children running back and forth over them and playing with them quite as if it were the proper way to do.

A stranger always pities the little Chinese girl, who seems to have more work than any of the rest. She it is who has to care for the little brother or sister, carrying the baby about all day strapped to her back; while often the child is almost as large as herself. While the sister is running about the baby is fast asleep, its little head bobbing this way and that, but never a cry, for baby is happy. The girls have to do the washing for the family. Each child with her little tub works with all her might while the mother stands by and directs. An American girl would hardly envy the lot of her almond eyed sister, and one cannot help having a feeling of disgust for this strange people, after seeing the way in which they live; but we must remember that the types we see

in this country are only from the lower classes of the Chinese race, and that in China all must be quite different. '94.

MY SWEETHEART.

If an angel with a vision
That could pierce the threads of night,
Were to gaze from heaven's window
Till the earth should meet her sight,
My dear sweetheart's gentle face upturned
In prayer to heaven, afar
Would appear unto the angel, as
A softly-glowing star.
If her gentle breath were wafted
To the angel, through the gloom,
It would render Heaven sweeter
With its exquisite perfume.
Ah, the sunlight and the moonlight,
Both are jealous of her eyes!
For there are such tones of light
In them as glow in Paradise;
The red rose lives in envy of
The tint upon her velvet cheek.
The sweetest music fills the air
If she but choose to speak.
Dresden China to the whiteness
Of her skin cannot compare,
Nor fine velvet to the softness
Of her undulating hair.
This femininity complete —
And yet masclular, in part,
For she possesses,— Bless her soul! —
A man's ay, man's — my *own whole heart*.

F.

THE COLOSSEUM.

WHAT, I wonder, should we all want most to see if we were so lucky as to have a chance of visiting Rome? Perhaps the artist would go immediately to the Vatican, to see the greatest pictures in the world, or some one else might be curious about St. Peter's, but I think most of us would first turn our steps toward the vast ruins of the Colosseum. Perhaps you do not know that the Colosseum was so called from the Colossus of Nero, that stood near it.

Seventy-two years before Christ, on the edge of the city, where are now the ruins of the Colosseum, there was nothing but a lake; in that year the lake was drained, and eight years afterward there stood in its place this beautiful amphitheatre. In so short a time, the building, with its foundations one hundred feet deep and its

walls towering almost twice as high, was finished. The outside walls were made of brick burned in the kilns behind the Vatican, but the inner walls were lined with the beautiful marble of Carrara.

From the time it was first constructed to the present day this building has always excited the admiration of man. Pilgrims visiting Rome in the eighth century used to say, "While stands the Colosseum Rome stands; when falls the Colosseum Rome shall fall; and when Rome falls with it shall fall the world." We cannot help realizing the truth of this saying when we remember through what trials and vicissitudes Rome has passed, and that it is still flourishing.

The building was composed of five stories, the first one containing eighty arches, all of which were used as entrances, and were numbered, with the exception of four. One of these was the entrance of the emperor, one that of the Vestal Virgins, and the other two the exits of the gladiators. Around the arena ran four circles of seats, one rising above the other, and it was separated from the spectators by a perfectly smooth wall, that the wild beasts might not by any possibility climb over it. The lower circle of seats, called the Podium, was a level platform, on which were placed chairs for the emperor, senators, Vestal Virgins, and the elector. In the second gallery were twenty-four steps running around the entire circumference, on which sat the knights, and in the third and fourth galleries were the citizens and the sailors, whose duty it was to stretch the canvas, which in summer protected the spectators.

At one time the amphitheatre was used for naval contests as well as gladiatorial combats. In some way water was conveyed from the Tiber and the arena flooded, so that it formed an artificial lake. The games, which were, however, more common than the naval fights, originated from funeral ceremonies. It was supposed to be unpleasant for the departed to make their journey unattended; so these fights were held, and men hired, that there might be another soul to accompany the beloved one.

It was not until after many years that they became a public amusement, but they soon became popular, and the number of combatants increased, until, at the time of the inauguration of the Colosseum, four thousand gladiators were

killed within one hundred days. The gladiators were usually slaves trained to this profession for the amusement of their masters, and, although they were allowed to marry among themselves, their children were always kept and trained up, like the fathers, for the arena.

At first they fought only in numbers, and then those who had been skilful enough to preserve their lives in several battles fought hand-to-hand fights. When they had passed through several battles and six hand-to-hand fights, they were given their freedom; but few ever succeeded in doing so, for the sixth trial was always made extremely difficult. The weapons used in the gladiatorial combats were the net and the trident, the use of which Bulwer makes so clear to us in his "Last Days of Pompeii."

When any one was caught in the net the Vestal Virgins could, by a motion of their thumbs, either hand them over to death, or preserve them for another trial. Jerome, the French artist, has painted a picture on this subject, but he has turned the thumbs up, instead of, as it is now decided was the custom, toward or from the arena.

Usually several single fights were carried on at the same time, and when these were over the servants of the arena, called Urercures, snatched up the bodies, by means of long hooks, and hauled them to the door of the dead. Here they were sent down a sort of inclined plane to the passage below, while fresh sand was sprinkled on the arena, and the games went on as before. The gladiators who died while fighting were not considered worthy of honorable burial, so their bodies were hacked into pieces in the passageway under the arena, the water turned on, and they were washed away into the river.

In visiting the ruins of this beautiful building, how it makes one shudder to think of the thousands of lives lost in it merely for the sport of human beings! People who could witness such things with pleasure seem to us worse than brutes. And now that we have finished our visit, though we enjoyed hearing what the Romans did, and seeing the work of their hands, I know we are all thankful we do not have such sports nowadays.

THE LAST ROSE.

The blinds are drawn, and quiet
Falls on the mansion old,
Save a murmur of hushed voices,
As the sorrowful tale is told.

For within the darkened chamber
A sufferer moans in pain;
And as life is slowly ebbing,
A yearning fills his brain.

For he feels that his hours are numbered
And death approaching fast,
And he longs with a restless longing
For a song of the happy past.

The door is slowly opened,
And a singer enters the room,
And the song of "The Last Rose of Summer,"
Rings out through the cheerless gloom.

And there, as she stands beside him,
Whose race is almost run,
From her fair hand fall the petals,
As she plucks them, one by one.

The last leaf slowly flutters,
Torn by the singer's hand;
And the sick and weary listener
Hears the songs of the angel band.

A. N.

HOLDING UP THE MIRROR.

THE subject of politeness on street-cars is a complicated one. Possibly by holding the mirror up to nature for a moment a lesson or two may be taught upon this, a subject old yet ever new.

The person who enters a street-car,—which, by the way, is meant for the equal accommodation of each one who pays a fare—sits down and manages to occupy space enough for two at least, often wears a most child-like and bland expression, and, as his fellow passengers enter, looks around in smiling unconsciousness of others' presence. If one suggests that possibly there may be room by his side for another, he looks surprised, then reproachfully grieved, and finally moves the least distance possible, feeling all the time that he is an intensely ill-used, but very magnanimous person.

This is only one type. The genus "hog," to use a term in which truth predominates over elegance, is varied and its representatives innumerable. There is, for instance, the very corpulent man. His size is certainly his misfortune, rather than his fault; but surely, during the portion of his

life devoted to street-car riding the disposal of his elbows might be arranged so as to afford the unfortunates on either side of him breathing space.

We remember noticing an instance when a man of unusual proportions seated himself beside a woman of ordinary size. Settling himself to his own satisfaction, he planted his elbow with great firmness and immovability in the region of said lady's left lung, at the same time throwing one half of her into eclipse. This both impeded the lady's breathing and made her indignant. She somewhat abruptly moved from beneath the o'ershadowing elbow with a slight contraction of her brows, which, with her disturbance of his personal comfort (he was nicely "settled"), made him internally vote her ill natured.

Next, there is the handsomely dressed woman, who enters a well-filled car, looks around searchingly and, making sure that every seat is taken, inquires of the conductor in a piercing voice if she "can't have a seat." On finding none offered her, with a wrathful adjustment of her feet and a thunder-cloud on her brow, she proceeds to occupy as much standing room as she can conveniently, and even puts herself out a little to do so, muttering in an audible undertone something about "no gentlemen."

Another of the same class pursues a different and sometimes successful method. On entering she selects her victim, places herself in front of him, and gazes down expectantly with a sublime faith that her look is so elevating as to cause an electric change of their positions. If this fails, she continues to transfix him with her gaze, until, out of sheer desperation, the victim retreats. The victor then sinks into the silently contested seat with a well-satisfied smile, for has not merit received her just and well-earned reward?

Then there is the woman who places her bundles just where unregenerate man will be sure to fall over them. She is responsible for a vast amount of bad language, which may be called excusable; for what man enjoys being sent from one end of the car to the other by an unnoticed bundle which his feet have unwittingly struck?

But one might write of street-car peculiarities without limit. Let us suggest that it would be a deed of charity if some philanthropic person were to found an institution devoted to the

acquisition of street-car politeness. It would be a grand scheme, and might be carried out on a grand scale — but alas! It is only too probable that students would have to be seized and carried in, each mortal firm in the belief that it is his neighbor, not he, who is in need of such instruction. But let us live in the blissful hope that posterity may some day witness a change for the better, or that the long suffering may be endowed with greater power to endure the incivilities and thoughtlessness of others.

THE RULING PASSION.

THEY were teaching the swell little New York girl to count.

"Three hundred and ninety-seven, three hundred and ninety-eight, three hundred and ninety-nine, four hundred," said the mother.

And the child followed correctly.

"Four hundred and one," continued the mother.

But the child stopped.

"Go on," said the mother, "you were doing very nicely."

"No, mamma," she said with dignity, "I cannot go beyond the 400."

And there she stuck. — *Washington Star.*

LOCALS.

All night poor Louis wanders through the hall,
His sad smile shows that something's wrong;
In vain each nook and cranny he recalls
But alas! he cannot find the gong!

He goes up to the studio with painful steps and slow,
And softly he whistles a sad, sad song.
Down in the laboratory he searches high and low,
And still he vainly wonders, Where's that gong?

In the morn they all assemble in the hall,
Time speeds and they will need it now ere long;
From the Faculty so big to these so small,
They search. Now, say, where *was* that gong?

APRIL 12th the second Musical Rehearsal given by the pupils in the gymnasium. The room was well filled and every one seemed to enjoy it. The programme was as follows:—

PIANOFORTE QUARTETTE. Overture from "Idomeneus,"
Mozart
MISSSES TUPPER, PROCTOR, L. COLE AND A. CROCKER.
CHORUS from Venice Reinecke
ORPHEAN CLUB.
ORGAN. Festal March Teilman
MISS TULLEYS.
SONG. The World is Mine Johns
MISS GRIFFIN.

PIANOFORTE. Valse in E flat Wallenhaupt
MISS BURRILL.
SONG. Ave Maria. (Violin Obligato by Mr. NOWELL) Luzzi
MISS DICE.
PIANOFORTE. Renouveau Godard
MISS U. COLE.
CHORUS. Thou Shalt Love the Lord. From "Eli" Costa
ORPHEAN CLUB.
ORGAN. Andante Grazioso Smart
MISS GLEASON.
VOCAL QUARTETTE. { Serenade Schubert
{ Old German Shepherd's Song, Kienzl
MISSSES WHITE, PARMERTON, THOMPSON, AND SULLIVAN.
PIANOFORTE. Sonata in E flat. First movement Beethoven
MISS APPEL.
SONGS. { Till the Stars are Dim Lucas
{ Celeste Newcomb
MISS TULLEYS.
VIOLIN DUO. Sonatine. Andante, Minuetto. Tema, and variations,
Pleyel.
MISS BRODRICK AND MR. NOWELL.
PIANO DUO. Reigen Jensen
MISSSES RICHARDS AND MILLER.
SOLO AND CHORUS. Ave Maria Abt
MISS RYAN AND ORPHEAN CLUB.

MADAME HELEN HOPEKIRK gave a very enjoyable recital March 28th. It would be impossible to say how much we enjoyed her playing, and we are sorry for those who were unable to hear her.

SOPH. TO FRESH.—Where is that verse beginning "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," found?

FRESH.—Why it's one of the ten commandments!

YOUNG LADY (*making out her account at end of the month.*) Divers and Sundry . . . \$1.15.

THE dressmaking class is progressing, slow but sure, and when on Easter Sunday, Worth's spring gowns are seen and one in their attire, talking with a number of our class, it would take a keen eye to detect the difference — except, perhaps, by the demi.

BRIGHT JUNIOR TO SPECIAL.—"Why are we not allowed to entertain in the teachers' parlor?"

SPECIAL.—"I don't know."

BRIGHT JUNIOR.—"Why, it is reserved for things of ancient date."

Special collapses

The Junior entertainment furnished a topic of conversation for several days before, and set us all wondering what we should see in the trip to Macedonia, should we decide to reply to their invitation, "Come over into Macedonia and help

us." And we feel safe in saying that no one regrets going, for did we not see many wonderful things? First and most important were the men. For as such we recognized them, although most of us had not seen a real society swell for so long, we had almost forgotten how they should look.

Nevertheless we recognized them at once, and the girl who, like Cleopatra, finds her only woe in the fact that there are no men to conquer in this wood, found several handsome substitutes in Mr. Coddle, Washington Whitwell, jolly Mr. Frank Schoefield, and last, but not least, Tom Aplan, who delighted every one with his love-making. Eglantine Coddle and Etta Winningham acted the spoiled belle to perfection. While Mrs. Schoefield snubbed her husband with commendable zeal, and Miss Brodrick, as "Jane," furnished the necessary bits of fun. The statues were a new and pleasing feature of the evening, and every one pronounced the Junior entertainment a great success, and prophesied at least several stars out of the Junior Class in the future. This event marked the first appearance of the Seniors in their caps and gowns, and the last appearance of Lasell girls in those appendages of male attire known as pantaloons. The entertainment was a financial success also, and the Juniors are rejoicing in the possession of \$55.

PERSONALS.

MISS JENNIE S. FARWELL was to sail March 30 for Santiago, Chili, to take charge of the art department in the American College of that city. This is said to be the best school for girls in South America. Miss Farwell hopes the change will benefit her health; and so do all her friends most heartily.

ALICE HOUSE continues her pleasant letters from abroad in the *Zion's Herald*. The issue of March 16 had some "Pages from a Scottish Note book."

ETTA FOWLER is studying music in Philadelphia with a view to teaching, and some inclination towards a mission field, as India. She proposes to go to Europe quite soon.

It is delightful to learn that Dr. Helen F. Pierce has gained so much strength that she plans to be at work next fall.

JENNIE M. BROWN, of Denver, Col., is traveling in California. She was last heard of at Monterey. She chanced upon Jessie Reece at Coronado Beach. Jennie Brown's name appeared in the March LEAVES as "Young." A ridiculous blunder.

INEZ BRAGG lives in Charlestown. Her daily business engagements are in Boston. She speaks of hearing indirectly of Emma Gass and Harriet Whitmarsh.

MISS ISABEL WEBSTER takes charge of her uncle's house on Beacon Street since the death of her aunt. She is too busy to paint much. Her health is better than it was when she left teaching at Lasell and went abroad.

MRS. ANITA HENRY MIRICK's home is in Worcester. Her eldest girl is fourteen years old. The boys are ten and six. Her sister Nellie is married and lives in California. Among the old girls, she hears from Florence Moulton Schaefer.

LAST month's LEAVES told of the death of Blanche Busell's father. Later notices speak of him as not only a superior business man, but an inventor, in the shoe business, of machinery that is used the world over. He introduced his inventions into Europe himself, making two successful trips for the purpose. He served in the late war. He was a man of great personal worth.

MISS MARY MILLER, of Fremont, Ohio, sister of our sainted Julia, is visiting in Boston, and spent a day recently at Lasell.

THANKS for photograph from Edith Sidway, and we will wait patiently for what is to follow.

MRS. ELLEN BATTELLE DIETRICK, the mother of Louise, is a well-known and prominent champion of the woman's suffrage movement. She now lives in this State, and addresses a stirring letter to the Legislature of Massachusetts upon the subject.

MRS. NELLIE PACKARD DRAPER brought little Lillian to visit Grandma Lasell the other day.

CHARLOTTE WHITE writes very lovingly of her school and teachers. She expects a visit from Nan Peabody, and they may come to Lasell together. She is rejoicing that Laura Hutton is enough better in health to be about to make a trip to Europe with her sister, for travel and study. Charlotte has exchanged visits with Florence Palmer.

MARGUERITE M. WATERHOUSE is keeping house at her home in Centreville, R. I., during the absence of her parents in California. She will come to Boston for sketching lessons in May and June.

FLORENCE DURFEE sends her photograph. She spent last year at Delaware University, and in a late visit to that school met Florence Mann. They talked Lasell together with delight. Florence and Grace are both very busy; the latter expects a visit from Mollie Coe.

LIDA BELLE PECK of Wellington, Kan., writes that her eyes are getting well again. She has seen Maude Evans in Kansas City. She is in correspondence with Helen Staples, who is still at Bryn Mawr, a junior, presumably. Lida keeps Helen informed in regard to Lasell.

GUSSIE ADAMS is in Memphis, Tenn., recovering her health, and heart and soul interested in her mission work of teaching the colored people. She describes graphically a room with nearly three hundred colored pupils from five to fifty years of age, and their struggles not only to learn but to get out of vice into a pure Christian life. One woman who was of late a drunkard and a thief has taken three motherless children to support, and rising early and sitting up late, pays for their schooling by washing. She wants them to have the "subson and essence of the college." Gussie is head of some part of the industrial as well as the primary department, teaches sewing, holds prayer meetings, enjoys their simple, sincere testimonies, sympathizes with her scholars warmly and loves them so dearly that there can be no doubt that she is helping them very much. Her happiness in her work is delightful to see.

ONE of Lasell's graduates, who afterward took a college course and graduated, recently paid us a visit, and writes back that she believes that "Lasell comes nearer to being right (in its

methods and teachings) than any other educational institution that I know of." She thinks, as she again says, that Lasell has "nearer the right method of education than a college." This is pleasant testimony from a very thoughtful former pupil, the more valuable because she has recently been studying educational institutions, and always says what she thinks "without fear or favor," and wrote without any question from us.

THE newspapers notice a musicale given by Misses Ida and Lucy Tappan at their home in Gloucester, Mass., at which Madam Joachim sang. This famous German songstress was assisted by Miss Villa Whitney White. The evening seems to have been a rare musical treat.

THE nineteenth National Conference of Charities and Correction is to be held at Denver, Col., from June 23 to 29, 1892, and promises to be very interesting. Mr. J. S. Appel, the father of Lottie, is a presiding officer, and we are informed is a very prominent and generous man in public charities.

RECENT visitors are Bessie Towle, Amy Harris, Laura and Maude Whitney, Nettie Woodbury, Ada Jones, M. Cole, M. Hathaway, Lizzie Whipple, Mr. and Mrs. Goodridge and sweet little Elaine, Minnie Jones, Maude Mathews and sister, and Mary Packard. Mr. Goodridge looks as young and is as bright as when teacher here in '82 and '83.

SUSIE BAKER goes to Tennessee to be with her father during the absence of her mother in the West. She gave Lasell a call in passing. She expects to teach in the West after a time.

THE marriage of Tassie Johnson was put in the March LEAVES as occurring in Nov., 1891, instead of 1890, as it should have been.

BERTHA LORD MORRISON had her middle name Lord given incorrectly, and the name of Mrs. Lou Wells Brannen was misspelt.

ANOTHER of the errata was the death of two children of Etta Jones, Mrs. George P. B. Clarke. The children are living; it is the mother, our dear Etta Jones, herself, who died suddenly last summer.

LASELL has another granddaughter, born Fast Day, to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bray, Sadie Corey.

OUR visitor of last month, alluded to as Mr. Rust, was Rev. Dr. Richard Rust, president elect of Cincinnati Wesleyan College, a position which he has previously occupied.

MRS. ANNIE KENDIG PEIRCE is at Old Point Comfort taking a few weeks' needed rest from home duties — a rare thing for her.

THE article on Smith College, in the History of Higher Education in Massachusetts, issued by the Bureau of Education, is prepared by Louise Walston, now Mrs. Chubb, a graduate of Lasell and Smith. It is a good piece of writing, of course.

EVA MORGAN has been at Colorado Springs for her health, and is better.

JENNY JOHNSON visited Blanche Best last fall, also Neena Williams. Neena has had a glimpse of Libbie Hance. Jennie Williams, Mrs Brainard, Neena's sister, has a baby daughter named Cornelia for her aunt.

To a Missionary Convention in Michigan, Mary Hazlewood went as delegate. She met Miss Searle, from Japan, who knew Miss Jennie Vail. Mary Hazlewood's sister is still a great invalid.

ADELAIDE M. SAUNDERS sends a bright, interesting letter from London, where she is "in business," which she enjoys. She is a typewriter and her mother's assistant. Her mother and she are under contract to spend a year in London to introduce the Yost Typewriter, and to organize a new company for its sale. Addie is teaching the use of the machine to a school of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pupils. She exhibits the machine in many places and is getting a good deal of varied experience. She and her mother return to New York in May, when the engagement ends. She began to learn typewriting at Lasell Seminary; she now writes seventy words a minute.

MISS LEHURAY is rejoicing in hope of the speedy arrival of her mother and missionary sister from South America. They have been so long away!

SOME very pleasant words from Gertrude Penfield, Mrs. Seiberling. Her husband is on the

Board of Public Schools, and wants information concerning the teaching of gymnastics at Lasell.

FANNIE BARBOUR sends for a catalogue for a friend who may be a pupil at Lasell next year.

MARRIAGES.

MISS GRACE HELLENE HAVENS married Mr. Frederick B. Brown, Thursday, April 14, at her home in Terre Haute, Indiana. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will live at El Paso Texas. Grace was at Lasell from '87 to '89.

WE copy the card of another pupil verbatim: "Betrothed: Helen Westheimer, St. Joseph, Mo., Eli Cahn, Kansas City, Mo. At home April third and tenth." Miss Westheimer was at Lasell in '84 and '85. Her card of betrothal is doubtless according to the Jewish custom.

MISS NELLIE F. BLEWETT was married to Mr. Paul Colson, Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1892, at Council Bluffs. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Colson is in Fremont, Neb. The latter made so short a stay at Lasell, a few weeks ago, as to be known but to few.

DEATHS.

MRS. JENNIE BACKUS, daughter of the late Mr. Josiah Lasell, of Whitinsville, Mass., died at her home in Rochester, N. Y., early in March, '92. It is hardly a year since the marriage of this young lady, which circumstance adds to the sadness of her early loss.

MR. LOUIS W. SINSABAUGH died at his home in Washington, D. C., March 7, 1892. Mr. Sinsabaugh held for some time a position in the Patent Office. He resigned in order to practice patent law. He was the father of Myrtie Sinsabaugh, a graduate of '87. Some of the Lasell people knew their beautiful and hospitable home and the genial kindness of parents and daughter. It will be a lonely home to Mrs. Sinsabaugh and Myrtie, now that its honored and beloved head is gone.

EXCHANGES.

THE Yale Literary Magazine, the oldest college publication in America, and perhaps in the world, was founded 1836, by Hon. William M. Evarts.

LITERARY STUDENT to bookseller: "I want a Chaucer."

BOOKSELLER. "We don't keep tobacco, sir."

Among the many readable and entertaining articles we noticed last month, is a sketch of the life of Margaret Fuller-Ossoli in the "Ogontz Mosaic."

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,"
Perhaps the poet might have changed his mind,
If, in a crowd one day, he chanced to find
A fellow feeling in his coat behind.

It is stated that eighty per cent. of all the men who have been editors of college papers have followed journalism as a profession.

THEIR FIRST BREAKFAST.

One sip of coffee hot he took,
He set aside the steaming cup,
And then beneath the table reached
His wedding trowsers to turn up.
"Why act like that?" she said to him,
Her face with glow so ruddy;
He merely said, with husky voice:
"Your coffee, love, is muddy."
—Brunonian.

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

MRS. FLYNN. Me mon Mike was telling me there do be thousands av people turned away from Pat O'Roosky's concerts every noight.

MRS. DUNN. Faith, thin, owld Oirelandt turns out foine piany players.

MRS. FLYNN. It do that.

—Harvard Lampoon.

WE copy the following poem from the "Dartmouth Literary Monthly":—

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Oh rarest flower of English spring,
That blossomed e'er the melting snow
Had taught the rivulet to flow,
Or larks their songs to sing,
While dead and brown the leaves yet cling,
And April winds their dirges blow,
And all was but a passing show,
Save thy sweet song, oh, beauteous thing!
For thee the lark didst carol long,
In homage true to Nature's son.
'T was always summer in thy song,
Always sunshine; 't was thee who won
To Nature all the English throng.



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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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As the bright days of June draw near and the tennis courts on the lawns look so inviting, the work in gymnasium grows irksome, and we besiege our poor teachers daily with the question, "When will gymnasium close."

Then when such a notice as this is read in chapel, "The following young ladies will report at the gymnasium at half past seven o'clock, prepared for *work*," we groan in spirit (if not audibly), and know that it means to "make up" for absences.

But through the winter months when snow and ice were monarchs out of doors, and cold, drizzling rains made us long for home and the summer vacation, the gymnasium was a pleasant resort.

What a recreation and change from books, and what enjoyment mixed with the work!

We were a little awkward at first in the Swedish drill and Indian club swinging, but time soon wore off the rough edges.

When we work at the machines we may talk, and that, we know, is one of woman's privileges.

Here are ladders and rings on which many a maiden swings; at the side are the chest weights which receive almost constant use, and, over yonder in the corner, one can row and row and never make any progress.

How exciting the walking and running races are, and we almost wish they might occur oftener, although we can't be victor in the contest; and when it comes our turn to come down the "in case of fire" rope, we tremble and shake with fear, but the experience must be gone through with.

The machines are too numerous to be mentioned in this article, but we know that our gymnasium is equipped much better than those of many at men's colleges.

And with this swimming, bowling, military drill and tennis (in warm weather), Lasell intends to give to the world, strong, healthy young women, instead of dyspeptic book-worms.

A LASELL GIRL'S HOME.

Do you know how naturally a Lasell girl — a good Lasell girl, I mean — turns into a delightful home-maker? The most easy, natural and perfect entertainers among all into whose houses I go, are Lasell girls turned into bright, earnest, attractive, capable matrons. If I could conscientiously claim any bit of credit for this, I'd be the proudest man. But I can't, for I know first that those same girls have had that same kind of mothers, to select such a school as Lasell for their girls, because they believed in its aim, and second that whatever help those girls have got at Lasell they got from the women teachers and not from me. So I take no credit but just enjoy it, and feel proud of it and of them. And I believe if I could only do myself the pleasure of going into more of their homes, I'd be gladder and prouder of my girls than I am; and Mrs. B. says that's unnecessary, for I am so proud of them now there's no living with me, and I don't know but she's right. For although I don't believe in "praise to the face," and am conscientious in thinking I ought to be constantly urging them to better things and higher ideals while they are before me, I do feel pretty proud of them as a whole, when they've gone out and taken hold of their life-work.

This sort of musing came over me to-day, as Mrs. B. and I were coming home from Carrie Kendig Kellogg's beautiful, homey home, Van Ness Terrace, 238 Warren Street, Boston Highlands, where we were really entertained at (not by) lunch. For she was the entertainer not the lunch, though that was perfect. My only regret was that business called me away, so that I could only enjoy her and our Lasell talk a too brief while. Mrs. B. had the better of me there, as usual. The whole thing was a picture, a poem of entertainment.

I am glad to report mine hostess as fully recovered in health from her recent severe illness. We missed Annie, who is taking just now a needed

respite from close home and children care at Old Point Comfort.

We had the pleasure, also, of meeting Mrs. Stocking, our dear Ella's mother, which was a whiff from the old days that was very pleasant. Just think! Ella's beautiful child is eight years old! Almost unthinkable. So the years go by.

Bless the girls! Amen.

C. C. B.

"O MADGE! now I have told you my secrets, I must tell you of the greatest event which has happened in my little world during the last fortnight."

"I am all attention; do begin," replied her cousin.

"You have often wished you were a mouse, have n't you, dear (for all girls have), or wished you could play under the desk or table?"

"Yes, the twinkle of your eye gives ample proof of that; how then must you envy me, who has received from my maternal grandmother an invisible coat, cut after the pattern used in fairy tales.

"You don't believe it? Then listen while I relate to you a visit I paid to Lasell."

"'T was on April 30th that little three-cornered notes flew about bearing this invitation: —

"It is suggested that to-morrow, Sunday, being the first of May, the young ladies enjoy their May festival in costume this evening in the gymnasium.' So I determined to inaugurate my coat.

"Arriving at Lasell, I found on the door this characteristic announcement: —

GRAND PROMENADE

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

TABLE D'HÔTE

AT NINE O'CLOCK SHARP.

"I then thought I would wait and see the grand march.

"Everywhere signs of festivities were discernible, but where, Oh, where, were the girls? Were they enjoying the 'honey-heavy dew of slumber?'

"I cannot say; are they usually so docile? However, they did not appear, and it is still to me as much a mystery as my invisible coat must be to you; but I must go on with my story.

"Promptly as the clock struck eight (for grandmother says that people of long ago always were prompt), the grand possession of knights, nobles, ladies, and even royalty itself, entered the hall.

"And now let me get my note-book, and I will read to you the comments of two visitors which I jotted down.

"Behold two heralds lead the march, followed by Perdita and Florizel in the disguise of a shepherd. But look you, there is Galatea walking about as if she had never felt cold marble's embrace, and chatting with a Japanese lady.

"Did you ever see so strange a sight as that little old grandmother, in poke bonnet and plaid shawl, chaperoning her three-year-old baby, who is evidently making her *début*! The dear little baby, though she has reached the height of 5 feet, 9 inches, is still a great care to her grandmother (especially at the table).

"Ah, me, who would have thought the 'melancholy Dane' would have graced this festive occasion, but there he is, and hardly seems to deserve his traditionary title, for he is indeed 'the glass of fashion and mould of form; the observed of all observers,' with fair Ophelia by his side.

"Ha, ha, ha! There comes Johnny Jones and his sister Sue, and hear the familiar accents of 'Listen to my Tale of Woe,' which even provokes a smile from the court lady and gentleman addressed.

"There comes Queen Elizabeth; Sir Walter Raleigh is her favorite to-night; now she, too, has paused to hear that 'tale of woe.'

"What is all this about,' says the newspaper, as it presses through the crowd with its usual eagerness for news.

"*'Des patisseries des petits pains chauds.'* How like dear old France that sounds. If that baker would only bring me some of his buns, but he has stopped to give one to little Red Riding Hood, assuring her that he was only joking, for the wolf has not even received an invitation.

"How gracefully Nadjy floats about, 'with wings as swift as meditation on the thoughts of love.'

"The Society Swell is treading a measure with Night.

"Dear me! Where are those men attired in immaculate full dress?

"Have they departed so early?

"Oh, is that so?

"Lord Talstaff says that they did not feel at home with so many guests from Merry England.

"How much I enjoy watching them 'trip the light fantastic toe,' and a masquerade is my chief delight!

"But who would have dreamed we had been here so long; look! the hands of yonder clock point to the hour of nine, and the heralds are already leading the way to the spacious dining-hall. Let us descend and watch the merry party gather about the festive board, ere we take our leave."

B. W.

A TRIP to Washington is enjoyable at any time, but ours was made much more so by the kindness and thoughtfulness of Mr. Shepherd.

The first day, we visited the home of Washington at Mt. Vernon. The grounds, which were formerly used as a deer park, are large and well kept; and the house and furnishings are as romantically old-fashioned and unique as one could wish. The house is situated on an eminence in a bend of the Potomac, and from the back porch, there is a beautiful view across the river.

In visiting Arlington, the National Cemetery, we were forcibly reminded of the large number of lives our brave soldiers have given for our country, by the tomb erected to two thousand unknown dead.

We visited in turn, the Treasury building, where is the largest money vault in the world; the State, War, and Navy departments, which are all in one building, and where are kept many valuable documents, such as the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, and many others pertaining to the Revolution. This building is one of the largest and most magnificent in Washington, and is said to be an almost perfect piece of architecture.

The model of the first sewing-machine, as seen in the Patent Office, is very curious, but clumsy, and shows the great progress that has been made since 1846.

The Pension bureau is made more interesting when we know that there the grand inauguration ball is held.

The view from the top of the Washington

monument, which is called "the world's greatest cenotaph," is one of the grandest in our country, and gives an excellent idea of the plan of the city.

A visit to the well-known Corcoran Art Gallery, and the National Museum is very enjoyable; but there is so much to see at the Museum, one does not know where to begin. One of the most interesting things in the Museum is the representations of the different types of savage nations.

The White House is not so grand and modern looking, as some other buildings, but the magnificence of the furnishings fully makes up the difference. The east room is largest and grandest in the house, and the blue room is noted for its beautiful hangings, while the green room is the one in which the president receives all the foreign ministers. The red room is interesting because it is more of a private sitting room than any of the others.

Coming to the capital, we stood in some awe before the nine Supreme Judges of the United States; and were greatly interested in seeing how our laws are made in the House of Representatives and the Senate.

It is marvellous to notice the great variety of articles, that have been sent through the mail, and are on exhibition in the Dead-letter office; and some of the "letter puzzles" that have been deciphered are truly wonderful.

Aside from its many beautiful public buildings and handsome residences, Washington is made doubly attractive by its wide and well-paved streets, and numerous monuments.

At last, with many regrets, we are obliged to start back again, having had no accidents or mishaps of any kind, except that three forlorn maidens were left on the boat at Fall River; and we hope other parties will profit by their experience, and be on time, as it is a dreary place to wait.

J. V., '92.

TWO CALLS.

AN hour's drive through the most delightful suburbs of any city in the Union, and we "bring up" at the pleasant home of Mrs. Ward and daughters, Minnie and Edith, here in 1885, '86, '87, '88. They are settled at 203 Kent Street, Brookline. The home is all that good taste can

make it. Some of Mrs. Ward's own paintings adorn the walls, as well as some pieces by better-known artists. Mother and daughters are the most entertaining of hostesses, and an hour goes before we know it.

They tell me Marion Belcher, here from Randolph, Mass., in 1886-7, has married Dr. Cutts, and lives next door. Not time to-day to look in there. A call on Blanche Jones Haskell in Longwood, results only in card-leaving, but we see the sweet face of her little one at the window, looking for mamma and papa.

C. C. B.

SPAIN AND THE GOTHs.

SPAIN at the time of the conquest by the Goths was under the dominion of Rome, and as long ago as 23 B. C. was regarded by the emperor Augustus as one of the brightest jewels in his crown.

When first known to history, the Goths occupied Scandinavia.

They were a nomadic people, regarding any place as their country till they had exhausted it, any people their enemies whose possessions tempted their cupidity.

In their earlier movements upon Rome, their motive was to despoil and destroy what they could not carry away, then retire to prepare for new invasion upon other points.

The soldiery were clothed in skins of animals, and as crests to their rude helmets they wore the heads of beasts of prey. Such was the ferocious appearance they presented that it is said many of their battles were substantially won before the first blow was struck.

They had an exaggerated idea of the luxuries of the south and set out to conquer it. Their campaigns became reduced to a system; they were consolidated into nations, all ready to sweep down upon Rome in a submerging torrent, where they hoped to establish a home and a country.

At this time they were driven westward and southward by the Huns, a yet more fierce and bloodthirsty people.

The hopes of the Goths were not realized until 414, when they conquered Spain. Before this period they had adopted Arian Christianity. This gave coherence to their tribes, and incited

them to loftier deeds. It tempered without enfeebling their valor, and was the chief cause of their superiority over the pagan tribes which had preceded them into Spain. At first the Goths had no king; the chief was a military leader elected for his merits.

They paid tribute to Rome, and allegiance was expected from them by Rome. The Goths laughed at this, and did as they pleased about it.

The reign of Theodorik began in 453. He systematized the government, had stated hours for devotion, for work, and for amusements, and received foreign ambassadors. His table was frugal,—the most valued part of the meal was the conversation, which was serious and formal.

In 466 Eurik, his brother, was elected monarch. He threw off all allegiance to Rome, and conquered his whole kingdom for himself alone, taking away all power from the Roman governors, and finishing the subjugation of the pagan tribes.

Leovogild was elected king in 572. He was a statesman, well-informed, energetic, and full of purpose.

He was the first to erect a throne and put on a purple mantle, and establish a national treasury.

586 Recaredo was elected. He restored the Latin language to the public documents, to the services of the church, to the conservation of the national annals, and he restored the Catholic faith to the country. The glories of the Gothic rule culminated during his reign; the conquerors and the conquered became neighbors and friends. The Goths had learned civilization from the Hispano-Romans, they acquired the love of repose, industry and science revived.

Of the code of laws it is said, "none has better or more nobly defined the law." There were good historians and writers on theology, ethics, and jurisprudence.

In art the progress was more marked. They excelled in the manufacture of flax and of wool, and they made colored glasses for the adornment of places of worship. Money was coined of various denominations. The medical art had little scope: people relied generally on nature to repair the inroads of disease. If the patient died, the physician was looked upon as an assassin, and there was no pay unless the cure was complete.

Epidemics swept over the land without impedi-

ment, excepting what the prayers of the church could offer.

A money penalty was placed upon all crimes except the most heinous. In common with all other nations of Europe, they persecuted the Jews. In one year 90,000 were forced to embrace Christianity, or be expelled from the kingdom and their property confiscated. From the close of this reign the fortunes of the Gothic rule declined. Their original vigor became impaired. They exchanged their rude frankness and frugal habits for the polished manners and luxurious customs of Rome, so long naturalized in Spain. The softer climate impaired their hardihood. They lost by degrees their mental and physical strength, more than they gained in refinement and taste, and finally became the slaves of sloth and vice, that were easy victims to the Arab Moors, who conquered Spain in 710.

The Gothic reign extended over a period of three hundred years,—from the 5th to the 8th century; they were the first northern people who possessed a written language, and were the most powerful nation that ever came out of the north.

THE SECRET OF LOVE.

LOVE lies in forgiving,
Not saying, not doing;
It goes to the brewing
Of peace out of pain:
When sin hath entrapt us,
And weakness enwrapt us,
And we cry to the world for its mercy in vain;
Then Love, like the tide on the desolate marshes,
That stretch, on a winter day, dreary and cold,
Flows in with its gladness, sure balm for our sadness
New strength for new life as the long years unfold:
Not the words that you say!
Not the deeds that you do!
Love lies in forgiving,
If loving be true.

Harvard Advocate.

LOCALS.

GIRLS save all your spare change, for the "Allerlei" will appear before the next issue of the LEAVES.

MISS FRANCOS E. WILLARD had a quiet tea and a good old-fashioned visit with the Shepherds and Bragdon's the other evening. Miss Willard's present stay in Boston is for the purpose of sitting

to Miss Whitney for a bust, which is to adorn the Woman's Building at the Columbian Exposition. She is the same genial, homey, loving, enjoyable woman as in years gone by, before the world stamped her as one of its greatest women. "Before honor is humility,"—that's her secret. It is an open secret.

IN continuance of the weekly visits on Monday to the interesting exhibits of Boston, many of which have thus far been historical, Mr. Bragdon on the 25th of April, took a company of fifty girls to visit the Blind Institution in South Boston. The visit was expected and the pupils gave a little exhibition to their guests of gymnastic feats, also recitations in botany, physics, mental arithmetic, music upon organ and piano with singing, all these being especially excellent. The girls used the sewing machine, made stockings, fancy bags of seeds and beads, and showed their knowledge of arithmetic. Helen Kellar is not seen by strangers, but Edith Thomas, who is in a like unfortunate condition, showed how she had progressed in learning and some of her fancy work, which was bought by the company.

A CONTRIBUTION has been recently sent to the Aztecs.

WANTED, engravers! New designs for engaged cards out; demand great; employees paid by the one hundred copies. Each card brings a price of 10 cents. Proceeds go to good cause of missions. For further information inquire of the editor.

"A SONG of a Song for the Merry May." This is what we have been shouting during the last month, for the edification of Miss Shinn and the reading class. And I think we all felt like singing when we heard Mr. Shepherd's invitation to come to the gymnasium in fancy dress April 30. Although the world outside failed to blossom forth to greet this fair daughter of spring, yet, inside at least, there were gay blossoms as well as happy hearts and smiling faces, to celebrate the first day of May, or rather the last day of tearful April. Everyone was there. So much cordiality and good-feeling existed, that "Ye honest baker who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow," was seen to lead forth England's Virgin Queen to the mazy dance, while a gayly dressed shepherd lassie chatted with little Lord Fauntleroy with never a

thought of her sheep. Perhaps like Little Bo Peep she left them alone, and it is sincerely hoped that they will take a homeward course in full possession of their extremities, commonly called tails. After a collation in the dining-room we parted to dream we were Queen of the May, although no one was heard requesting to be called early, etc.

APRIL 25 a party visited the Blind Institution as above stated. At the Albany station they took an electric car to the building. The following conversation was overheard:—

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—"How heavy this car must be."

SENIOR (*sympathetically*).—"Yes; how I pity the poor horses."

APPLY the electric battery, join hands and what follows? "Sparkling." For instructions apply to the Professor of Physics.

SOME one has suggested, chapel absences be made up, and one young lady has promised her services as leader.

ON the evening of May 7th, a party of thirteen girls accompanied by Mr. Bragdon, visited the Boston *Daily Globe*, and were shown the process by which the paper is printed. We were entertained by Mr. Winslow, the news editor, who explained the principal points to us, and we returned to Lasell after a very pleasant evening, wiser, as regards newspaper printing than before our visit.

THE spring is here, and with it come the excursions to various points of interest in and around Boston. The excursion to Plymouth on May 9th was very entertaining, on account of the many historic associations of that old town. May 16, Salem is planned for, weather permitting.

THE Sophs and a few favored specials spent a very delightful evening with their friends in the parlor, May 5.

MISS CLEMENTINA BUTLER gave a very interesting illustrated lecture, Sunday evening, May 8, in the chapel. Subject: "The Old and New in Hindoostan."

We were informed that the Salem witches lived in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

AN entertainment, consisting of Mrs. Louise Baldwin Powers, vocal soloist, and Mr. Mart Dow, impersonator, on the 19th, proves to be a very fine affair.

EVERY one who has heard of the Chautauqua has also heard of Mr. Frank Beard's Chalk Talks. And so it was with the expectation of spending a very pleasant evening that we assembled in the gymnasium to hear, or rather see, his stories in chalk. We watched beautiful pictures as they grew under his magic touch, and with him we viewed the snowy Alps, the crimson sunset on some peaceful lake, and the little cabin alone on some snowy plain in the far west. We saw old stories in a new light, as he told them with his bit of colored crayon. Scenes like that which began with instrumental, and concluded with vocal music, bring the happy days of childhood vividly before us again; also memories that were once full of pain we now greet with shrieks of laughter. The eastern fop was there, much to the edification of the western girl, whose only regret was that she could not compare him with some manly western Tom, Dick, or Harry. The son of Erin, without whose good-natured physiognomy no entertainment is complete, had his place in the list.

Altogether it was a skilful blending of amusement and instruction, with here and there a touch of pathos. The seniors were presented with a beautiful bunch of white carnations, the class flower, tied with their colors, green and white. We wish them success financially.

BOOKS RECENTLY ADDED TO LASELL LIBRARY.

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|---|----------|
| Atkinson, Edward. The Industrial Progress of the Nation | 609. At5 |
| Bissell, Mary Taylor. Physical Development and Exercise for Women | 613. B54 |
| Chapin, Aaron L. First Principles of Political Economy | 330. C34 |
| Chester, Eliza. Chats with Girls on Self-culture, | 374. C41 |
| Choate, Isaac Bassett. Elements of English Speech | 425. C45 |
| Choate, Isaac Bassett. Wells of English | 820. C45 |
| Gilman, N. P. } Conduct as a Fine Art | 170. G42 |
| Jackson, E. P. } | |
| Goodale, Geo. L. Physiological Botany | 581. G61 |
| Grasby, W. Catton. Teaching in three Continents, | 371. G75 |
| Higginson, T. W. Out-Door Papers | 613. H52 |
| Kenney, Minnie E. Christie's Best Things | 813. K37 |

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| Meservey, A. B. Elementary Political Economy. | 330. M56 |
| Murray, J. Clark. Hand Book of Psychology | 140. M96 |
| Perry, Arthur L. Principles of Political Economy | 330. P41 |
| Richardson, Charles F. History of American Literature. 2d vol. | 820. 7 |
| Sherman, Gen. W. T. Personal Memoirs | 923. S3 |
| Silby, Mary R. Tributes to Shakespeare | 822. Si3 |
| Tylor, Edward B. Primitive Culture. 2 vols. | 100. T95 |

THE VIRTUES OF WALKING.

NOTHING is so agreeable to the spirit as motion (says a recent magazine writer). The large portion of our enjoyment of life comes from transition from place to place, more or less rapid.

No recreation is more agreeable than travel, and no punishment so cruel as imprisonment.

And of all sorts of locomotion, voluntary or involuntary, none is so satisfactory and refreshing as that which comes from the use of our feet.

The body is not the only beneficiary; the spirit, always more or less in sympathy with the flesh, is the principal gainer. Never can one find so perfect a remedy against that mental condition, commonly spoken of as the blues, as a good, vigorous walk. Again and again when oppressed by that melancholy to which we are all liable at seasons, has the victim grasped hat and stick, and, striding out into the open air, has speedily left the enemy far in the rear. One can run away from the "blue devils" in a few minutes at any time.

The world knows all about the walks that Dickens took, for the delightful pictures of men and things he has given us are but transcripts of what he found and treasured. In forty years his daily tramps are said to have aggregated one hundred and forty thousand miles. He constructed for himself a theory that to every portion of the day given to intellectual labor should correspond an equal number of hours spent in walking. Carlyle usually took a vigorous tramp of several miles, enough to put him in a glow before he commenced the day's labor. Macaulay found in walking his favorite recreation. Buckle, the historian, walked both forenoon and afternoon, and heat or cold, sunshine or rain, made no difference to him. Kant, the philosopher, accustomed himself to a long walk every day without regard to atmospheric conditions. Equally resolute in his out-of-door exercise was Longfellow, who never omitted his daily tramp, though he might go no further than

the walls of his garden. Gladstone at eighty-one is the most active all-round man in England.

That bodily motion facilitates mental activity is something we all know by experience. Burns composed all his sweetest songs at the plough. Thompson could not compose except in the open air, and Tennyson, Wordsworth, Lander and Rousseau were all inspired as they walked.

There are thousands of puny creatures in this world of ours who have no excuse for their inanity—thousands of languid, torpid, complaining bodies victims of dyspepsia and ennui, but with half their troubles in their brains, who, if they would walk regularly and pleasantly instead of consulting physicians and druggists, would soon find themselves sound, healthy and contented men and women. Instead of tossing on uneasy beds through weary nights they would sleep “like tops,” their imaginations would clear up, their aches and pains and dumps would flee away, and almost before they were conscious of the transformation, they, who had thought themselves invalids for years, would forget, in the best enjoyments of life, that anything had ever been the matter with them.

There are few people who cannot, by proper attention to the best of physical exercises, add from ten to twenty-five years to the average vital span. The truth is that most persons die unconscious suicides, owing to the disregard of nature's simplest requirements; not strictly criminal, but nevertheless guilty.

MISS WILLARD AND LADY SOMERSET.

ONE of the charming surprises of the month of April, was the informal coming of Lady Henry Somerset to Lasell, escorted by Miss Frances E. Willard. The latter has been a life-long friend of Principal Bragdon and his family, and is always expected at Lasell when she is in this vicinity. So it happened one Sunday evening that she dropped in quite simply, and spoke to the girls in her genial fashion at a six o'clock praise-meeting. She emphasized the work of character-building which she sees going on in this school. She drew some lively pictures from the experiences of her own girlhood for the aid and instruction of the girls. She then introduced Lady Somerset, whose sweet face and voice quite

won the hearts of the girls while they listened to a simple sketch of her own life, and the circumstances which led to her present philanthropic work. We hope that girl got a satisfactory answer, who wondered how Lady Somerset could spend her life thus, instead of giving herself up to the enjoyment of her exceptional riches, position, and other rare worldly advantages.

PERSONALS.

A CHATTY letter from Libbie Hance, is full of kindly remembrances for the old-time Lasell people. She has been visiting Harriet Woodcock, Mrs. De Wolf, in Chicago. She met Lucy Phelps on the street, and learned that Mamie Neiler is at some Hot Springs. Libbie talked with Mr. Baker, the husband of Maude Hamilton. He is naturally very lonely since her death, especially as he leaves their little girl with Maude's parents.

EMMA OSWALD O'BRIEN, is housekeeping very pleasantly. Bertie Oswald was very ill in California, but is now at home and convalescent.

OUR Baccalaureate speaker, Rev. S. A. Steel, has a powerful sermon against opening the Columbia Exposition on Sunday. It is printed in the *Alabama Christian Advocate* of April 21.

BETTIE ASTON KENNEDY, from her home in Knoxville Tenn., sends a picture of herself and baby girl, who was seven months old when the picture was taken last July. It is certainly very good of the well-remembered mother, and the baby is bright and sweet.

JESSIE H. HILL writes from Pittsburg, Pa., that she is about sailing for Europe to remain till October.

JESSIE ROPER, of Alton, Ill., has been South. She met Mamie Wood in New Orleans, and they became acquainted and enjoyed each other by virtue of Lasell comradeship. Her father met and enjoyed Ada Dunaway. She just missed Myrna Lamson at Pass Christian.

ADA MARSH calls her old Lasell home a “haven of rest.” She goes to Europe in June with Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd.

OTHERS who go with them in the Lasell party are: Ruby Blaisdell, Annie McDonald, Lucy Harvey, Myrtis Barton, and our good Miss Lillie

Packard, who is a graduate of Lasell, as well as one of her teachers.

THE artist, Mr. Philip Butler, with his wife also belong to this party. Mr. Butler is so very genial, as well as intelligent in all art matters, that it is a great advantage to count him among the travellers — a boon for any party.

LIZZIE DAVIS gives a graphic account of the funeral of the Grand Duke Von Hesse. She and her mother live at Frankfort on Main. They went to Darmstadt to see the funeral ceremonies, and the various castles of that city.

ROSE WELT, Mrs. Davis, of Rockland, Maine, sends a few affectionate, hospitable words.

MRS. FAXON sent a big bunch of the trailing arbutus "from the old Granite State to Lasell," with "greeting for the sake of Auld Lang Syne."

MERCY SINSABOUGH and her mother are hesitating whether or not to keep their home from which the head has been taken. They had intended before Mr. Sinsabough died, to entertain the Lasell Easter party.

GERTRUDE RICE, Mrs. Thayer, of Allston, sends a pretty picture of her little Geoffrey, who looks as active and lively as his mamma thinks him. Does that make him "naughty?" No, but it makes "care." That's what the babies are for, bless 'em.

NELLIE FERGUSON CONANT proposes to leave her little flock with the grandmas, while she and her husband take a summer trip.

SOME one has seen Anna Lovering, Mrs. Barrett, at her home in Washington.

SOME one also met Sadie Hitchcock at her home in Bath, Maine, at Easter. She has been visiting seven months in Brooklyn, N. Y., and at Morristown, N. J. She has also made a trip to Washington. She had a jolly time. Last summer she visited Sue Young in Danielsonville, Conn., and Bertha Hammond in Putnam, Conn.

NAN HOGG sends a charming photograph of her baby, Richard M. Wynne.

MABEL W. MORSE and Margaret D. Morse, of Leominster, Mass., make a very pleasing effect photographed upon one card. We return thanks.

HELEN HOKE SANGREE, of Currytown, N. Y., writes in grateful remembrance of the good she

gained at Lasell, and with a desire to introduce the daughters of some of her friends into the school.

EFFIE PRICKETT spent Sunday, May 8, at the school.

OF last month's visitors, two of the best known were Miss Frances E. Willard and Lady Henry Somerset. Miss Willard came twice, once informally, and once on Sunday evening to address the pupils, and to introduce Lady Somerset as is narrated elsewhere.

OTHER callers were Lou Savage, Helen Johnson, Grace Kitfield, Mrs. Marvin, Ida Coleman, and Maudie Stone. Jennie Gardner was here with her father, and Miss Wyman's father called; also Lizzie Whipple and Clementina Butler, whose fine illustrated lecture upon India will be elsewhere described.

ON page 114 in the March LEAVES is given some account of the Lasell party which goes to Europe in June, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Shepherd. The number pledged is gradually increasing. It promises to be a delightful set of people, as may be noticed by some of the names given above.

BERTHA HARRIS ARMINGTON of Providence, R. I., tells of meeting the three Shiff sisters in Paris last year. She and her husband went to hear Faust, at the Grand Opera House, when she suddenly saw the Shiff party in the next box. She could hardly wait for the proprieties, to speak to them. Her husband had to "hold her down." Mr. and Mrs. Armington are building a new house. Bertha sees Abby Davis, Mrs. Vickery, and her sister Mollie quite often, and hears from Laura Place of Montclair, N. J.

MAMIE HOOD sends an "In Memoriam" circular of her late father, issued by "Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States." Mamie is much interested in Mission School work. She hears from Bessie Lothrop and Olive Louise Morrison, occasionally. She and her mother mean to send her younger sister to Lasell to graduate.

MABEL CASE recently went home to attend the golden wedding of her grandmother. The box of wedding cake tied with gold colored ribbon was exceedingly dainty and the contents rich and appetizing. A notable affair.

A QUARTERLY BULLETIN of Gammon Theological seminary at Atlanta, Ga., has been received. It gives a memorial address by the president, Rev. Dr. Wilbur P. Thirkield, upon the founder, the late Rev. Elijah H. Gammon. Rev. Mr. Gammon was a man of marked ability and worth and did a noble work for that institution. He was New England born, the grandfather of Mary M. Haven, daughter of Bishop Gilbert Haven. Dr. Thirkield is her husband. Miss Haven was at Lasell from '74 to '76, one of the earliest pupils of the present administration.

MRS. MARY A. HOWARD, wife of Rev. R. Howard, of Franklin, Mass., who died April 12, '92, was in the early part of her life a teacher of marked ability with rare administrative talent. She taught in various schools and during the principalship of Rev. Mr. Cushing at Lasell Seminary, where she was highly esteemed. She was then Mrs. Jones, a widow. A story is told of her which we believe to be substantially correct. After her marriage to Rev. Mr. Howard, she was induced to take charge of a public school where the principal, an inexperienced young man, had made a complete failure. She succeeded in carrying on the school so well that the committee invited her to remain permanently. She assented quite readily as she loved to teach, and then arose the question of compensation. She asked what salary had been paid. The committee named the sum hitherto given. "That will do" said the lady; "I accept it." "But," stammered the committee, "We paid that to a *man*." "Oh," said Mrs. H., "you mean you paid him so much for *failing*, you cannot pay it to a woman for *succeeding*." Mrs. H. declined to teach on such terms; another young man of inexperience was put at the head of the school, who shortly after failed as ignominiously as the first had done. It is to be hoped that the committee were by that time, wiser, as well as sadder men.

THE engagements are announced of Lucy E. Sargeant, '91, Saugus, to William Warren, a Harvard graduate in '89; Annie S. Peabody, '91, Cincinnati, Ohio, to William Hall of Auburndale; also that of Maude Oliver, '90, Saugus, to William Wiggin, '92 of Harvard. "William" is a favorite name with our girls. Lasell sends congratulations.

It is interesting to notice the increase in number of the Western pupils at Lasell, using the term Western broadly, to include, not only all States west of the Mississippi, but all States north of the Ohio.

It may be tabulated thus, beginning with the present management:—

| YEARS. | TOTAL NO. PUPILS. | WESTERN. |
|----------|-------------------|----------|
| 1874-'75 | 79 | 8 |
| 1879-'80 | 98 | 20 |
| 1884-'85 | 135 | 43 |
| 1889-'90 | 160 | 64 |
| 1891-'92 | 162 | 78 |

It will be seen that nearly twenty years ago, the percentage was small. Now for several years the Western pupils have constituted considerably more than a third of the whole number. We were led to make this estimate from seeing a similar one made by Harvard and Yale Universities.

MARRIAGES.

MISS MINNIE WOODBURY was married to Mr. John Walter May, April 19, 1892, at her home in Burlington, Vt. Mr. and Mrs. May will live in Dorchester, Mass. Miss Woodbury was at Lasell in '89 and '90.

MISS FANNIE LOUISE BURRIDGE was married to Mr. George C. Pease, April 27, 1892, at Painesville, Ohio. Miss BurrIDGE was at Lasell from Sept. '86 to June, '89.

MISS EDITH SIDWAY was married to Mr. William A. Gardner, April 26, 1892, in Buffalo, N. Y. Miss Sidway was at Lasell in '89 and '90.

MISS AGNES FANNING was married to Mr. John E. Lancaster, April 6, 1892, at Worcester, Mass. Miss Fanning was at Lasell in '82 and '83.

MISS ELIZABETH B. BURNHAM, was married to Mr. George P. Low, May 5, 1892, at the bride's home in Essex, Mass. Miss Burnham was at Lasell from '83 to '87, and in '88 and '89.

MISS JESSIE LOUISE BUTLER, was married to Mr. George N. Seymour, May 18, 1892, at her home in Meriden, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour are to live in Elgin, Neb. Miss Butler was at Lasell in '87.

DEATHS.

MRS. EMMA WOOD, mother of our late pupil, Mamie Wood, died very suddenly at her home in New Orleans early in May, of congestion. Mrs. Wood was unusually amiable and attractive, and many will mourn her loss. She was active in usefulness, and especially in temperance; one of her last efforts was for that cause. Some who have met her at Lasell, and admired her, feel a personal grief. All who knew Mamie here will sympathize with her and the rest of the bereaved family.

EXCHANGES.

THE exchanges for April have abounded in poetry, while the literary articles have been exceptionally few. Among the verses we enjoyed reading are the "Group of Sonnets" in the "Record," and "Flame Fancies" from the "Dartmouth Literary."

THOSE interested in hypnotism may find an interesting article on that subject in the "Argosy" for May.

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W. W. LAWRENCE.

ANOTHER DONE.

"Another done," said I one night,
As, with a thought of prospects bright,
I solved a puzzling rule of three
And marked upon it "Q. E. D.",
After a long and patient fight.
The night was fine, the moon was bright,
And seemed to tempt me with its light;
But I was firm; there still must be
Another done.

A sudden knock filled me with fright;
Some one was banging with great might
Upon the door; I turned the key, —
Alas! my tailor did I see.

Ah me! you see I was quite right, —

Another dun!

— *Williams Weekly.*

MULTUM IN PARVO.

It's strange that a mosquito
Measuring just a centimeter,
And whose weight would scarcely balance in the scale a
milligram,
Can a man of twice a metre
High, and weigh a hectolitre,
Drive to fury like a lion, though he may be like a lamb.
— *Lehigh Burr.*



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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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Number 9.

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It is fast becoming summer, and is almost time to be off to the mountains or seaside. Once there we hope to find it comparatively cool, but how often is it just the reverse! On one of these stifflingly hot days which are so common here, would it not be delightful to spend the afternoon, (if such a thing were possible), with the king of Siam in his palace under water. The idea of such a place seems incredible, but it exists nevertheless. Adjoining the king of Siam's palace is a large marble basin, in the middle of which is a glass house 28 x 14. It is built entirely of plate glass, held together by transparent cement. A gallery of same structure connects this house with the palace.

When the heat of the day becomes oppressive the king retires to his glass house. Then a floodgate is opened and the basin is gradually filled with water, until all except the roof of the house is covered. None of the outside hot air can penetrate in this retreat, and so entirely surrounded by water, it is plain to be seen that this submarine palace can never fail to be cool and delightful.

When the king wishes to return to his palace, he has only to make a sign to his attendants; the water is drained off from basin and gallery, and an escort awaits the king to escort him to his palace.

If we all of us had submarine palaces in which to while away the hot hours, how delightful it would be!

"HAVE you had your pictures taken yet?" This and similar questions are common at Lasell, for each girl *must* have a likeness of every other, or the school year would not be complete.

But of the large number who have passed

through the trying ordeal, not one, I dare say, less enjoyed it.

"Now raise your head a trifle higher;" "Oh, do not look so serious;" — another peep through the telescope which you feel at every instant will crack, — "Now, just one moment;" "Wink if you want to, but *do* smile and look pleasant!" One assistant arranges your gown and hair, while another adjusts the head-rest; your head is grasped by a pair of tongs and a feeling of chill rigidity comes over you.

Snap goes the camera, and you have posed in one of the fifteen or more graceful positions permissible in this year of grace.

It is to be hoped that some one will buy that famous leathern chair, for after such a busy season it certainly has earned a long rest.

Why not whisper the idea to Mr. Bragdon? A journey might do it good, and it would add considerable toward the missionary fund.

Those life-like flowers, too, must not be left unmentioned. It cannot be denied that after a bouquet has been held in each Lasell girl's lily-white hand and survived a thousand different posings, it is ready for a long repose in our curiosity case.

But people pose not only in the studio, but in the church, the parlor, the ball-room, the street. Physical posing is not quite so serious, but it is nearly as disagreeable as mental and moral affectations.

Have we not all at some time tried to place our brains, to arrange our thoughts, to pose our ideas in correct and desired relations with stated truths in education or society? And it is not always easy to assume a belief, for a girl's nature is constantly asking, "Why?" for everything.

There are fewer, no doubt, who will admit that they ever pose morally, yet is there no danger? Do not assume a character that is not your own, however much more pleasing and acceptable it may make you for the time being.

Be true to your own conviction of right and wrong, and act accordingly; then will you never be found *posing* for public or individual favor, but you will always command the highest love and respect of all with whom you come in contact.

M. A. S.

NANTUCKET.

As the days grow warm the question is asked: "Where shall we spend this summer?" Have you ever been to Nantucket? If not, why don't you go there? Then, to the many inquiries that follow, your friend replies: The island Nantucket was discovered in the year 1602, and in 1672 the town Sherburne, afterward changed to Nantucket, was founded. For many years it was an important whaling port; at one time having seventy-two ships (21,600 tons) engaged in whale fishery, while about twenty years ago it began to be a popular summer resort. One of its advantages as such is that it is easy of access from Boston; only a short ride by rail to Wood's Holl, and there taking one of the safe steamers for Nantucket, or many prefer taking the boat at New Bedford, as this gives them a longer trip by water.

But a summer at Nantucket is almost as good as a long ocean voyage, for as the island is only three and a half miles wide by twelve long, the sea breezes sweep across it nearly all the time. These make the island proof against the sun's hottest rays, and even in the middle of the day, if the mercury stands between 70° and 80°, the Nantucketers are simply overcome by the heat. These breezes are not only cool and refreshing, but very bracing; thus the weak become strong and the strong, robust.

Now as to the accommodations you find here. Among the best hotels are the Nantucket House, Sea Cliff House, Springfield House, and Ocean House; all of these set a good table and have all the modern conveniences.

Many people own houses here and make this their summer home year after year; others rent houses by the season, some of which are already furnished.

There are but few modern buildings in the heart of the town. Most of them are big substantial houses, almost exactly alike, that some old whalers put their gains into, differing widely from the little fairy cottages of her sister Martha's Vineyard, yet just as picturesque in their way.

Next to shelter comes food, but a stroll down Main Street will set the heart at ease on that score. This looks more like a city, with its horse-cars and electric lights.

The proprietors of these markets, curiosity shops, artists' studios, and land brokers' offices, live at the rate of the nineteenth century, understanding their customers, trying to give them the very best, and most of them earning enough to last the year around.

With the exception of this street, Nantucket conveys to the tired traveler an idea of peace and quiet, of brawny fishermen, gentle Quakers and descendants of English aristocracy. One cannot help being impressed by the quiet streets, paved with big cobble stones, now green with grass, and the long line of wharves, which must indeed look desolate when the summer season is over, for Nantucket is no longer noted as a whaling port.

Almost every house has a history of its own. But one is fortunate who now and then makes the acquaintance of a real old Nantucketer, for the town's people do not mingle much with the visitors. It is very interesting to hear an old captain tell of the different ships he has commanded, the many ports he has visited, and the narrow escapes he has had; or to go into one of the houses, filled with curiosities, and hear the widow's story of how her husband was drowned at sea, so near Nantucket that pieces of his boat were washed ashore there; then of the older son, who commanded a fine ship, and for some great act of valor was presented with a silver service by Queen Victoria, and who in the very first year of his married life was smitten with cholera while in port at China; and of the second son, now lieutenant of a vessel in South America, where he sailed a week from the time of his marriage, leaving his pretty young bride to keep his mother company.

Nantucket differs from most fishing towns in that its inhabitants pride themselves on their schools and public libraries. And we find an educated, well read class of people. In fact they are a little world all by themselves, and can hardly be induced to leave the island, even for a short time. Thus the descendants of the English Knight, Sir Isaac Coffin, do seem to crop out everywhere, and the name is so common there, that they forget what it suggests to others. The story is told of a landlady who not having rooms enough for all her guests, borrowed one of her neighbor, and startled a man and his wife by re-

marking, "I have got beds enough for all the rest but I guess I shall have to put you into the Coffins!"

This is the place for the invalid, whose physician wishes he might have a prolonged sea voyage, without giving up the benefits he is able to receive from the land, and the comforts of home surroundings. Aside from these are those worn out with business and seeking rest, and wishing to escape from the heat. Of no place is it more truly said than of Nantucket, "Rest, rest to the weary." But as one gets rested, he finds that this, like all other summer resorts, has its places of interest. First on the list is the Post-office. Not that the building is worthy of special attention, but the mode of delivery. Here, many flock at the opening of each mail, and the first takes his place at the delivery window; the rest form in line and wait their turns, the time varying from five minutes to an hour, but the more precious the letter. Then there's the queer old mill, the first ever built for grinding Indian corn; and the oldest house on the island, over two hundred years old. The large museum in the Athenæum; the Old North Tower, with its fine view, and Mrs. McCleaves' museum, and her weird lectures about.

"Mr. McCleaves
Who sailed the high seas."

These are all interesting. Then there are many short excursions to be made in sail-boats, and you certainly must not come away without making a trip to Surf Side to see the magnificent surf, sometimes running sixteen or twenty feet high. Just a little farther is Siasconset with its little band-box cottages, and its grass grown streets, so narrow that there is hardly room for teams to pass. These two last-mentioned places are well worth visiting, even if you do have to go in the funny little cars, which move so slowly, it has been stated for a fact, that you can jump off the engine, pick a pail of blueberries and jump upon the last car.

If there is anything else you would like to know about just inquire of the "Town Crier," who goes all over the town two or three times a day ringing a bell and crying the latest news. You will be sure to recognize him by his peculiar cracked voice.

Priscilla Wakefield founded the first savings bank.

SONG.

THE blush has faded from the sky,
 There is a twilight gloom;
 The ruddy glow of logs that die
 Is all around the room;
 Without, to wintry heights ascends
 The silver evening star,
 And with the bells of evening blends
 My magical guitar.

I have no friend but has for me
 Some ending to his love
 A limit which his charity
 Can never rise above.
 With all my moods will harmonize,
 No matter what they are,
 And sooth my spirit's hidden sighs —
 My magical guitar.

It meets my thought upon the way,
 Joy finds expression there,
 And wander as my fancy may,
 It follows everywhere.
 It knows no law of time or tide,
 It finds in nought a bar,
 It brings my love unto my side —
 My magical guitar.

The touch of love is in its strings,
 The dream of a caress;
 To memory the music brings
 Her voice's tenderness.
 To gloomy wintry heights ascends
 The silver evening star.
 Come, bring me cheer, my best of friends —
 My magical guitar. *Yale Courant.*

THE LASELLIA CLUB BANQUET.

THE Lasellia Banquet was given in the club-room June eighth.

The guests and Lasellians were received by the president, Miss Nelle Davis, the vice-president, Miss May Tulleys and the Secretary, Miss Gertrude Gleason.

The club-room was decorated very artistically with field daises and ferns, and during the lively conversation the orchestra played "low, sweet-sounding melodies."

Miss Louise Whitney favored the company.

By some carelessness the caterer engaged for the occasion, overlooked the date, so while light refreshments were being prepared, the young ladies ascended to the gymnasium and danced for an hour or so, and then entered the dining hall.

The tables were tastefully arranged and trimmed with the colors of the graduating class.

The president's address was very fine and well delivered, and received hearty applause. The toast-mistress, Miss Evelyn Mason, as usual did herself justice; it was wished by all that her remarks had been longer in order to give the assembly more of her charming wit. The honorary member, Mr. Rich, was called upon to answer the first toast — "College Life." The many amusing incidents he told signified that he had been there. Miss Alice Cole, a very reverend senior, answered to the second toast, "Class of '92" by a pleasing description of her fellow-graduates. Miss Julia Wolfe, one of the S. D. guests in answer to the toast, "S. D. Society" told the history of the origin and development of this society.

The toast "Balmy South" was answered to by Miss Ruby Whitney who is a Southern girl and of course knows all about it. "Receptions," especially Lasell receptions, were toasted by Miss June Hoyt.

The old Lasellians present were, Miss Grace Skinner, Miss Nina Burr, Miss Emma Gass, Miss Blanche Busell, Mrs. Tibbitts, Miss Charlotte White, Miss Florence Palmer.

The senior guests were Miss Desdemona Millikin, Miss Jessie Vilas, Miss Alice Cole, Miss Mabel Falley, Miss Sadie Burrill, Miss Anna Staley, Miss Julia Wolfe, Miss Mary Witherbee.

THE COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

THE last of our concerts this year was given in the gymnasium June 9, and though the weather was threatening yet the hall was filled.

The following selections were rendered:

PART FIRST.

PIANOFORTE. Sonata in C. First movement *Clementi*
 MISS A. WHITE AND MR. HILLS.

CHORUS. Ride of the Elves *Mendelssohn*
 ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANOFORTE. Polonaise in E flat, minor *Chopin*
 MISS MILLER.

SOLO. Forever True *Löhr*
 MISS THOMPSON.

VIOLIN. Liebeslied, Allegretto sostenuto ed amoroso *Henselt*
 MISS BRODRICK.

TRIO. Fairy Footsteps *Hollaender*
 MISSES E. WHITE, PARMERTON, AND THOMPSON.

PIANOFORTE. Concerto in D minor. Adagio and Finale.
MISS R. WHITNEY. *Mendelssohn*
(Accompanied by MR. HILLS.)

SOLO AND CHORUS. The Water-lily *Abt*
MISS DICE AND ORPHEAN CLUB.

PART SECOND.

CHORUS. The Violet *Remicke*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANOFORTE. Scherzo in B flat, minor *Chopin*
MISS GLEASON.

SONG. Glide, Gondola, Glide *Torry*
MISS TULLEYS.
(With Violin Obligato by MR. NOWELL.)

PIANOFORTE QUARTET. Novелlette *Hofmann*
MISSSES HAMILTON, BRAGDON, APPEL, AND MR. HILLS.

CHORUS. Onward, Bonny Boat *Kücken*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

As usual Miss Tulleys' solo was accepted with loud applause.

S. D. BANQUET.

"The banquet!" What worlds of joy in those two words for all true S. D. girls. How we had longed for the evening to come! How the "old girls" had been compelled to relate over and over again the joys of last year's banquet.

We were to entertain the Seniors and felt that they would entertain us with brilliant, witty speeches which would "set the table in a roar." And indeed they did.

At length the eventful night, June 10th, arrived, and the happy faces of our girls gave ample proof that the anticipation had not equalled the realization.

The banquet room was a summer bower, with flowers and ferns in galore,—ox-eye daises held up their pretty heads, while roses and carnations nodded their welcome to the many guests as they were greeted by the reception committee — Misses Hogg and Seaman.

Graceful draperies made pretty backgrounds for smiling faces; artistic groups of merry girls chatted here and there, others sought convenient *tête à tête* and thus the silver-winged hours sped away.

The presence of a few Lasell girls of other years gave zest to the scene and a musical program made a delightful innovation.

PIANO DUET.....*Misses Bragdon and Appel*
SONG.....*Miss Burr*
PIANO.....*Miss Hamilton*
SONG.....*Miss Griffin*
VOCAL DUET.....*Misses Norman and Seaman*

After repeated requests Miss Peabody, of Madisonville, Ohio, who graduated here last year, was persuaded to favor the society with a song, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and particularly the "old girls," whom her sweet voice carried back to scenes of mirth when she was one of their number.

About the hour of ten the guests and members of the society were invited to the dining-hall where the banquet was most tastefully spread.

The tables were arranged in the form of a Greek cross and covers were laid at the table in the centre for the Senior Class.

In compliment to them the tables were decorated in green and white — their class colors.

The scent of the sweet pinks filled the air and the soft light from the candalabras fell upon the pretty guests beneath them. An orchestra discoursed entrancing strains from the distance, thus making the feast perfect in all its appointments.

TOASTS.

| | |
|---|----------------|
| <i>Toast Mistress</i> | Miss Hamilton |
| <i>President's Address</i> | Miss Hogg |
| <i>Response</i> | Miss Burrill |
| <i>Seniors</i> | Miss Millikin |
| <i>The Man who Invented Vacations</i> | Miss Witherbee |
| <i>Lasellia Club</i> | Miss Dice |
| <i>Lasell as Co-educational in '94.</i> | Miss Seaman |

It will be impossible to give a full account of the witty sallies and brilliant reparte indulged in.

Miss Hogg, the president of the society, deserves much credit for the charming way in which she welcomed the guests.

Late was the hour when the weary party broke up with the society's musical yell.

The guests from abroad were as follows: — Miss Batchelder, South Boston; Miss Richards '91, Weymouth; Miss L. Whitney, Millbury; Miss M. Whitney, Millbury; Mrs. Winslow, Auburndale; Miss Woodbury, Beverly; Miss Peabody, Madisonville, Ohio.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

THE Rev. S. A. Steel, D. D., of Nashville, Tenn., delivered the Baccalaureate Sermon at the Congregational Church, June 12.

Before he stated his text, he said he had always looked to the East for light and was greatly surprised at receiving an invitation to preach at

Auburndale, but he accepted it as an honor to the part of the country from which he came.

His text was taken from Isaiah liii, 11, "He shall see the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied." He said that the life of Jesus is the greatest factor in human history.

Its importance is only strengthened by the progress of the world. When the truth of Jesus is heard, the world turns from all other truths to that. When we study Christ's life and suffering we feel that we are face to face with an ultimate truth beyond which we cannot reach.

The suffering of Jesus is a symbol of religion, and a mystery.

We never go into the deep study of life without the feeling that glory can only be reached by the bearing of a cross.

This problem of Christ's suffering is insoluble. The longer we ponder upon it, the more does Jesus arise above all as the ideal sufferer. The speaker explained the meaning of his text and afterwards addressed the seniors especially, giving them a few practical ideas of the secret of true success in life. Success must be gained by true fellowship with Christ.

Christ suffered not for himself but for others. Everything that exists in this world exists through the suffering of somebody or something. Christ was a voluntary sufferer. He gave himself for us. Voluntary suffering comes from love. God has been trying to teach the world that he loves it. That love is the greatest of all things has been the truth for ages. It caused many of the patriarchs to spread their glory far and wide to the world.

Is Christianity a failure? China, India, Africa and many islands are wholly ignorant almost of Christ's name.

Even in our own land, there are but few real followers of Christ. Is this all we have to show for his suffering?

Jesus occupies a station on high from which he sees all and is satisfied.

Every little child who dies goes to Heaven and represents some deep love on earth. If a child rescued from peril touches the hearts of all, what must be God's feeling at the sight of little redeemed souls?

We need not think because the heathens are

ignorant that they are lost. No. They are doing the best they can. The love of God in redemption has saved the whole world.

The practical question is whether the love of God can save us, if knowing our duty we fail to fulfil it, while the heathens suffer for the lack of it.

There are more good people in the world than we are aware of. It is well that God is judge, for when we enter heaven we shall meet many that we did not expect to see there and miss some that we did expect.

As saint after saint sinks to rest, God sees "the travail of his soul and is satisfied."

The love of the Lord embodied in the gospel is the great structure upon which the world moves. It shines clear with its mighty power to conquer men.

As we are in the midst of the battle of the world, we had better wait until all is over to judge whether God is satisfied.

The only thing in life by which one attains true glory is suffering, and the highest strength and courage come from the pangs of sorrow.

At the conclusion of the sermon, the Rev. Dr. Steel urged all to follow Christ. M. B.

CLASS DAY.

It came at last and with it came warm weather.

Most of the exercises took place in the gymnasium and much credit is due the Juniors for their success in decorating.

On entering the hall the balcony first attracted the eye, being festooned with white bunting and smilax, — white and green being the class colors. Directly in front of the aisle and suspended from a beam hung the legend *Hail and Farewell*, the letters composed of daisies; underneath and attached to this were three loops of daisies containing respectively *L — S* and 92 all made of daisies.

The class picture on the platform was very prettily decorated, and the banner, hung by a wreath of daisies, was placed in the background.

At 7.45 the Seniors in caps and gowns, marched up the aisle and took their seats on the platform.

The following program was then rendered:—

| | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------|
| President's Address | Miss Sade Burrill |
| Songs. { Serenade to Zaida | Oudin |
| { In May Time | Becker |
| | Miss Edna Dice. |

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Dono Donum | <i>Miss Jessie Vilas</i> |
| Recitation | <i>Miss Anna Staley</i> |
| Last Will and Testament | <i>Miss Alice Cole</i> |
| Pianoforte (C. Chaminade) | <i>Miss Sade Burrill</i> |
| The Sibyl in Difficulty | <i>Miss Mary Witherbee</i> |
| The Muses | <i>Miss Mabel Falley</i> |
| Class Song. | |

At the close of these exercises, the Juniors arrayed in white caps and gowns, and holding torches in their hands, escorted the Seniors, in their black caps and gowns, to the place prepared for the tree planting. The appearance of the procession was very effective. The tree oration was given by Miss Julia Wolfe, and after each Senior had placed a shovel of gravel about the memorable tree, the Juniors and Seniors led the way to the place of execution. Here a black gowned effigy of "Scientificus Literarius," the author of all their school woes, with white cape and cap bearing in black letters the names of all their studies, was burned on a pyre of school books on the lawn, while the class chanted a funeral dirge about the flames.

This finished the order of exercises, and we were then free to entertain our friends until we were summoned to a higher region.

When it was remarked that Mr. Shepherd superintended the out door decorations, nothing need be said farther than that they were in his usual good taste.

Next year the Juniors say, all June bugs and millers are to stay at home.

THE SENIOR RECEPTION.

The Senior reception was held in the parlors, June 14, Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon and the Seniors receiving.

On account of the storm we were obliged to give up promenading on the lawn, and content ourselves with the halls and gymnasium. The parlors were decorated with potted plants and cut flowers, and the Seniors looked charming in their light colored gowns.

Refreshments were served in the dining-room, and the Juniors, who acted as waitresses, met with only one great calamity, the unfortunate man receiving a spoonful of salad in his lap.

The orchestra was stationed in the hall and

during the evening sweet strains of music were heard. Owing to the warm weather many sent regrets, and we can hardly blame one when we remember the state of the weather.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

We could not wish a fairer day for our Seniors to start out on their new life outside these classic walls. At half after ten the procession started for the church, the girls making a pretty picture in their light dresses, and without hats. Visitors were met at the door by the Juniors clad in cap and gown of white. After a prayer, President Hyde addressed the Seniors, taking as his theme, their motto "True Lives and Earnest." He told them of the dangers to be met and conquered and of difficulties to be overcome, and gave them much advice how to make their motto true of each one of them. This was followed by the presentation of diplomas, the girls responding for the last time to the roll as Miss Carpenter called it. After a short speech by one of the trustees — in which he summed up the sentiments of all present in the familiar old phrase, "God bless you," Prof. Bragdon presented the girls with the precious bits of parchment. The Seniors received the hearty congratulations and best wishes for a happy future from all present, as well as many beautiful floral tokens expressing the love of their friends. The exercises in the church being over the girls and all their friends repaired to the lawn where a tempting collation was spread forth, while the orchestra discoursed sweet music from their leafy retreat in the Crows Nest. And so to-day we bid our Seniors a last, loving farewell, feeling sure that wherever their lines may fall in life they will bring honor to Lasell, their dear old Alma Mater, and that time will prove how nobly they will fulfil their class motto by the true and earnest lives which they shall live in the years which are to come. And so we say it "Farewell — a word that is and must be farewell." H. N.

TO THE JUNE BUG.

What causes this undue alarm,
These piercing shrieks and cries
That break upon the evening calm,
And teachers' grave surprise.

'Tis thou, O June bug, on thy wings,
A stranger from without ;
That terror to each maiden brings,
As thou dost fly about.

'Tis strange that thou shouldst be so great,
Although thou art so small,
And it doth seem a cruel fate
That created thee at all.

Each maiden to her mate doth call
"Come quickly from your room,
Drive out this awful June bug small,
Hurry! And bring the broom!"

One maiden sobbing in the arms
Of sympathetic friends,
Imagines great and untold harms ;
When a voice with her wild sobs blends,

"Young ladies, the cause of this uproar?"
The teacher in wrath exclaimed,
"There is a June bug on the floor,"
The squelched one explained.

In vain they squelch us every night
But, as still the bugs appear
We fail to overcome our fright
Or calm our dreadful fear.

A. N.

LOCALS.

MISS B-RR thinks the dining-cars are just lovely ; she wouldn't take her meals anywhere but in a dining-car, for "you can just sit and eat by the hour."

MISS T-K-V and Miss E. in conversation at B. H. S. drill:

MISS E. Just see how near of a size they are !
Mr. B. see, every boy in the company is just the same size !

MISS T. Yes, they are all that way. They make 'em that way.

At the last regular meeting of the Lasell Publishing Association the following officers were chosen for the school year beginning September, 1892 :—

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| President | HELEN MEDSKER. |
| Vice-President | ESTHER SCOULLER. |
| Secretary | CARRIE STEEL. |
| Editor-in-Chief | ALMENA SEAGRAVE. |
| Associate Editors | { VIRGINIA WYCKOFF. |
| | { ALICE ANDREESSEN. |
| | { LOTTIE APPEL. |
| Local Editor | MAY TULLEYS. |

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------|
| Exchange Editor | GRACE LOUD. |
| Subscription Agent | LOUISE HUBBARD. |
| Auditor | MABEL CASE. |
| Publisher | IDA SHORT. |

One morning in chapel, Miss Carpenter read to us a few "choice bits," taken from the examination papers of the first year's cooking class. We clip the following :—

"The sheep furnishes us with veal, bacon and mutton.

Veal comes from pig.

Bacon comes from buffalo.

One girl said that the origin of food originated with the earliest settlers and another suggested the Indians.

Cereals are squash, turnips, cabbages, spices, and salt.

To make dough light, put it in the window and let the air blow through it.

In regard to the selection of meat, you could look and if you did not know, ask your butcher ; point so he would know what meat you meant.

The sirloin is found half way between the fore and hind legs, or in other words, in the centre of the cow, and the tenderloin is the top of the hind legs.

In the animal the most tender muscles are found between the head and the feet, in the body proper.

Yeast changes flour into starch, starch into sugar, and this into *carbonaceous* acid.

Ice combined with salt departs with its heat.

Thinking a number of our readers being housewives, will be glad of the above information, we print it.

BOOK-KEEPING certificates were awarded to the following young ladies: Miss Mollie Lathrop, Miss Grace Robinson, and Miss Jennie Arnold.

THE second volume of the *Allerlei* made its appearance several weeks before school closed, and everyone pronounced it a great success. Mr. Bragdon says "the two copies of the *Allerlei* of '91 are for sale." Apply at the Sem.

DURING one of Miss Chamberlayne's "talks" on the use of adjectives.

(FRESH.) Is *and* an adjective?

(SOPH.) No. Its a conjunction.

(FRESH.) What is an adjective anyhow?

THE tennis court, across the street, once the center of gaiety and attraction, is desolate and forsaken now, and overgrown with weeds. Truly a most pathetic sight! We gaze on it sadly, and sigh for the days of old.

BEFORE the song of the robins could wake us on Thursday morning old Crazy Alley resounded with music!

THE newly elected officers for the S. D. society are as follows:—

| | | | | | |
|----------------------------|---|---|---|---|--------------------|
| <i>President</i> | . | . | . | . | JULIA W. ANDERSON. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | . | . | . | . | ANNA CROCKER. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | . | . | . | . | BESSIE SHEPHERD. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | . | . | . | . | MAE BURR. |
| <i>Ushers</i> | . | . | . | . | { WINNIE BOSS. |
| | | | | | { FRANCES HOLMES. |
| <i>Critic</i> | . | . | . | . | HELEN MEDSKER. |
| | | | | | { MARY SEAMAN. |
| <i>Executive Committee</i> | . | . | . | . | { JOSEPHINE STEEL. |
| | | | | | { BELLE BRAGDON. |

THE Lasellia Club officers are as follows:—

| | | | | | |
|----------------------------|---|---|---|---|-------------------|
| <i>President</i> | . | . | . | . | NELLE DAVIS. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | . | . | . | . | MAY TULLEYS. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | . | . | . | . | GERTRUDE GLEASON. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | . | . | . | . | MARY MILLER. |
| <i>Guard</i> | . | . | . | . | GRACE LOUD. |
| <i>Critic</i> | . | . | . | . | CLARA EDDY. |
| | | | | | { LUCY PINNEY. |
| <i>Executive Committee</i> | . | . | . | . | { FLORA GARDNER. |
| | | | | | { LOUISE SEYBOLT. |

THE following young ladies having demonstrated that they would neither locate ham in the buffalo, nor sirloin in the spring lamb, now proudly exhibit their diplomas as a testimonial of their skill in the culinary art: Miss Sadie Burrill, Miss Desdemona Millikin, Miss Julia Anderson, and Miss Alice Cole.

THE art diploma was given Miss Alice Cole, whose faithful work in the studio well merited this reward.

THE much talked of asphaltum tennis court has at length resolved itself into a fine dirt court, and the girls may be seen trying it at all hours, while the "outsiders" look on with envious eyes.

Indeed one little maid was so anxious to try it, she forgot that heels were tabooed and hence she finds tennis irksome on account of the excessive heat.

MISSSES NELLE DAVIS and Jennie Arnold received the gold and silver loaves respectively, as first and second prizes for the best loaf of bread. No doubt the secret of their success might be found among the examination papers of one of their Freshman sisters: "To make bread light, put it in the window and let the wind blow through it."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to Boston, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"Yes, if you'll carry my bag," she said.

"What are you going for, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going for candy, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"Yes, if you'll buy the candy, sir," she said.

E. E.

THE girls have spent several half days in wandering among the classic halls of Wellesley, and after a talk concerning studies, we came home with a new respect for our sisters across the way. We also enjoyed a view of the beautiful azalias and rhododendrons which fill the vast grounds of Mr. Hunniwell with an almost tropical luxuriance of color and form.

ON entering the chapel Monday morning, we were recalled to the fact that commencement was near, by beholding upon the walls the annual display of banners, representing the classes graduated from Lasell from its earliest days until the present time. It is interesting to note the changes in their styles during the many years. Until 1870 the classes have been represented by shields in red, white and blue, marked with the year and the initial letters of the class motto. Since that date the dainty banners of silk or cloth have taken their place. We cannot but agree that while these are less durable than the hardy shields of former years, they have much more of beauty and grace, and conspicuous among them is the beautiful banner of '92. It is almost impossible to restrain a feeling of sadness when we think of the girls gone out from the parental roof of old Lasell, many of them never to return. But the joy of coming vacation dispels all gloom and we cannot but be proud of our dignified seniors.

On Monday afternoon, May 23, occurred our closing drill.

At quarter past three the bugle call was sounded, and Company A was immediately drawn up and drilled under Capt. Shepherd, Company C, commanded by Capt. Millikin, and Company B, by Captain Medsker, then drilled, after which came the individual competitive drill. About thirty officers and privates entered this drill, which was very close and showed the careful training in the manual.

The sword drill was then given. The different movements were executed to music, and were very interesting.

Four companies entered the dress parade which was formed on the lawn.

At the close of the dress parade the prizes were awarded as follows:—For the best company drill, the Lasell flag was presented to Company A; for the individual drill, the first prize to Private Hoyt; the second to Private Andreesen both of Company C. The prizes were silver medals.

The judges were Capt. H. P. Ballard, adjutant, 5th Infantry, M. V. M., Lieut. Frank I. Locke, adjutant, 1st Cavalry, M. V. M., and Lieut. H. A. Clark, Company I, 5th Infantry, M. V. M.

Miss Chapman was presented with a beautiful bonbon spoon, for the greatest gain in the gymnasium work during the year.

Miss Rich received special mention for her work in the gymnasium.

Major George H. Benyon, 5th Infantry M. V. M., our drill master, made our work very pleasant and successful.

L. E.

THE girls of Company C presented their captain, Desdemona Millikin, with two dozen souvenir spoons, each girl giving one from her own city.

THE Seniors wore their caps and gowns during the last school week.

AFTER the extreme warm weather we have been enjoying the last few days we hailed the fresh breezes of to-day with joy, and Prof. Bragdon could not refrain from making his somewhat familiar remark about the virtues of this bleak New England climate.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF '92.

BY ALICE COLE.

Be it remembered that we, the Class of '92, of the city of Newton, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life, do make this our last will and testament. After the payment of our just debts and Senior expenses, we bequeath and devise as follows:—

To our beloved sister the Junior class, we, with the best wishes for her future success and prosperity, bequeath our Senior dignity and honorable reputation which we have spent four long years in acquiring.

To the Juniors we also devise nine pencil stumps, some without rubbers and very blunt of point, whose efficacy in decorating the backs of certain yellow benches has been fully and satisfactorily tried and met the approval of our teachers. Said teachers have nevertheless suggested water, soap and a scrubbing brush when said yellow benches have become so covered with ghastly portraits of grinning ghosts, circles, and geometrical figures, that there was no chance offered us to continue our efforts in decorative art.

In order to help us, said sister who is soon to travel the same stormy path that our weary feet have worn, we bequeath sundry note books in which will be found the Viscosity theory of glacial motion, brief descriptions of the rocks forming the earth's crust, deep and perplexing philosophical reasoning on the freedom of the will, German essays which they may not be able to read or understand, and Barbara Selarent darii ferio.

To the Sophomores we will and bequeath the sombre black robes and caps which the Juniors have persistently admired, and in order that they may be useful next year when they are Juniors, we will have them bleached to the purest white so that said Sophomores may not be mistaken for grave and reverend Seniors.

To the Sophomores we also bequeath and devise our Annual, and hope that it may prove a great blessing to them. If the devise on publishing an Annual be carefully read and followed there will be no hours of sleep lost over delinquent articles, illustrations, or financial difficulties.

To said Sophomore class we also will and bequeath room number seven for their use during the summer, to make reparation for the times they have been excluded this year when the Seniors held secret sessions with closed doors.

To the Freshmen we will and bequeath our alcohol lamps and tallow candles, which were given to us by the faculty at Christmas; to use when the gas is turned off and said Freshmen want to curl their hair. To the said Freshmen, we also will and bequeath our rarest possession — gentlemen friends, and hope that they will receive them every Monday afternoon and take them to the studio and gymnasium. And that the young men may know that they are welcome, we hope the said Freshmen will accompany them at least half way to the station.

To the class of '96, we will and bequeath in trust the money in our treasury for the founding of an asylum for the halt, maimed and blind June bugs which have been placed in said halt, maimed and blind condition in the just and necessary warfare which we have been forced to make upon said June bugs in defense of our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

To the good girls who have no unexcused absences, we bequeath all that we possess, with our best wishes, and hope that all said absences will be faithfully and conscientiously made up and that they will sing hymns and say prayers when they are professily making up their absences from chapel, and also upon the condition that they make the circle around the gymnasuim not too small or make up too many absences from table in one day.

To the poor heathen in Mexico and India, we will and bequeath our French heeled shoes and slippers, our court trains, our bracelets and our superfluous jewels, since we have become converts to the high standard of simplicity in dress advocated in this school, and we hope that they will enjoy them as much as we have during the past few years and with a great deal more peace of mind.

To the literary students we bequeath our unpublished books and poems, and we hope that said students will study and appreciate these literary efforts, as they contain, we are sure, material for the contemplation of future generations of stu-

dents. They may appear insignificant at first sight, but careful study will reveal many beauties of style and show the broad and liberal minds of the authors, their freedom from conventional spelling, rules of grammar, and all the perplexing marks of punctuation.

To the future chemistry classes we bequeath a very valuable knife; the handle is lost and the point of the only blade is broken off, and is a little rusty, but it is still useful and ought to be prized and respected in its old age for the service it has done young chemists for many years.

THE SPREAD.

Six little maids went to a spread,
One was frightened and went home to bed.
Five little maids of the feast did partake,
Till one ran away with all of the cake.

Four little maids laughed loud and free,
Till one had hysterics, and then there were three.
Three little maids then silence did keep,
Till one grew weary and went fast asleep.

Two little maids then climbed into bed,
One had a fever and was out of her head.
One little maid as there was no more fun,
Went to bed, had the nightmare, and then there
was none. E. E.

PERSONALS.

LILLIE R. POTTER tells in her breezy fashion about nursing in sickness, and being Bridget in the kitchen in a case of necessity. She says housework has restored her to health, and she thinks of giving a talk on the "health-giving power of dishwater."

FLORENCE E. BAILEY is still in Paris, and will return home in July. Annie Gage returned with Florence's sister some months ago.

ADA DUNAWAY, secretary of the Alumni Association at Carbondale, Ill., gives notice of a banquet and reunion, which took place June 8, 1892, at the Southern Illinois Normal University.

GERTRUDE WHITE, Mrs. Pastorius, of Colorado Springs, applies for admission of a younger sister at Lasell, next year. Gertrude's two years at Lasell in '87 and '88 were "so pleasant."

MRS. ADAMSON writes from Philadelphia that her daughter Hattie, Mrs. Thompson, has a little son born May 19. May is at Englewood, N. Y. fitting for Vassar.

MAUD BALDWIN sends a good photograph of herself, urges Mr. Bragdon to come to the Hawaiian Islands, and tells of meeting Lucy Sampson's sister at Honolulu. They are sending a panorama of the great volcano on Maui, to the World's Fair. Maud ends with that oft-repeated speech, "We did not half appreciate our privileges at Lasell."

CARRIE JOHNSON's sister, Mrs. Milbank, is in Europe, leaving her children with Cora Cogswell, "whom we could not get along without," says their mother. Jennie sends a photograph of her brave little lad, Lawrence, two and a half years old, to grace our group.

MAME FISHER has proved herself most helpful in her mother's late illness, at their home in Fall River. This does not surprise us. It was to be expected, and that young man, when she gets at work for him, will confirm our opinion.

THE sudden death of Mrs. B. D. Wood of New Orleans calls to the memory of the Principal the delightful visit he made at her home. What a vacancy she has left!

ADA HIBBARD, Mrs. Crewe, sends from her English home a sample of some religious addresses, which are being given and published by a friend of theirs, Rev. Frank Ballard, a Wesleyan minister. This one, on "Future Punishment," is far above the usual popular discourse; clear, candid, moderate, devout in spirit. It is evidently a sincere searching after truth. Such preaching must promote religious intelligence and advancement.

LULIE HOGG has reached Washington in her journey homeward, and is tarrying there a while.

CARRIE BROWN's dear little boy, Robert T. Cassell, Jr., is now over eight months old and makes a charming picture sitting in a big arm-chair. Many thanks.

MAYME PECK, of Wellington, Kan., informs us that the late cyclone avoided the part of the town

in which they live, so that they have wholly escaped the death and destruction around them.

PROF. C. C. SNYDER, Maud's father, has accepted a unanimous call from the Presbyterian Church, Riverside, near Chicago, to become their pastor. Prof. Snyder was educated for the ministry, but for nineteen years has acceptably filled the position of superintendent of the public schools of Freeport, Ill. He is admirably qualified for the position he is about to take.

MRS. M. H. KIMBALL of Auburndale, has added to several other kindnesses to the school a gift through Miss Carpenter of a fine specimen of a shark's jaw. Prof. Rich will gladly preserve it in the natural history collection.

MRS. HARRIET N. NOYES spent a Sunday at the school in May before going to Vermont. Her daughter, Mrs. Otis, thinks of taking her two children to Germany in August, where they will spend some months.

THIS tiny card bears the name of Charles Parker Fiske, Lucy Johnson's baby, born at his home in Lynn, May 21st. Weight, eight and one-half pounds. Congratulations.

WE are very much grieved, as well as surprised, to learn that our preceptress, Miss Chamberlayne, is not to return in September. Also Miss Tappan, the English instructor.

CARRIE KENDIG KELLOGG writes that all the family, including the Peirces, — Annie's household — are going to East Orange, so that they cannot come to Commencement this year. She sends good-bye and a blessing to Lasell.

GERTRUDE WOODBURY reports that she has appeared lately in an operatic performance at Brattleboro, Vt.

ANNIE BLANCHE MERRILL read the Boston *Advertiser* at her home in Manchester, N. H., and was rejoiced by the account of the military competitive drill. She kindly wrote to express her pleasure.

MR. HILLS and family will summer at their cottage, Connanicut Park, Newport, R. I.

THE new Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church at Minneapolis has just been formally opened.

It is a very handsome structure erected at a cost of upwards of \$148,000. A debt of \$24,000 was very speedily wiped out by much generous giving. Among these noble donors we see the names of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Lillibridge, the parents of one of our Lasell girls.

MYRTIS BARTON'S family have moved to New York. She lingers a while near Boston. The class of 1892 is hers. Circumstances have not allowed her to graduate with them, but it is some satisfaction to stand by while they go through the process, she says.

READERS of the LEAVES will remember the heroism of Miss Bertie O. Burr, who more than a year ago rescued two young ladies from drowning in the Blue River, near Crete, Neb. Bertie had learned to swim at Lasell, but in this case much courage and presence of mind were needed. Also one of the ladies was long in coming to consciousness, and Bertie applied the methods of restoration which had been taught in the physiology lectures at Lasell. Prof. Bragdon, feeling that so marked a case of coolness and heroism demanded recognition, wrote to Representative George F. Williams who presented the subject so strongly to the examining board that they unanimously voted to give a gold medal to Miss Burr. A gold medal is given only in marked instances of daring and endurance, silver being the usual metal employed. The Boston *Herald*, in an article of some length, mentions the fact that Miss Burr was an educated society girl, not a fisherman's daughter used to such risks. It gives us pleasure to see that a worthy action gets its deserts even at a somewhat late day.

ALICE LINSKOTT HALL and her family, after a happy year in Germany, including a charming visit to Dresden, are about to sail for home. They will visit her mother in Portland, Me., and probably come to Lasell.

SUE BROWN is going to Monument Beach in July. She hopes to make a call at Lasell near that time. She has had a visit from Lulie Hogg, and seen Blanche Lowe Wright. Blanche's baby boy is four months old; Gussie's is a year old.

OF old girls who were at Lasell at commencement or very near that time, there were, Miss

Minnie Gilmore, Mrs. Lillie Fuller Merriam, Miss Bessie Merriam, Miss Mabel Cogswell, Miss Sallie Head, Mrs. Lizzie Burnham Low, Miss Lucy Sargeant, Miss Nan Peabody, Miss Helen Thresher, Miss Susie Richards, Miss Sadie Winsor, Miss Nettie Woodbury, Miss Maude Oliver, Mrs. Fannie Gray Merrick, Mrs. Annie Shillaber Fuller, Mrs. Fannie B. Coffin, Miss Lucy E. Curtis, Mrs. Annie B. R. Adams, Mrs. Carlos Cushing, Miss Mary E. Mann, Mrs. Helen M. Dore, Mrs. Caroline Hills Leeds, Mrs. Abbie H. Holbrook, Miss Irene G. Sanford, Mrs. Isabella Jennings Parker, Miss Martha E. Stone, Miss Mary S. Jones, Miss Lizzie D. Atkinson, Miss Lizzie May Whipple, Mrs. William F. Merrifield, Mrs. Emma Sears May, Miss Mary M. Tucker, Miss Jessie A. Benton, Miss Carrie Foster, Miss Lottie A. K. Bancroft, Mrs. Francis O. Davis, Miss Caroline Spear, Mrs. Adelaide S. Gilman, Miss Jessie J. Macmillan, Mrs. Nellie Packard Draper, Mrs. Annie E. Winslow, Miss Florence Fuller, Miss Mary Wales, Miss Florence Tower, Mrs. Alice Howlett Woodward, Misses Laura and Maude Whitney, Miss Amy Harris, Mrs. Amy Kelley Adams, Mrs. Louie Best Cumnock, Miss Rosa Best, Mrs. Lottie Hardy James, Mrs. Lou Hawley Sanders, Mrs. Sephie Mason Dumas, Mrs. Flora Sampson, Miss Carrie Spear, Mrs. Charles Davis, Miss Mary L. Cole, Miss Mary Hathaway, Miss Annie Gwinnell, Miss Edith Ellis, Miss Jessie Hayden, Miss Elizabeth Creswell, Miss Bertha Russell, Miss Altha Phelps, Miss Fannie Thomas, Miss Blanche Busell, Miss Nina Burr, Miss Emma Gass, Mrs. Josephine Reed Poland, Miss Priscilla Parmenter, Miss Martha B. Lucas, Miss Mabel Eager, Mrs. Mary F. Colby Walworth, Mrs. Lizzie Benyon Bourne, Mrs. Alice Mayo Hicks, Miss Inez Bragg, Miss Janette Brookmire, Miss Maudie Stone, Miss Gertrude Woodbury, Miss Amelia Davis, Miss Alice Maloon, Miss Florence Palmer, Miss Grace Skinner, Mrs. Mabel Bliss Tibbitts, Mrs. Kittie A. Brownell, Miss Nellie Taft, Miss Mabel Jacques, Miss Emily Shiff, Miss Lizzie Whipple, of Wellesley, Miss Myrtis Barton, Miss Lillian Baker, Miss Fannie Dillingham, and Miss Minnie Nickerson.

SEVERAL of the Senior Class rejoiced in the presence of relatives at Commencement. Sadie

Burrill had both parents, Anna Staley her mother, Edna Dice both parents, also Alice Cole, and a little sister, Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe were here, and a sister who sailed for Europe on Thursday, Julia and her parents accompanying her to New York. Mrs. Vilas was with Jessie.

Others than Seniors had relatives present, many of them living not far away. Of those who came from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Seagrave from Toledo, O., Mr. Calvin Seybolt and two daughters from Scranton Penn., Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Whitney from Norwalk O., Mrs. Brotherton and daughter from Lima, O., Mrs. H. T. Plummer from Portland, Me., and Mrs. Rankin, Florence Hunsberger's mother, from New York city.

MARRIAGES.

MISS MINNIE L. JONES was married to Mr. Harrison P. Eddy, Wednesday, June 1, 1892, at her home in Worcester, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Eddy will live in Quinsigamond, Mass. Miss Jones was at Lasell in '90 and '91.

MISS ROSA M. BEST was married to Mr. Winifred C. Pike, at her home in Portland, Me., Wednesday, June 1. Miss Best was at Lasell in '87 and '88.

DEATHS.

PROF. ISAAH DOLE, who died recently in Keene, N. H., in the ripeness of years and Christian character, was a teacher of Latin and Greek at Lasell Seminary from 1875 to June 1881. A scholarly man, of ability in many ways and of great excellence, he was through all these years an honored and valuable member of the faculty, and retired only when ill health compelled him to seek a quieter life. He is remembered by his many friends with much esteem and affection. A son and a daughter survive him.

THE mother of Lucy E. Curtis of Rockland, Mass., passed away at that place May 21. A period of great suffering helped to reconcile her family to her loss, and in the hope of a blessed immortality she herself was glad to be released.

MISS ALICE SCHLIM of Brooklyn, N. Y. died very suddenly April 29, '92. She was a sister

of our Ettie, who was called home by telegram, and arrived too late to be recognized by the dying girl. A letter from Ettie tells us that her cousin, Miss Anna Prout passed away in just one month after the death of Miss Alice Schlim. Ettie has the warmest sympathy of her teachers and schoolmates in these afflictions. Miss Alice Schlim had recently become engaged to be married.

EXCHANGES.

THE "Reminiscences of Bowdoin College Life more than Sixty Years ago" adds great value to the *Orient*. The writer, who is the only member now living, of that class, relates several incidents of the college life of Longfellow, Hawthorne, and other distinguished men of the same class.

LET OTHERS PRAISE THE TOWERING HEIGHT.

Let others praise the towering height
And rugged grandeur of the glowering mountain peak,
Frowning and cold and cruel;
I hate them in their mist-clad arrogance —
I hate, and somewhat fear them.
Give me a warm and waving bit of sun-kissed meadow
land,
Waving and warm and sloping gently
To a stream's caressing curves,
Where willows bend and sigh and softly touch the brim,
Where slow-hoofed cattle find their way
At evening time,
Along the zig-zag fence and past the untrimmed hedge
That follows easily the swelling of the hill.
At evening, when the willows bend their heads
And cease their sighing for a space,
Until the last gold-red has quivered on their tingling tips,
Then sigh — and wave again all night,
Ah! this I love.

Nassau Literature.

A NEW SPECIES.

CIRCUS MAN (*hunting for a stray elephant*).
Have you seen a strange animal around here?

IRISHMAN — Begorra, Oi have that; there was an in-jur-rubber bull around here pullin' carrots wid his tail. — *Harvard Lampoon.*

THE sad story of Lora Standish, the Puritan girl, is retold very prettily in the "Distaff."

THE violent death of a moonshiner might be appropriately called "A Tragedy in Still Life"

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Sound of gusty driving rain
 When we wake at midnight hour,
 Ice-tipp'd branches on the pane
 Beating music to the show'r.

Crows that caw from steaming woods,
 Robins piping in the glades,
 Buds that from their winter hoods
 Peep and blush like pretty maids.

Grateful odors of damp earth,
 Boist'rous glee of muddy rills,
 Shouting, brawling in their mirth,
 Down the bare flanks of the hills.

Here and there a crocus' head
 Thrusting up to dare the cold,
 While its sisters warm in bed,
 Stir their coverlids of mould.

Spring is coming; spring is near;
 She is whispered in the air.
 Soon the blithe nymph will be here,
 Shaking blossoms from her hair.

EVERY candid mind must admit that the human head divine receives more reverent care from women than from men. A man seems to regard his head from a merely utilitarian point of view.

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W. W. LAWRENCE.

He values it because by means of the curious mechanism which it contains he is able to perform his life work. In youth he perfects the machinery, in age he applies it; as to its casing, he leaves his barber and tile-maker to care for that.

But with a woman it is different. Although she may have adopted the man's prosaic theory in regard to the inside of the head, she still preserves her old-time attitude toward its outside. To-day, as of old, she seems to regard the latter as the very altar of her favorite goddess, Fashion.

Upon this she offers sacrifices of birds and flowers; here on festal occasions she hangs her wreath and fillets; before it, to enhance its mystery and obscure the mind-diverting beauties of the outer world, she reverently lets fall the gauzy veil.

But it is unnecessary to dwell longer on these and other beautiful ceremonials; they are familiar to all, and with slight changes, will probably continue to be celebrated for years to come. Certainly at present there seems no reason to fear that common-sense instead of fashion will be the presiding genius of the average woman's head.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

Volume XVIII.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., OCTOBER, 1892.

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SHOPPING.

AFTER a day's effort at shopping in the modern Athens, one sighs for the peaceful, unpretending country store with its heterogenous "assortment of goods." Here is found everything from an infant's coral bells and rattle, to grandma's levan-tine silk dress. Potatoes and apples in large baskets are arranged in careless ease along the wall, while candy with its gaudy stripes of red and yellow, proves a constant temptation to the youngsters on their way to school. Then there is the usual idle circle of loungers around the stove with the cracker barrel in their immediate vicinity and the air is often suggestive of cheap tobacco and corn-cob pipes. The genial proprietor of this country store leaves the molasses barrel as he sees you enter, and signals the clerk who deftly administers the sugar cane product to the waiting farmer. The store-keeper advances and affably greets his customers, never forgetting to inquire about baby's progress in learning to walk or the fit of Mary Jane's last pair of boots. How flattering is his interest in your purchases, and his approval of your taste and good sense in selecting always "the very best article in the store." How he throws the dress goods down from the highest shelf with a bang on the counter, as if to declare that nothing is too good for you! Then how obligingly he reminds you of linings and trimmings, not allowing you to forget hooks and eyes, braid, etc. You are not sent from counter to counter amid a crowd so dense that five yards of ruffling, more or less, is ruthlessly ripped from your train by an eager, impolite crowd! You do not have to wait a good half hour for your money to be shot through pneumatic tubes, and languidly handed you by supercilious sales ladies.

The smiling clerk having finished his sales of

molasses and kerosene draws near and assures you that nothing can afford him greater pleasure than to leave your bundles and packages at your door as he goes out to his evening repast. Thus you leave the "Emporium of Fashion" or the "Mammoth Store" of Columbia Cross Roads, on terms of peace and good-will to all mankind. How marked a contrast from the weariness, and struggle with crowds and street cars, and the hurry and worry of shopping in Boston!

DID you ever notice the different ways people enjoy themselves on an excursion? Take our last one to Concord for instance. First one notices the girl who came "just for a lark, you know"; you notice her first because she is determined you shall notice her. She sings gay little songs on the way, is anxious to get to the battle field to wander beneath the trees and thrill with patriotism at the thought of the mighty issues here decided. Oh, no, that is not it at all. She is *hungry* and she knows she will see — not imposing monuments — but something to eat when the barges at last reach this spot. She enjoys a nice little run at Walden Pond and wishes she could wade across, for she has not read that the pebbly bottom which looks so near would draw her curly head far beneath the smiling surface of this fair little lake. She eats an apple in the old graveyard, and in beautiful Sleepy Hollow she gathers a bunch of gay leaves for her belt. She came to have a "good time" and she has it, and every one else is brighter for her presence.

The next girl to whom our attention is directed is a tall, severe-looking girl, with a note-book. She puts down dates with the utmost precision, and writes accurate little descriptions in an orderly manner. She can tell you the exact location of every historical spot; but to her the tall trees whisper no tales of fallen heroes, nor do the walls ring with the commanding voices of the sturdy minute-men who once fought so bravely beside the quiet Concord. Last, but not least, comes the dreamy girl who forgets to answer your question. To her the entire field is peopled with heroes, and the grassy banks are still resounding with "the shot heard round the world." When she visits the Old Manse she neither sees nor hears

the woman who is energetically enforcing her rights. She sees Hawthorne as he leads his young bride under the tossing branches of the mighty ash-trees. And then there is Sleepy Hollow, nestled among the hills. To this girl the tall pines are forever singing a sweet, sad dirge over the lowly mounds which lie so thickly at their feet, — the last resting-places of the glorious men and women who have lived their simple, happy lives in beautiful, dreamy old Concord. The day is ended, and we leave them all in the peace of beautiful Sleepy Hollow, there to rest, lulled by the mournful music of the pines, until the judgment day, feeling sure that the verdict will then be, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Grave and gay we ride back on the same road over which the retreating army marched on that never-forgotten April day, each one with a blessing for old Concord, where first we decided to be

"The land of the free and the home of the brave."

LORD TENNYSON.

IN the early days of beautiful October, there came a mysterious and dreaded guest to a stately home in Aldworth, England. This messenger beckoned to a beloved Poet, and despite the detaining arms of those nearest and dearest, the minstrel whom nations delighted to honor, went silently forth into the unknown, to return to earth no more.

Tennyson was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England in 1809. His father was a man of poetic and artistic ability and doubtless by example and precept helped his children in the development of that love of nature, and that power of observation which enter into "The vision and the faculty divine." There is a legend to the effect that Tennyson was one day in early youth left at home and commanded to produce a poem for which he was to receive a small sum of money. When the family returned the poem was read and the reward given with the discouraging remark that he would probably never receive another payment for his effusions.

Critics have thought that Tennyson reached his "high water mark." Kindred and strangers are mourners in this loss of one who has made our

lives better and brighter by his songs. We claim these as our common heritage. They are ours forever. How many thousands in the sadness of bitter bereavement have found Tennyson's "In Memoriam" a friend who discourses of human life, and duty and destiny in that tender sympathetic strain which soothes and sustains the throbbing, aching heart. How many have hung enraptured over the "Idylls of the King" which in their artistic sequence constitute an epic of Miltonic splendor.

The music of Tennyson's poems linger and vibrate on the ear like well-remembered songs. One needs no teacher to interpret their meaning. It may require Browning clubs to fathom the metaphysical meaning of that admired poet, but every one can understand and appreciate Tennyson, in 1842, but his fame has steadily widened since that time. To us his "Princess" has been a favorite always and while it has been called "a brilliant serio-comic *jeu de esprit* upon woman's rights," it has certainly done much for the elevation of woman intellectually and morally in the eyes of the world.

Unlike our own Longfellow, Tennyson was hedged about with reserve. He entertained strangers with evident reluctance and thereby lost many opportunities perhaps of desirable friendships.

At the left of Browning in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey will be reared a monument to England's Poet Laureate, and the future visitor will wander here, softly murmuring those well-remembered lyrics, and will sorrow that the lyre which brought such enchantment is now silent forever.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS.

THERE was profound sorrow in many households throughout the length and breadth of our land when it was known that upon the last day of the summer months our time-honored friend, the genial scholarly essayist of Easy Chair fame had passed into the Beyond.

In our own little family circle we had an inherited affection for him. My mother has told us that in her own bright girlhood a most comely youth flushed with the valedictory honor of a venerable college, used to spend his evenings in

reading aloud to her those exquisite sketches from "Prue and I," declaring them to be even more charming than the essays of Elia, and when later on, the youth became book-keeper to a fine private library of his own, and with *his* faithful Prue taught young men and maidens how to use books, many students in the art of essay writing gave their days and nights — not to the study of Addison — but to Geo. William Curtis, finding him a model of finished style and recognizing with ever-increasing delight his charming individuality.

In the Lyceum skies of 1855-65 there arose a constellation of wondrous brilliancy. There glittered Beecher, Chapin, Everett, Wendell Philips, Theodore Parker, Emerson, and T. Starr King; yet, none of these shown with greater lustre than the eloquent and elegant Curtis.

One day my mother was visiting at the homestead in Western New York, and was dilating upon the delights of the lecture season and especially her joy in hearing her favorite, "The Howadji." "Don't talk to *me*," said grandpa; "we have not only heard him lecture, but he has been our guest and broken bread with us in this very house. We have read of celebrated conversationalists, but in my way of thinking not one of those could hold a candle in comparison with our Curtis!" Little mother was a true hero worshipper, and she murmured from Beranger's song: —

"Il s'est assis là Grand'mère
Il s'est assis là !
Quel beau jour pour vous Grand'mère
Quel beau jour pour vous !"

Alas! that those whom we so admire and love, those so needed in this world of ours should be taken from us, and so many worthless, wretched human beings live on, to bring unhappiness and disgrace to others! Oh, the mystery! The mystery!

We quote the following exquisite poem from Wm. Winter as the voicing of every one's grief and lamentation.

I.

All the flowers were in their pride
On the day when Rupert died.
Dreamily, through dozing trees,
Sighed the idle summer breeze.

Wild birds, glancing through the air,
Spilled their music everywhere.

Not one sign of mortal ill
Told that his great heart was still.

Now the grass he loved to tread
Murmurs softly o'er his head :

Now the great green branches wave
High above his lonely grave :

While in grief's perpetual speech
Roll the breakers on the beach.

Oh, my comrade, oh, my friend,
Must this parting be the end ?

II.

Weave the shroud and spread the pall !
Night and silence cover all.

Howsoever we deplore,
They who go return no more.

Never from that unknown track
Floats one answering whisper back.

Nature, vacant, will not heed
Lips that grieve or hearts that bleed.

Wherefore now should mourning word
Or the tearful dirge be heard ?

How shall words our grief abate ?
Call him noble ; call him great.

Say that Faith, now gaunt and grim
Once was fair, because of him ;

Say that Goodness, round his way,
Made one everlasting day ;

Say that Beauty's heavenly flame
Bourgeoned whereso'er he came :

Say that all life's common ways
Were made glorious in his gaze ;

Say he gave us, hour by hour,
Hope and patience, grace and power ;

Say his spirit was so true
That it made us noble too ; —

What is this, but to declare
Life's bereavement, Love's despair ?

What is this, but just to say
All we loved is torn away ?

Weave the shroud and spread the pall !
Night and silence cover all.

III.

Oh ! my comrade, oh ! my friend,
Must this parting be the end ?

Heart and hope are growing old :
Dark the night comes down, and cold.

Few the souls that answer mine.
And no voice so sweet as thine.

Desert wastes of care remain —
Yet thy lips speak not again !

Gray eternities of space —
Yet nowhere thy living face !

Only now the lonesome blight,
Heavy day and haunted night.

All the light and music left —
Only thought and memory left !

Peace, fond mourner. This thy boon,
Thou thyself must follow soon.

Peace — and let repining go !
Peace — for fate will have it so.

Vainly now his praise is said ;
Vain the garland for his head ;

Yet is comfort's shadow cast
From the kindness of the past.

All my love could do to cheer
Warmed his heart when he was here.

Honor's plaudit, Friendship's vow
Did not coldly wait till now.

Oh, my comrade ; oh, my friend,
If this parting be the end,

Yet I hold my life divine,
To have known a soul like thine.

And I hush the low lament
In submission, penitent.

Still the sun is in the skies :
He sets — but I have seen him rise !

WILLIAM WINTER.

ELIZABETH SHINN.

At the last moment it becomes our painful duty to share with our readers the sad intelligence of the loss of our dear Miss Elizabeth Shinn, who fell asleep on Oct. 13.

She is at rest while our stricken hearts are mourning. For three years she went in and out among us, and the sweet influence of her life will long be a magnet to draw us on to better lives. She has done what she could, and He who is the resurrection and the life has taken her to himself. May we daily grow more and more like her until we go to meet her in the better land.

MUSIC IN GERMANY.

THE recent sale of the symphony tickets in Boston, made me realize how much more difficult it is to hear music in this country than in Germany.

When the symphony concerts were first started they were intended for those who could not afford to pay much, and yet who really needed the music. Little by little, it became the fashion to attend the Friday rehearsals, the prices were raised, and now the seats are nearly filled with people who go because it is *the thing*, and those who would enjoy it so much are left out in the cold.

One seat went as high as three hundred and fifty dollars to a well-known Boston person, who could afford to pay over ten dollars a concert.

It seems a pity the tickets should be sold at auction any more than theatre tickets, but it will be a long time before any change is effected.

In Germany everything is very different; there it is so easy to hear music. The seats for concerts are sold at a fixed price, which is so low that everybody can afford to go. If you buy a season ticket the best seat is not more than fifty cents. In the third gallery the seats are twenty cents, and as a general rule that is better than the second gallery in Music Hall.

The theatres, operas and concerts always begin at seven o'clock or half past six when a lengthy opera is to be rendered. You are home at nine, and do not feel all used up the next day.

Music is everywhere in Germany, you can not escape from it if you try. Every afternoon in any of the public squares or gardens you can hear a fine concert without any demand upon your purse. There is nothing so stirring as to hear a military band playing some national air to several thousand persons; and the cheers which they give when the piece is finished show how much it has been appreciated. One of the most impressive scenes I ever witnessed was the funeral of General von Moltke in Berlin. The military bands from almost the whole country were there and Chopin's funeral march played by ten thousand musicians was something to stir the soul.

If the German concert arrangement could only be adopted here, what a heaven for music lovers it would be.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE FACULTY.

Since we who come to old Lasell to learn
Find here a line of teachers very stern,
If we should take the pains to know them well,
Perhaps we would not dread with them to dwell;
And so I introduce each one to you.

Although in number they are not so few,
I hope each one you will remember well,
And you about them all may something tell.

Of all that line so dreadful for to see,
The first I introduce is Mr. B.
He in the chapel, long doth talk each day,
And to new girls who walk along the way
Of learning, he doth give advice so free —
Remember this is just 'twixt you and me, —
That they do wish that he would keep a time
The "few choice bits" which are so very fine.

And now the next one whom before you bow
Is Dr. Steele, who came to us just now,
Though many winters white have made his head,
A heart as young as ours he has instead.
The next all history does know so well
That she 'most any date to you can tell;
But when to Boston you would like to go
Don't ask Miss C., for she will say you no.

And now we greet the one we love so well,
To whom our griefs and joys we all may tell;
A moth'ry soul, in which we take delight
If only we do all that is quite right.
But if we do all that we know is wrong
And wear the clothes that do not make us strong,
In chapel then a lecture she doth give.
Alas! that at Lasell we now do live!

The next who knows Lasell and all its ways, —
She never would wear such a thing as stays! —
In mathematics she doth quite excel,
And this it is she teaches at Lasell.
A martyr's name is added to our roll;
Reports of sermons most delight her soul;
So sweetly she doth speak her mother tongue;
Poetic verse she has quite often sung.

In languages we have fair sisters three,
But these in speech do never quite agree;
The first all Greek and Latin well doth know;
The next in French doth speak so soft and low;
The third in German she doth talk quite well,
And she was once a student at Lasell!
These three we think are doing very wrong
In giving to us lessons quite so long.

And now we have — oh, wonderful to say! —
A man who in this place does dare to stay!
At first he was quite timid and quite shy
Of wicked girls who always are close by;
But now with all of them he is good friends,
And to the one he likes his kodac lends.
This one all science dry and long doth know,
We to his class in fear and trembling go.

Another man we claim, who has a way,
Of answering to all that's said, "*C'est vrai!*"
Long has he been in Paris and the schools,
Where he has mastered all artistic rules.
The next is but a woman slight and small;
But should you take a walk along the hall
You'd know, if you should hear a dreadful screech,
She's teaching some poor girl to "speak the speech."

And still you see we have just two men more;
These both of music fine have quite a store;
The first his fingers o'er the keys doth run;
The other shows us how a song is sung.
The next, who teaches you to spell just right,
You'll find down in the libr'y every night.
And this kind nurse will care for you when ill,
Will send you toast and make you take a pill.

And now the last one of that line you meet;
Upon acquaintance, you will find her sweet;
Of all these teachers she the last one came;
Gymnastic arts is her especial aim.
Now that the teachers of the faculty
You've met, I think you will agree with me,
That you and I do know them all quite well,
And do not dread at all with them to dwell.

E. L. C. '93.

REV. HENRY G. SPAULDING'S lectures on Vesuvius and the Vesuvian Bay, and on Pompeii: the "Jewel Box" of antiquity, were exceedingly interesting. We look forward with great pleasure to the remaining three, the subjects of which are as follows:

Pagan Rome: Palaces and Pleasures of Julius Cæsar. Christian Rome: St. Peter's Church. "Our Italy": Picturesque California.

A WARNING.

THE Venice glass, so slim and frail,
That held these roses, faded, pale,
Is cracked and worthless; one light blow
From some slight fan has made it so.
No sound betrayed the mischief done;
The water, drop by drop, has run,
And left the roses dry and dead,
And day by day the crack has spread.
The glass was fragile, over-much;
Alas! 'Tis broken; do not touch!

A blow as light, from hand adored,
Across my heart a wound has scored;
So, day by day, the rift will gain,
And, drop by drop the life-blood drain
In silence — for each hour more deep,
I feel the hurt, yet dare not weep;
Tho' flowers of faith and hope may die,
The world knows nothing, passing by.
My heart was loving — over-much;
Alas! 'Tis broken; do not touch! — *Selected.*

THE new girls were invited to meet the old girls on the first Saturday evening after school opened for the purpose of getting acquainted. The Seniors acted as an informal reception committee, and greeted each new girl. After mingling in the throng of gay school girls for awhile, even the most homesick of the girls began to grow more cheerful. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served, after which we went to our rooms feeling more at peace with the world in general and Lasell in particular, than we had since we bid a tearful good-bye to home and mother, and with a faint hope that "those horrid old girls" would not be so bad after all when once one came to know them better.

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| Marie Meigs..... | Painsville, Ohio |
| Bertha Merryman..... | Marinette, Wis. |
| Anna Miller..... | Plainfield, N. J. |
| Mabel Morgan..... | Springfield, Mass. |
| Isabella Morrow..... | Locut Valley, L. I., N. Y. |
| Julia Murphy..... | Portsmouth, Ohio |
| Edith Partridge..... | Boston, Mass. |
| Ella Peale..... | Chicago, Ill. |
| Emma Peale..... | Chicago, Ill. |
| Bessie Pennell..... | Atchison, Kansas |
| Mary Ranney..... | Adams, N. Y. |
| Ednah Ray..... | Peabody, Mass. |
| Lucy Richmond..... | Hoosick Falls, N. Y. |
| Mary Robb..... | Toledo, O. |
| Clara Roesing..... | Chicago, Ill. |
| Bessie Roper..... | Hopedale, Mass. |
| Ruth Sankey..... | Salem, Mo. |
| Cara Sawin..... | Troy, N. Y. |
| Ruth Seiberling..... | Akron, Ohio. |
| Alice Seth..... | Milton, Mass. |
| Clara Simpson..... | Scranton, Pa. |
| Grace Snyder..... | Washington, D. C. |
| Laura Smith..... | Troy, N. Y. |
| Meldon Smith..... | Kansas City, Kan. |
| Greta Stearns..... | Wyoming, Ohio |
| Elizabeth Stephenson..... | Marinette, Wis. |
| Margaret Stuart..... | Columbus, Ohio |
| Grace Sutherland..... | Ashland, Wis. |
| Mabel C. Taylor..... | Omaha, Neb. |
| Mabel Tomlinson..... | Ft. Worth, Tex. |
| Louise Tucker..... | Waterville, Me. |
| Helen Turner..... | Auburndale, Mass. |
| Mary Van Patten..... | Burlington, Vt. |
| Emma Walker..... | La Fayette, Ind. |
| Minnie Warner..... | Willimantic, Conn. |
| Jamie Watson..... | Columbus, Ohio. |
| Annie Webb..... | Jackson, Mich. |
| Nora Westheimer..... | Saint Joseph, Mo. |
| Bertha Wilson..... | Norwalk, Conn. |
| Elizabeth Winslow..... | Jamestown, N. Dak. |
| Louise Zschetzsche..... | Sheboygan, Wis. |

Western girls, 51; Eastern, 46; Southern, 3.

It is interesting to notice the increase in number of the Western pupils at Lasell, using the term Western broadly to include, not only all States west of the Mississippi, but all States north of the Ohio. In the years ending June, 1855, '60, '65, '70, and '75, the number of pupils from these sections was not above eight. In the year ending June, 1880, the number had increased to twenty. In 1885 it was forty-three, in 1890 sixty-two, in 1891 seventy-eight, and in 1892 eighty-six, or more than half of the whole number in attendance.

LASELL SEMINARY, Sept. 17, 1892.

My dear Louise: When I bade good-bye to the little crowd of weeping girls at my far away home, how proud I was to be of such consequence in the world. But how the conceit has been taken out of me at school! Would you believe it possible to become so obscure a person that even the girls in a school like this cannot remember your name? Vanity wounded, are you saying? Well, perhaps "that is about the size of it," as Cousin Jim would say. But then, really, I am not as well as usual. My eyes are so weak I can hardly see my book. There is such an unusual lump in my throat all the time that I find it very difficult to swallow, and despite the luxurious table which every one pronounces admirable I have not the slightest appetite! But I am resolved to stay the year out or die in the attempt. I came here to learn, not to enter society, or merely to pass away time. Every possible advantage is given us here. You know how I have longed for opportunities to study the art in which my soul delights, and when I am once over this shocking cold, how devoted I mean to be to vocal music taught by so enthusiastic an artist as Mr. Davis. Mr. Hills is also a matchless teacher, and how I mean to practice.

You would be much surprised to see our Principal. I kept looking and dreading to see a grave, elderly man enter the parlor and supposed that a young Harvard graduate might be assisting his father who was perhaps laid up with an attack of the gout. Judge what my surprise was, to find this cheery, almost boyish man was Principal Bragdon!

Some of the teachers are very young and pretty,

others are old and *good*; yes, very very good and kind and wise. The girls are gay and charming, and (tell it not in Gath) quite *dressy*. After studying the circular all summer, I left my prettiest gowns at home, and now I wish I had brought them. But excuse the vanity if I say that I think I shall distinguish myself more by my efforts in the studio than I should be likely to do by artistic toilets. The walls are adorned with exquisite pictures and to dwell here is to imbibe learning. But, oh, these foolish tears are blinding me as I write. I never knew how I loved you all until now that I am so far away.

At night I see you in my dreams and often wake with a sense of bitter disappointment.

Mr. Bragdon's tender earnest prayers move me profoundly. The chapel singing affects me to tears and I may as well sign myself your loving, weeping friend.

CECLIA.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS AS TOLD IN LETTERS.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE.

My Dear Friend, — Well, here I am finally established at Lasell and enjoying it as much as would be possible away from the freedom of home.

The journey from Burlington was very pleasant, and we had good company all the way. We arrived in Boston about half past seven and went directly to the Brunswick. The next morning we came out to Auburndale on the 10.15 train. It was a beautiful day and our first impression was a delightful one, even the railroad station is a beautiful little place all covered with ivy and vine. The Seminary is only a short distance from the station, and so is just a pleasant walk. The house is very large and comfortable, rather plain and old fashioned but on the whole very pleasant, and the rooms are bright and cheery. In fact, Auburndale is a delightful little town and one could hardly help being happy here.

After seeing my room and so forth we went back to Boston for lunch and to spend the night. By the way, the next time you come to Boston go to the Brunswick. I am sure you will like it much better than the Vendome or any of the other hotels we usually go to. It is very pleasant, and quite near the Public Garden. Well I think that

this is enough for this time. After I have gotten right used to the ways of the school will write again.

Yours sincerely,

SEPT. 19, 1892.

PERSONALS.

MABEL COGSWELL writes entertainingly of the pleasant trip that she and Carrie Johnson made South after the close of school. They visited awhile in Houston, seeing while there Bettie Morris Shearn, who she says is the same bright Bettie as of yore; then put in a week at Galveston Beach. Saw also Judge Hill, but the girls were away. Then North again by a six-days' voyage.

VINNIE ROSE says that she and Emma Kennedy spent a pleasant week with Elizabeth Prescott at her home in Rome, N. J. Vinnie and Emma also exchanged visits. She mentions seeing Bessie Phelps during the summer, but doesn't say where.

CARDS (one a tiny one, bearing the name of Chas. Gammon McChesney, with date Sept. 7, 1892) come from Daisy Harvey McChesney. We welcome our new Lasell grandchild, Daisy.

JENTA JOHNSON announces her engagement to Mr. Geo. Carlton Gill.

FROM Lizzie Davis, now in Frankfort, Germany, we hear bright bits of news about doings and goings. She speaks of viewing lovely old Heidelberg Castle "by the pale moonlight," of attending a consular reception, which she found enjoyable, and seeing the Lasell party in Heidelberg, talking over Lasell news with them.

JOSEPHINE BAKER's brother is much improved. They were at Colorado Springs with him in the summer, so Lorena Stone tells us.

OUR sympathies are with Blanche Best who lost her dear mother in July. She was one of those women whose death makes a gap hard to fill. Blanche is a sister to Mrs. Flora Best Harris, who talked of Japan so charmingly to our girls some time back, and so awakened their sympathies. Through her also it was that Yamamoto, the little Japanese lady we expected to have with us this fall, decided to come to Lasell to study. We are sorry for her trouble, and share her disappointment.

THE firm of Appel & Co., of which Lottie Appel's father is a member, have erected a hand-

some new business building in Denver. The occasion of its dedication was a memorable one if report may be trusted. Denver has no lack of fine buildings, and this is a notable addition.

DESSIE MILIKIN's was a church wedding we hear, and was made quite "an affair" by her enthusiastic friends, notwithstanding her primary intention to have it very quiet. Mr. and Mrs. Bevans will live during the winter in Chicago, 2604 Prairie Avenue.

WORD comes from Maud Evans Croysdale of her marriage in January last. Uncle Sam failed to bring us the invitation she so kindly sent. She lives quite near her old home. Mattie Slavens, too, she says, is married. Maud often sees Jessie Hall and Josephine Tichenor.

LORENA STONE goes to Cincinnati this year to teach in the Amstrong School for Girls, Avondale. Lorena, Mamie Hathaway, and Mamie Cole, visited Bertha Simpson in August, at Townsend Harbor, Mass. Gertrude White, she tells us, is away for her health. She receives very cheery letters from Bertha Gray Richards who is living in California. Mr. and Mrs. Gray have built a cosy home very near. Lillie Campbell was caught sight of at Brattleboro, Vt., but Lorena was not able to speak with her. Ada Dunaway and Mary Roberts, too, she saw at the Hemenway.

MARIE SHELLABARGER, now Mrs. A. S. Crowder, had a beautiful wedding, at her home. Among other guests present we notice the names of the following Lasell girls, — Carrie Clarkson, Mabel Lord, Nan Peabody, Alice Platt, and Julia Anderson. Lasell does honor to her own, as ever.

MARY HAZLEWOOD writes of her sister's improved health, and of a pleasant Connecticut visit made in the summer. We hoped to see her here, but she failed to make her appearance. She hears often from Laura Hutton and Winnie Brady. Laura's plans for the summer included visits to Lucy Dudley and Sue Day. Mary finds her time pretty well occupied with home work and church work, and speaks of her two years at Lasell as happy and helpful. We are glad she found them so.

LOU WALSTON CHUBB has a little girl, born in Wales, August 8. Our congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Chubb will return to the United States in January.

BELLE ANDERSON has a school in Norwood, Col., till her regular work in December begins. She writes of amusing experiences in "the land of cattlemen, ranchers, and Mormons, who are both."

WE were pained to learn of the death of Col. H. C. Nutt, at Brookline, Aug. 15. Col. Nutt was the brother of our Miss Nutt, who has our earnest sympathy in her loss.

CARRIE BROWN CASSELL's father, Mr. H. C. Brown, has made Denver the proud possessor of one of the finest hotels on the continent. One would be tempted to go to Denver just for a look at it, even were Carrie and her boy not there to make the temptation additionally strong. Carrie writes that she and Mr. Cassell are planning a trip east in the spring, when we hope to see them, for of course, Lasell must have found a place in such plans. She speaks of Nettie Keener Keiths' bright little boy. Nettie is now living in Chicago.

MAY KLINE writes regretting her absence on Commencement Day, which we, too, regret. She wants an annual. (Why don't more of the girls want it? You don't know what you're missing. Send for one girls.) May sends kind remembrances to all.

FROM Willie Stowe we learn that her father has built a lovely house, and that Willie is convinced that he is the best father she ever saw. (All fathers are just that, Willie, when daughters are loving).

HELEN E. MOORE sent us invitations to Class Day and Commencement exercises at Westbrook Seminary and Female College, Deering, Me., where she was graduated in June.

MR. AND MRS. ALLEN G. MILLER are proud of their daughter, born Aug. 9, '92. Mrs. Miller was Lillie Holman while at Lasell.

A RICH day to C. C. B. was July 18 at the N. E. Chautauqua at South Framingham, and the best part of Chautauqua — to me — was the Lasell girls.

No sooner on the ground than I jogged Alice Mayo Hicks' arm as she was trying, on Miss Blaisdell's plan, to print her name in the visitors' book. Later, Sadie Corey Bray — after three attempts — and her wonderful baby, in her own neat cottage. "There was never such a baby,"

and I was convinced when she smiled on me from under the thickest head of hair ever three months baby ware! (poetry.) Sadie is Sadie, still — Still in this connection means yet, not quiet! Then a delicious time with Dr. Hurlbut — “The English Bible” — and Dr. Thomas “Bible History” — and Leon Vincent — “Robert Burns.” Then the surprise of the day, Ada Dunaway, from Carbondale, Ill.! She and Mary Roberts are at Harvard Summer Physical Training School. Just to think of their coming so far. (Later, Ada and Mary spent the night at Lasell and enjoyed talking over old times and looking over the old pictures. Both look well and bright and happy and are filling useful places in the world’s work. It was a delight to see them.) After hearing President Washington (not George) on “The Negro’s way to Liberty in the South,” a masterly address, I went to South Framingham to see the new boy, Carroll Merriam, who calls Lillie Fuller mamma. A splendid boy, solid and strong. Bernard, four years old, does not seem to consider his nose out of joint. He is fulfilling the promise of his fine babyhood. A delightful house Lillie has, near Bessie, whom I also enjoyed seeing. Lillie’s sister was there and Mrs. B. coming now, we gladly stayed to a delicious supper and voted Lillie “all right.”

VIRGINIA JOHNSON MILBANK writes in her usual entertaining fashion of her summer trip with her husband overseas, — England, Scotland, and the continent. Inopportune illness damped their pleasure at first, but restored health brought fresh enjoyment of the sights and scenes along the journey. Among other places they visited Warwick Castle, at which the earl and his lady were then entertaining royal guests, Kenilworth, of course, and Stratford had to be seen. At Hyde Park they met the Lasell party, and at Lucerne, Miss Call and Miss Dietrick with whom they dined one day. Lydia Starr they met in London. Lydia had been three months in Dresden, painting, and was then going to Paris to continue her work. She missed seeing Jessie Hill when in Paris, though Jessie was there for two months.

SUE BROWN visited the Colburns in the summer, at their home on the Delaware, just outside of Delaware City, and had a splendid time. Sue was also at Mr. Vernon, N. H., for awhile.

Annie Merryman, she says, is engaged to Mr. Will Constant of Newburgh, N. Y. Annie was in a house when it was struck by lightning and received some injury to her eyes in consequence, but their condition is improving now.

MAY McLAUGHLIN sailed for Paris with her brother in September.

CARRIE COBURN and Mr. Louis M. Baggs of Attleboro are engaged.

GRACE DYER has been traveling for some time on the continent, — Germany, Switzerland and Italy. Is to remain in Florence for awhile to take vocal lessons of the renowned Vannucini.

AMY HALL is engaged to Mr. John Smith of Pittsfield.

MAMIE CARTER STODDARD writes happily of her little boy, Alfred, going to school. Almost thirteen years old, she says (Who would ever believe it!) She is pleasantly situated. Family well, and Mamie stout but not strong.

MARY FISHER writes that the “plenty-of-time” clause belongs far more to the years of school life than to those following. (So we all find, Mary). Her mother is an invalid, and Mary finds herself very busy. She mentions seeing Lois Soule, and of hearing often from Lila Warren.

BELLE BRAGDON received her Chautauqua diploma this year. She lives with Mrs. Fisher, in Pulaski, N. Y. Mrs. Fisher has become nearly blind, and relies much on Belle. Belle thinks she may visit friends in New York this winter and perhaps come to Lasell. We hope she may do so.

MISS ROTH writes that she is much improved, and longs to be back with us. Tells of pleasant journeyings and lovely scenes. Has a good word to say for Lasell to friends here and there, and sends love to all of you.

EDNA DICE is winning laurels as a singer, in her western home.

HELEN THRESHER goes to Orangeburgh, S. C. to teach. Our best wishes go with her.

FROM Bettie Aston Kennedy comes a pleasant description of a visit to the old home, and a chatty little bit about those who make both the old home and the new. She, like the rest of you

Lasell matrons, has married "the best man in the world." Lasell girls make it a rule, I think, never to marry any other sort of man.

DID you hear how narrowly Mabel and Stella Englehart escaped a dreadful death last summer? It was during an unfortunate boating expedition at Lucerne. We are very thankful that the affair was no worse than it was. The girls are now at Inselstrasse, No. 26, Leipsic, Germany.

HATTIE WILLIAMS WILSON thinks she may visit Boston this winter. Anticipates seeing Lasell friends at the World's Fair, and suggests a rallying-point for all Lasell girls. (Good idea. Propose a plan, Hattie). She speaks of seeing May Williams and family in Des Moines, and anticipates seeing Jessie Lee Hills of same city soon. Nellie Canfield Cunningham lives very near her, she says. Nellie has two boys and Hattie two girls.

GRACE McLAUGHLIN writes that, notwithstanding poor health and ailing eyes, she has worked away till graduation, and proposes now spending some time in Europe — a reward for her sturdy pluck in battling with difficulties. Will study vocal music in Paris or Berlin.

ALICE MAYO HICKS is vitally interested in prohibition, the people's party, State conventions, and such spirit-stirring things. These will do very well till "the best man in the world" comes around, then the wind will veer, eh, Alice?

INEZ BRAGG is engaged to Mr. Arthur H. Johnson, of West Medford. Inez says she hears often from Florence Durfee.

SUE FLATHER spent a part of the summer at The Weirs, N. H.

KITTIE M. VAN HUSAN was at Berkshire Hills during the summer. She and Mr. Van Husan had, last winter, a delightful three months' trip through California, Washington, and Oregon. At Coronado she met Grace Fibley. Hopes to see many friends as they go to the World's Fair. "Detroit is such a convenient half-way place."

ALICE LINSKOTT HALL was here with her two charming children for a day or so during vacation. She was on her way to her home in the West. Is much better since her return from Germany.

ELIZABETH DAY tells of friendly visits from Laura Hutton, Rose Best, and Lillie Eddy, and the merry times they had. Jennie Brown, she says, is in Manitou for her health, after her long illness in the spring. Speaks of seeing a picture of Laura Munger Ninde and baby. Mr. Ninde's health is poor, and they've taken a ranch "six miles from a dwelling," where they will live this winter. Saw Tassie Johnson Burt some time ago. Tassie lives in Middletown, Conn. Elizabeth would like to hear from Gertrude Penfield and Etta Stafford. Says she often hears from Jennie Brown. Sue and herself, she says, keep very busy, and are very happy.

ETTA STAFFORD says: "My visit to Denver this summer was like a Lasell reunion, I saw so many of the old girls, though I was so unfortunate as to miss Nena Williams. Carrie Brown Cassell and I had several enthusiastic talks about our alma mater. Carrie's boy would be the loveliest baby in the world if all babies were not just that."

A MOST delightful break in the Principal's vacation stay at the seminary was made by the too brief visit of Bertha Morrison, of Chicago, a pupil here in 1882, who was here two days. How welcome she was it is thought she will never guess. Bertha came to New York as a delegate to the great Christian Endeavor Convention, and made the trip from New York to Lasell to see the old place and her friends. A good example. Bertha is busy with good works after her two and one half years stay abroad. She looks not a day older than when here. Go thou — no — come thou and do likewise.

MR. BRAGDON has occasional applications for teachers. If any graduates of Lasell wish to teach they may send their names to him and he will help all he can.

AMONG those who called at Lasell during vacation were Miss Gilmore, Miss Johnson, Miss Bertha Morrison, Miss Nan Peabody, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Pennell, Miss Frances Foster, Miss A. N. Magoun, Miss Eva Judd, Miss Grace Dyer, Mrs. Folsom, Miss Jennie Darling, Miss Carrie Hinkley, Miss Martha B. Fowler, Mrs. Sabin, Miss Sue Brown, Miss Amy Hall, Miss Marietta Rose, Miss Ada Langly, Miss Edith Kimball, Miss Clara White, Mrs. Alice Linscott Hall,

Miss Merriam Miss Annette McDonald, Miss Le Huray, Miss Clementina Butler, Miss Hawes, Miss Daisy Curtis, Miss Flossie Stedman, Miss Mary Cole, Miss Helen Winslow, Dr. B. H. Vincent, of Colorado, father of Leon Vincent, who has lectured here so successfully, Mrs. Cooks, former principal of Wesleyan Academy, Mrs. Dyer, Grace's mother, Miss Jean Edgerton, and Mrs. Addie Johnson and Harry (a bouncer) who may come hereabouts to settle.

BELLE HORTON visited Grace Shellabarger on her way home from school, in Washington.

FLORENCE PALMER sailed for Europe the first week in July.

MABEL LORD spent her summer at Spring Lake, N. J., and Lake Champlain, and is now visiting Grace Shellabarger.

LUCY SAMPSON will spend the winter in California. Katharine and Fanny Watson, and Lois Soule, are home from Europe.

EMILY AND SUSANNE ROWE, and Gussie Pfau, spent the month of August at Rogers Park, Lake George.

EVA BOND is on her way home from Europe.

THE SCHINDLERS and Lena Hurgren have been abroad, chiefly on account of Carrie's health. Mr. Schindler has returned; the others go to Paris,—Lena to finish French, and Carrie to take lessons in instrumental and vocal music. While in Naples they studied music and Italian, besides "doing" all the interesting places thereabouts.

WE were grieved to hear of the death, in July, of Helen Medsker's aunt, Mrs. Frank Foster, of Kansas City. Her death is a sad blow to Helen, who has long been under her care. She was a noble woman, and much beloved by all who knew her.

FROM LILLIE EDDY come reports of housekeeping duties, and pleasant summer trips here and there. The home folks are improving in health. Was sorry she was unable to be with us on Commencement Day. So were we; but come this year.

MISS LE HURAY favored us with a glimpse of her cheery self this month. She reports favorably of the health of her father and mother, and speaks of having her missionary sister home with

them again. She says that Grace Preston and Mary Coe took a vacation trip to England and Scotland.

MISS LUCY TAPPAN wrote that she expected to spend the summer in England.

ALICE VAN HARLINGEN is now living in McKee's Rocks, Pa., near Pittsburg, whither they were led to go in hopes of helping her back to health and strength again. Indiana was not good for her. She is regaining health now. She says her little Louise is very like her mother, and a bright little body.

JENNIE RICH found pleasure and rest in her work during the summer with the twenty little chicks of her school, about which she wrote us.

NENA WILLIAMS took a summer trip to Denver.

FANNY HANSCOME HERBERT has a nice new home and is very happy, we hear.

ONE of the pleasant surprises of the vacation was the call of "Mrs. Bailey from St. Paul, Minn.," as the door-girl said it, but who turned out to be Florence Bailey of Erie, Pa., Class of '87. Who will however hereafter be reckoned as belonging to St. Paul whither she is going, after a three weeks visit in Erie, to keep house for her brother Frank. She had just arrived from her fourteen months stay in Europe; since last September in Paris. She talks French like Mr. Bragdon or, say, like a native Parisian. She looked things over but was in a hurry to see Lizzie Burnham and would not break bread. She says "you had the new seats in chapel, swimming and the drill the very next year after I left. Three good things which I have always thought you might have had when I was here." Florence's new address will be in the LEAVES as soon as she and her brother decide where they will make their home. Let the Minneapolis girls notice and make her welcome in the twin cities.

CARRIE FOSTER met with a sad loss in the death of her father, in Waltham, during the summer. We sympathize with her sorrow.

NAN PEABODY, with her Will, and Grace Fribley and her Harry called in passing. Somehow Nan hasn't given much of her time to Lasell this trip, tho' considerable of it has been spent in this vicinity. Anyhow, she is our dear old Nan, all of her, except — that is (h) all!

HELENE DAVENPORT has another daughter. Congratulations. Laura Conger Anderson goes to Brazil with her father, the Brazilian minister from this country.

FANNY FOSTER, of Terre Haute, Ind., and her sister (who may sometime come to Lasell) spent a Sunday here on their way to Simsbury, Ct., where they expected to pass the summer, or a part of it. Fanny looked well, and is one of the credits of Lasell, of which she is justly proud — only she ought to have stayed longer to get a full benefit.

A MIRACLE. — Girls, who do you think took tea with us in July? You'd never guess. Alice Magoun of '78! And she seemed real well. Made nothing of walking to station and all over Lasell and says she is all right! And such a siege of illness as she has had. It is a miracle of healing, and I am so glad for the dear patient girl and her people. She visited in Newton and Boston and was just the "little Alice" of a dozen years ago. God be thanked.

By a happy coincidence Eva Bragdon Judd, of Englewood, Ill., was here, visiting Anna, at the same time with her womanly little Mabel, now 8 years old. Think of that! Eva looks very well and is doing splendidly in her Englewood School. They honored Lasell together at tea.

AN ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPH.

ONE of the prettiest views of the Seminary grounds we have ever seen was presented to the Lasell collection during the summer by Dr. Geo. A. Bates, a most welcome new comer to our village, an eminent dentist by profession, and a good many nice things by way of recreation. The doctor knows how to take a photograph, a thing which Mr. Rich cannot always guarantee to impart in his course of lessons. The mere suggestion of the building, the gradation of light, the long vista of walk, all show the artist at work.

MARRIED.

MISS EMMA F. BELCHER, of Freeport, Me., to Mr. George Edwin Coombs, at her home, on Wednesday, June 15, 1892. Miss Belcher was at Lasell '81-'83.

MISS HARRIET E. WHITMARSH, of Neponset, to Mr. William Ingle Dewson, June 15, 1892. Mr. and Mrs. Dewson will live at Wollaston, Mass. She is a Lasell girl of '87-'88.

MISS WINIFRED R. ADAMS, of Portland, Me., to Mr. Harold Harris Hamilton, of Concord, N. H. Miss Adams was at Lasell during the years '84-'87.

MISS JOSEPHINE WALLACE, of Rochester, N. H., to Dr. Robert Vaughn Sweet, on Tuesday, June 28, 1892. She was with us from '85 to '88.

MISS MARION PIERCE, of Attleboro, Mass., to Miles L. Carter, of New York, June 30, 1892. She was here in '86-'87.

MISS ANNA SMITH, of Tonawanda, N. Y., to Mr. Oscar William Maxwell, on Wednesday, July 6, 1892. Their home will be in Indianola, Iowa. Miss Smith was one of our girls in '86.

MISS ADELAIDE S. SPARKS, of Lee, Mass., to Mr. Everett H. Newcombe, on Tuesday, July 12, 1892. She is one of the girls of '86-'88.

MISS HELEN WESTHEIMER, of St. Joseph, Mo., to Mr. Eli Cahn, on Tuesday, July 12, 1892. In '84 and '85 Miss Westheimer was at Lasell.

MISS MARGARET LUELLA BROWN to Mr. Russell Lambert Dunn, at Sacramento, on Tuesday, July 26, 1892. She is a Lasell girl of '82 and '84.

MISS GRACE SEIBERLING, of Ackron, Ohio, to Mr. William Sabin Chase, on Tuesday, Sept. 1, 1892. She was with us in '85-'87.

MISS MARIE SHELLABARGER, of Decatur, Ill., to Mr. Andrew Smith Crowder, on Wednesday, Sept. 7, 1892, at her home. Mr. and Mrs. Crowder will live in Spokane, Wash. She was here in '89-'91.

MISS EDITH FARLEY, of Auburndale, Mass., to Mr. Henry Whitmore, 2d, on Tuesday, Sept. 20, 1892. They will live in Boston.

MISS DESDEMONA MILLIKIN, of Decatur, Ill., to Mr. Jno. L. Bevans, on Thursday, Sept. 22, 1892. Their home, during the fall and winter, will be in Chicago. Mrs. Bevans is a graduate of '92.

MISS MARY EVA WOODWARD to Mr. Frederick S. Woodward, on Sunday, Sept. 25, 1892, at Washington, D. C. Miss Woodward was here in '83.

MISS MARY FRANCES NOYES to Mr. Frederick Lester Starrett, on Wednesday, Sept. 28, 1892, at Natick, Mass. She was a Lasell student in '82-'86.

MISS NELLIE MARIA LORD to Mr. Frank Herbert Hargraves, on Wednesday, Sept. 28, 1892, at West Buxton, Me. Miss Lord was at Lasell in '83-'84.

MISS RHODA TRIX NINDE to Mr. Clarence Allen Ross, on Thursday, Sept. 29, 1892, at Oskaloosa, Ia. Mr. and Mrs. Ross will live in Kansas City, Mo. She was here in '89-'90.

MISS JESSIE SNYDER, of Collingswood, Md., to Dr. Howard Paxton Collings, on Monday, Oct. 3, 1892. Mrs. Collings is a sister of Grace Snyder, of this year.

MISS JESSIE M. BAXTER to Mr. Frank Blymer Black, on Oct. 5, 1892, at Mansfield, Ohio. Miss Baxter was here in '90-'91.

MISS CARRIE E. FISHER to Mr. Walter Leslie Mellen, on Oct. 5, 1892, at Fisherville, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Mellen will live in Worcester. She was a student here in '90-'91.

MISS LILA HART COLEMAN to Mr. Fred. W. Hart. Their home is in Halifax, N. S. She was here in '85-'86.

Cards are out for the wedding, on the 19th of October, of Miss Grace E. Conklin, of East Hampton, Ct., to Mr. Frank Welch Bevin. She was a Lasell girl of '84-'85.

EXCHANGES.

"THE things that cost most are the things that are given to us." — *The Bates Student*.

THE following colleges have opened with an increased number of students and instructors, and in most cases with enlarged curriculums. Bowdoin has a total of 190 students; Amherst has a Freshman class of 150, the largest in her history, while Williams will have about 100; Tufts and Brown expect a total of 200 and 500, respectively, and Harvard will have 450 Freshmen; Wellesley reports 733 enrolled, the Freshmen numbering 221. — *The Phillipian*.

OUR VENERATED RELICS. — The custodian of what had been Garibaldi's straw-stuffed bed in Ischia was heard to mutter, on seeing a lady carry away a few straws as a relic, "They will do it! I've stuffed it six times already since the General left." — *The Colby Echo*.

WE see by the *Seminary Record* that the graduates of ninety-two chose the cap and gown in place of the fancy silk dresses for commencement. Thinking black too sombre, and as their class colors were white and gold, the long robe was of white and the white cap adorned with a yellow silk tassel. They surely must have seen our Juniors beforehand and planned accordingly.

COLLEGES are said to increase in the United States at the rate of fifteen per year. The trend is evidently toward higher education. — *Rockford Seminary Magazine*.

WHEN I see planets shining in the skies,
I do not in poetic raptures fall,
Or liken them unto my sweetheart's eyes. —
I shouldn't care for yellow eyes at all.

The Harvard Advocate.

THE University of Leipsic will admit women for the first time this year. Six women are enrolled among the students, and four of these are Americans. — *The Student*.

THE students of Oberlin College are to run a hotel at the World's Fair in order to secure funds to erect a gymnasium. — *The Student*.

THERE are seventy-two places called St. Etienne in France, and thirty towns called Washington in America. — *University School Record*.

HE (*of Boston*): Professor Skihigh is going to lecture on sun spots tomorrow.

SHE (*of Chicago*): Well, if I thought he could tell of a real, sure cure for them, I'd go to hear him, I freckle so easily. — *High School Annual*.

THE University of Pennsylvania has decided to found a "travelling scholarship in architecture," yielding an annual income of one thousand dollars, which will enable the holder to travel through Europe and study the best methods of architecture. — *The Bates Student*.

LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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LASELL LEAVES.

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WE are soon to celebrate the day set apart by the governor as a day for the rendering of thanks to the bountiful Father who has provided us with so many rich testimonials of his love and care. Here in the heart of New England it is considered the day of days. On Thanksgiving Day it is that all the children meet once more in the dear old home. Grandchildren and great-grandchildren romp through the silent halls, and the old people go back for this one day to the time when their little ones, now gray-headed men and women, played just so in the happy long ago. This day, so full of joy and feasting, however, is not without a touch of pain. There is a gentle sigh, a loving word of remembrance for those who are gone, perhaps, to an eternal thanksgiving; and mother always keeps an empty place in her heart as she misses one beloved face about the festive board. The custom of stopping for one day of quiet praise, out of the busy year, is a beautiful one. We like to think of it as handed down to us from our sturdy and God-fearing Pilgrim fathers. We like to think of that first Thanksgiving Day, and all that it meant to honest John Bradford when he appointed it. It is one of our national blessings, all our own. Then let us celebrate it with joy and unite heartily in the Thanksgiving hymn, —

"To our bountiful Father above
Let us offer our tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days."

IN a recent account in a magazine I saw that the Spanish people were indignant because the Queen Regent refuses to allow her baby boy to witness the bull fights. We all applaud the firm-

ness of the young mother in thus braving the displeasure of the multitude, and refusing to foster a love of cruelty in the wee king who will some day need to be all that is wise and good. And we regard a nation that would demand such a thing as almost barbarous. But what must we think when, in our own enlightened America, a few months ago, every paper was filled with great pictures and columns of reading matter concerning the men who were soon to engage in a brutal attempt to almost kill one another. And the thousands of dollars for which they fought were furnished by men who paid liberally for the pleasure of witnessing this spectacle? And on the day when the prize fight occurred, in a paper containing page after page of news about this affair, I found in an obscure corner a short notice stating that John Greenleaf Whittier was dead. Now the papers print the news which is of most interest to the public. Does this mean then that we as a nation care more about the outcome of a *prize fight* than we do about the loss of that poet whom we proudly call our own, and on whose brow we have placed the laurel crown of a nation's love and honor, — the fairest one we have to give? If this love of the savage still exists, and we can scarcely deny that it does, do not such contests strengthen and foster it? Alas that there should be encouragement for such things in a country which we think the fairest and most beautiful that ever God's sun shone upon.

J. G. WHITTIER.

THIS year has seen some of our best and oldest writers lay aside their pens for the last time.

The death of Whittier, although not unexpected, was a sad loss to the whole country. The poet was born in Haverhill, Mass., in December, 1807. His parents were Friends, and led a quiet, simple life.

From his poems we find pictures of himself, in the "Bare-foot Boy" we read, "I was once a bare-foot boy!" Next this same "little man" is found busy in the little "school house by the road."

Then in "Snow Bound" we find a description of the New England home life, which gives a good idea of the home surroundings that so influence the after life. He worked on the farm and

studied for eighteen years, and became editor of the American Manufacturer.

In common with the Friends, generally, Mr. Whittier abhorred slavery, and many of his best efforts were in behalf of the oppressed people.

During the excitement previous to the war he was appointed secretary of the American Anti-slavery Society and soon after became editor of a Philadelphia paper published by that society. After the freedom of the slaves he resumed his quiet work again, giving to the world true representations of life and thought among the hills. He was always writing poems for public occasions and was in sympathy with every good work. His aim was truth. It has been said that he lacked passion, but there was no lack of it in his desires to see righteousness prevail in the land!

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

As we were driving along near the edge of the cliff, we noticed, far down the ravine, a house, old and dilapidated, standing close to a dark, swift stream, which dashed against its grassy banks, and churned itself into foam around the smooth, glistening rocks which rose here and there above the surface of the water.

The house seemed completely deserted, not even a bird perched on the roof or on the broken-down door-step.

The blinds hung on one hinge, and seemed ready to drop at the least touch. The door, also, battered by wind and rain, swung inside, and just at the edge of the step stood a low rocking-chair, at least the legs and rockers, for the rest had sunken in, and the back lay across it. But what aroused our interest and curiosity most was a long, narrow grave almost in front of the door-step.

A rough wooden cross made of two sticks nailed together stood at the head.

A clematis vine, probably planted there years before, clung to the cross almost covering it with its dark green leaves and purple blossoms.

A little further down the stream stood an old mill, even more in ruins than the house.

As we seemed so interested and so curious about this lonely place, our driver offered to tell us the story.

Years before his mother and father were grown there had come to this place a young man and his bride.

The husband seldom came to the village, the wife never. One day the clatter of the mill was heard and he was seen at work there, but it evidently did not suit him as it was never heard again. Often the countrymen villagers saw them together in the woods. Sometimes he would be fishing and she sitting on the bank by his side, talking and laughing in her pretty, bright way. At other times they were seen hunting, he with his rifle over his shoulder and she carrying the game bag or a box of cartridges. Whatever they were doing they were always together.

They seemed perfectly happy and contented, especially the wife, who had the face of a happy child. One day, contrary to his habit, the young man, with his gun and fishing tackle on his shoulder, got into a small canoe and paddled down the stream without his wife. She stood in the doorway looking after him until he disappeared around a bend in the river. Then she drew a low chair to the doorway and sat down to her sewing, humming a little foreign air as she worked, often looking down the stream as if watching for her husband's return. Night and morning came but he did not return. For days she sat in the doorway watching. At last some of villagers wishing to help her, came to her and begged her to come to the village or let some one stay with her, but she did not answer, and the dark eyes never left the path where she had last seen her husband. Perhaps she did not understand, at any rate she made no sign that sympathy or help was needed and at last they were discouraged and left her. A few weeks after that a tall foreign looking man came to the village and inquired after the Englishman and his wife. He was directed to her lonely house, but evidently had little more success than the villagers, for he left the same day and never came again, but always after that a box, probably containing provisions, came to her at stated intervals.

She never changed: every day she sat in the doorway sewing, every little while looking down the pathway, and sometimes walking down to the bank of the stream, she would shade her eyes with her hands and gaze long and earnestly into

the distance. Then turning with a sigh she would go back to her chair and listlessly resume her work.

The years came and went. The beautiful girl was a woman, old with white hair, but the sad, dark eyes were always the same, and she still sat in the doorway waiting, waiting.

One evening just as the last bright rays of the sun disappeared behind the tall pines, one of the villagers came that way and found her sitting, as always, in her chair in the doorway — the work had fallen from her hands and the dark eyes were closed but a glad sweet smile rested on the tired lips. He had come at last.

They buried her there by the door step, and some pitying hand put up the rude cross at her head and the purple clematis she had planted years before twined itself lovingly about it, covering it with a profusion of purple bells as if to remind us that into a life made utterly lonely and dark and wretched had come all the light and love and happiness of the "Golden City."

THEN.

WHEN they sit with downcast eye,
Softly simper, sadly sigh;
When his accents flush her cheeks,
Though they tremble as he speaks;
When she views with look intense
Every card the maid presents;
When he hides a rose or glove —
Then be sure "they are in love."

When she treats him as her own,
Haughty scorn in every tone;
When she orders him about,
With a little frown and pout;
When she flatters in a breath,
And torments him most to death,
Till he bites his lip enraged —
Then be sure "they are engaged."

When she wears her oldest clothes,
Gowns that never match her hose;
When he comes home late at night,
Says her bonnet is "a fright";
Takes the best of every dish,
Disregards her every wish,
Neither to be coaxed or led —
Then be sure that "they are wed."

S.

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

HEIDELBERG, GERMANY, July 25.

AFTER many trials and tribulations in the way of missing train connections and having baggage left behind, I succeeded in reaching New York and the Hoboken pier in season to sail with my friend Miss Roth, on the *Veendam*, June 18.

The weather was not as pleasant as we could have wished for the voyage. Rain or fog prevailed eight out of the twelve days. Nevertheless, after the first forty-eight hours I was very happy.

We were landed in Rotterdam June 29, and then followed three very enjoyable days in Holland. The canal boat from Rotterdam to Delft showed us the picturesqueness of the country and the habits of the people in a measure which we should have lost had we gone by rail. One thing particularly worthy of note, and which added to the pleasure of our trip, was the fine clear voices of the male peasants, who, in an off-hand way, whistled together or sang Mendelssohn's tunes.

A good part of one day was spent in The Hague museum, where we feasted our eyes well on Rembrandt's wonderful "Anatomy," and Paul Potter's "Bull." Next Scheveningen was visited by tram (horse car) from The Hague. For two miles we rode through the most beautiful avenue of old oaks. Imagine three rows of these on either side with the sun's rays playing in among the branches.

Leyden and Katwik-aan-Zee were our next points of interest, and the last mentioned place I want to tell you about. Our main object here was to see the dikes of Holland. Arriving about 6.30 P. M. we found a very quaint little fishing town. The narrow streets paved, but without sidewalks were alive with people who eyed us curiously.

Addressing first one boy, then another, to inquire the way to the dikes, several gathered about but none could help us out since no person could speak either French, German, or English. Finally, my friend in desperation gave them a mixture of bad English and bad German well shaken together. Her lingual ingenuity succeeded, and we had in response a volunteer to carry our bag and show us the way. His friends shouted after him, laughing at and joking him as we started off. He was a good-natured middle-aged man. We learned that he was a skipper

and was going to Scotland the next day. He told us the name of his ship, his own name, all his seven children's names, and demanded as much in return, asking about our family and personal interests in general. My friend told him she was a teacher and her friend a doctor. He looked rather questioningly over the latter statement as if he were not quite sure he had understood correctly.

After seeing the flood gates at the mouth of the old Rhine and the dikes, I wandered off alone and sat for some time on top the highest dune, watching the sun set over the sea and the restless motion of the incoming tide. My mind wandered back to the old Merrimack school days, the teachers and scholars there with whom I had struggled over geography. Little, then, did I expect the day would ever come when I should see with my own eyes these subjects of study.

During my absence and meditation Miss Roth and the guide had been entertaining and being entertained by a group of natives who had gathered about. On our way back to the station we hailed a woman carrying a pail of milk and refreshed ourselves therefrom. Just here our guide's wife and youngest daughter saw us returning to the village and appeared on the scene. There was about a half hour yet to wait for the train. The woman suggested to him that he should invite us to their hut. He did so, and his eyes fairly danced with joy as we accepted, the place being near by the station.

Before entering the hut each slipped his feet out of the wooden shoes. It was done so easily we might not have noticed it had they not been left directly in our path. Inside was a tiny little kitchen, a good sized living room neat and homelike. Their beds were built into the walls, and shut off from the living room by doors which we had first thought to be closet doors.

The little girl and I were fast getting acquainted when the father suddenly asked my friend if I were really a doctor. Being assured that such was the case, he set out to confide in us concerning his anxiety for the frau.

His delicacy of expression combined with tender love and interest for his frau was touching. I happened to have with me just the medicine I would desire. The eagerness with which he re-

ceived it and his apparent confidence in me (a total stranger) was really pathetic.

A crowd of their neighbors gathered about us as we started once more for the station. They escorted us to the train and there waited for our departure. Crowded as close to the car as they could get, I counted forty in all, men, women and children. As the train signalled for starting, we shook hands with the old ladies. All waved their hands to us; we our handkerchiefs to them. This pleased the children; they laughed as if they had never seen it before and chased alongside the train till they were outrun by its speed. This was indeed a day never to be forgotten.

Having spent the night at Leyden, we left by rail the next day for Cologne and were fortunate enough to have hotel windows looking directly upon the front entrance of the cathedral. We spent Sunday here and attended three services in the Dom.

July 4 was spent on the Rhine. As we went on the boat at 9 A. M. we thought of the boys in America as just beginning their day's celebration (for we here are about six hours ahead of your time), and I assure you the home friends were spoken of many times during the day. At 5 P. M. we landed and spent the night at Coblenz. Hotel windows faced the river and were directly opposite the bridge of boats and the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. Here my friend's father had met us, so everything at the hotel was in readiness for us when we stepped on shore.

Rising early the next morning we took a carriage drive to Capellen, a village consisting of a single row of houses facing the river. Here we each mounted a donkey and were borne safely up a beautiful winding and woody road to the chateau of Stolzenfels, one of the few restored castles on the Rhine. Returning to Coblenz in season for the 10 o'clock boat, we started for a second day's trip on the Rhine.

Beautiful as the scenery is between Cologne and Coblenz it is far surpassed in Grandeur by that between Coblenz and Bingen. July 6 found us in Heidelberg where I expect to spend the summer. Miss Roth went on to Vienna and I shall follow her in the fall.

With the hope that each one of my readers who

has not crossed the Atlantic may have that pleasure in the future, I bid you adieu.

JANE ELIZABETH HOYT.

As we entered the chapel at Lasell on the morning of Oct. 21, we found yellow and red flowers everywhere. Genoese flags of costly material flying, Spanish pennons adorned the organ, and the universal question was, "Where *did* all these flags come from?" but some of us knew that Mr. Shepherd was in Genoa last summer, so that in a measure explained the marvel. As we had no marching through the streets, the Faculty kindly permitted us to pursue our usual school programme, varied by a scholarly lecture in the afternoon from Dr. Fiske of Harvard. The English classes wrote about one hundred essays and poems upon the subject of Columbus, and we append a dramatic fragment in blank verse—result of the general enthusiasm of the day.

DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

COLUMBUS.

SCENE I. *Columbus walking in a retired part of the town*
Sta Fè.

'T is said the Lord doth chasten whom he loves,
But trials less than mine crush many a soul
To dust; thus buffeted on every side,
Thus jeered at by the great, and spurned
From palace walls, who would continue
Unavailing toils and waste his life
To pamper vain ambition?

The New World

Is the day-dream of my life; in visions
Of the night I see its fertile plains
And darkening woods of fragrant spice,
Half clear, half indistinct, like
Heaven's blue expanse seen dimly
Through changing, rifted cloud.

In youth,

When sailing o'er the boundless deep
And watching in the midnight gloom,
My fancy flew with lightning wings away
Far o'er the western wave; and fairy forms
Stood beckoning to pursue, and pointed me
To Fame's bright star. But how accomplish
My design and how reach the acme
Of my hopes, was next my thought.
Thought flies on fiery wings and scales
The skies, while matter plods along
The earth with weary steps.

Oft in my
 Nightly dreams did fancy cross the wide expanse
 And view the Hesperian wild ; but waking hours
 Imagination undeceived, and showed how futile
 Were my hopes. Means I had none, to test
 Its truth, and moneyless what could I hope to do ?
 My native country first I tried and uttered
 To the wondering Court the visions of my soul,
 But all in vain ! All things the menials thought
 Are obvious to the eye of sense, and genius
 To them is but an empty name.
 My suit I proffered next to Portugal
 And then to Spain. But now my hopes
 Are crushed. This long delay, I might have known
 Foreboded disappointment.
 The reckless Ferdinand thinks only
 Of his pleasures, and smiles in scorn
 At Genius's prophetic ken. But Isabella
 Is my guardian angel.

Methinks in her I see
 The lineaments of that misty form which
 Rode upon the midnight wave, and pointed
 O'er the distant sea, to wilds
 Yet unexplored. Still 't is in vain !
 She cannot give the aid she would,
 And yield to dictates of her noble soul.

[Enter a MESSENGER.]

MESS.

The Queen has sent in haste to call you
 To her Court, and asks your presence straight.

COL.

Your royal Sovereign holds me at her beck.
 Rejoiced to do the slightest service,
 I'll wait upon her Majesty. [Exit MESS.]
 What means this strange recall to Court,
 When once assured that all is vain,
 And needful help could not be found ?
 My heart forbodes success to all my hopes,
 And now I see accomplished all my plans.

SCENE 2. *The Spanish Court ; Isabella seated in state —
 Ferdinand at her right, and the nobles around. San-
 tangel advances to meet Columbus.*

Hail ! mighty man, whose name all ages
 Will revere, and place among their benefactors.
 Thy fame will last when earth's proud statues fall,
 And Immortality will claim thee all her own.
 Approach our royal mistress, and assume the place
 Thy due by talent and by virtue.

[Columbus is seated at the left of the Queen]

ISABELLA.

Columbus, I have sent for thee once more
 To discourse upon that glorious world
 Unknown, whose mysteries thy far-seeing eye
 Has laid before the world

Long ages

Have mankind lived on, and thought of self alone.
 Long ages has the golden sun shone o'er

The Western world, undreamt of, and unknown.
 To thee the Fates decreed to rend the veil
 That hides the Arcana of the West.
 Yes, now the time has come when mind
 No more will brook opposing bars,
 And pants for perfect knowledge.

COL.

Your Highness grants me lofty honor
 In presence of the court, thus speaking
 Of my deeds, me called Fanatic
 By the heedless crowd.
 But spite of damning scorn and vile abuse,
 Spite of the sneers of high and taunts of low,
 I'll onward in my high career, straight
 As the eagle to the sun. No, not till death
 Has chilled this frame and hushed
 This beating breast, will I one hour repose,
 Or else will reach the goal.

ISABELLA.

Well do we know thy active spirit,
 Ever on the wing, unwearied in mounting.
 With interest have we seen thy efforts
 Ever strained to reach the acme
 Of thy hopes, and though so often foiled,
 Still girded for another and another trial ;
 We once dismissed thee and thy claim,
 And thought we ne'er could grant
 The needed aid.

But fortune now puts on

A smiling face and we may hope
 To aid thee in this glorious enterprise.
 Yea, to obtain the means I've racked
 Invention to the farthest stretch, and now
 With all the jewels in my casket pawned,
 Stand ready to equip the little fleet.

COLUMBUS.

My noble Sov'reign, words cannot express
 My gratitude and joy at this unlooked for
 Happy consummation of my plans.

The goal is won, the object of my life.
 Methinks I see before me lie that land
 Of early aspirations and my childhood's dreams.
 Another term of labor and my work is done,
 And Spain, the mistress of two worlds,
 Shall rule in lands beyond the ocean wave.

SANTANGEL.

Queen Isabella, dost think thy subjects
 Will allow this sacrifice — will behold
 Their gracious sovereign thus deprive herself
 Of female luxuries to add to Spain's renown ?
 'T is said the Grecian heroines of old time
 Their flowing tresses tore away to furnish
 Cordage for defending catapults.
 Their country was at stake, and foreign foes
 Threatened the desecration of their households gods.

'T was nobly, nobly done.
But who has ever heard that Sovereign Queen
Has thus for future and uncertain good
Such noble self-denial shown?
And all for glory, too! All for her country's weal!
All to extend the glory of the Spanish name,
And plant her standard on an unknown soil.
Think not, my queen, that this may be —
But all the glory clusters round your brow.

ISABELLA.

Thanks, generous, high-minded man;
Naught shall delay the speedy preparation
For this great exploit. Attend me to
My Cabinet, where all our future operations
In private we will plan.

And thou, great Genoese,
Follow, too, thou mainspring of the plot,
On whom the action turns.

[The three pass out and the Court disperses.]

SCENE 3. *The Port of Palos. The fleet seen at anchor in the distance. Columbus and his crew.*

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THE AUTHOR'S DISCOURAGEMENT.

THE hardest work is writing,
As it is often said;
The pen is always driven;
The pencil must be lead.

The Brunonian.

LOCALS.

ELECTION RETURNS.

S. D. Society: —

| | | |
|----------------------------|-----------|-----------------|
| <i>President</i> | | MISS CASE. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | | " WYKOFF. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | | " WATSON. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | | " SEAMAN |
| <i>Critic</i> | | " E. ANDERSON. |
| <i>Executive Committee</i> | | { " BOND. |
| | | { " DE BRULER. |
| | | { " J. JOHNSON. |

Lasellia Club: —

| | | |
|----------------------------|-----------|-----------------|
| <i>President</i> | | MISS SHORT. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | | " FOWLER. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | | " LATHROP. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | | " G. B. DAVIS. |
| <i>Critic</i> | | " SAWIN. |
| <i>Executive Committee</i> | | { " ARNOLD. |
| | | { " HANSON. |
| | | { " VAN SICKLE. |
| <i>Guard</i> | | " CHANDLER. |

WEDNESDAY evening, Oct. 12, the Harvard Triple Quartette, assisted by Mr. Mart Dow,

reader, gave an entertainment, under the auspices of the Senior Class. The affair was well patronized by outsiders as well as girls; the selections of the quartette were for the most part new and were all well rendered. Mr. Dow was as usual delightful and the entertainment proved in every way a success.

ALTHOUGH we had no holiday, Oct. 21, we were very fortunate in being able to hear so great an historian as Mr. John Fiske.

REPUBLICANS triumph at Lasell; 108 votes for Harrison, while Cleveland received only 50.

ONE of the pleasant events of the term was a Harvest Festival which occurred on the evening of October 22.

A bell summoned the school to the gymnasium, which was charmingly decorated with autumn leaves. Sheaves of corn and gleaming yellow pumpkins, scattered here and there, reminded one that the harvest time was at hand.

An orchestra, from the balcony above, discoursed sweet music for the dancing, and the gay throng of girls in their dainty gowns, made an attractive picture.

Refreshments were served, and all too soon came the hour for departure. On leaving the gymnasium each person was presented with a generous plate of fruit, while the quaint programme devised by our thoughtful Mr. Shepherd will serve as souvenirs of a pleasant evening.

WE are sorry that Mr. Spaulding's series of delightful lectures is over. Many improved the opportunity of hearing him at West Newton on "Our Italy: Picturesque California," the lecture which was to have been given here but was thought best to be changed to "The Amusements of the Romans," which we greatly enjoyed.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE AT LASELL.

IN accordance with a time-honored custom at Lasell we had an opportunity to vote in anticipation of the time when it shall be the universal privilege of our sex. Excitement raged because we were to take part in a presidential election, and none of us were excluded, although we cannot all boast the necessary twenty-one years.

We, as is the usual manner of our sex, were

ahead of time and cast our votes a day in advance of our more tardy brothers. That we could not materially influence the election troubled us not at all, and we entered our dainty blue silk booths and cast our vote as if a nation's fate hung on our decision of a candidate.

All the forenoon girls were heard cheering the various candidates, and heated discussions arose as to who was the better man, Harrison or Cleveland.

At 12.15 the polls were opened. They were in the "Gym," and the arrangement was, as nearly as I can describe, the following: A rope was extended from a poll at the other end of gymnasium. Between the wall and the rope were stationed in proper order, Miss Carpenter, who inquired the names, and Miss Sara Bond, who registered them. Then came booth No. 1. The voter, after receiving a slip of paper, passed on into the first booth. If it was occupied she went into the one beyond. Prof. Rich was pole protector, and he fulfilled his duty with characteristic fidelity. At the opposite end of the room sat Miss Clara Simpson and Miss Louise Hubbard. The former took the voter's name and the latter deposited the vote for her. Miss Helen Medsker and Miss Elizabeth Bennet kept guard at that end. Miss Medsker was heard to say to those who fooled around and were a disturbing community, "Those who can't behave like gentlemen may get away."

In the evening those who had been absent during the day, contrary to the regular election rules, were allowed to vote. When the votes had been counted Harrison was found to be the successful candidate. Then such shouts and cheering as were heard through the halls were really overpowering. Those who had been at the polls were kindly asked by Mr. Shepherd to partake of ice-cream and cake. So, with a few teachers, they assembled in the dining-room, and with many discussions, much laughter and talking, while tin horns were sounded from above by the girls who were not lucky enough to get any ice-cream, a very exciting day was brought to a close.

C. A. S.

SOME OF THE CHICAGO HOMES.

ONE day to see Chicago—or the best part of it—which is the Lasell girls and their folks! Too little? I should say it was, when their

homes cover a triangle from Orchard Street, North side to 727 Washington Boulevard West side to 47th Street South side, one day is too short. So I could not do all I wanted to, but I did all I could—and enjoyed every minute of it and was sorry that I could not reach some whom I specially desired to see. First, I sought at the Grand Pacific my old friend, Charlie Bannister's wife—Miss Kiesel's friend in Ogden. Not in. Then Lida Brooks' husband, Mr. Ressler. We had only business address and that wrong, whose mistake? Found right one in directory and went to it. Mr. R. out. Sorry, I did want to see Lida, that chubby faced little girl from Eaton, O., whom I can't imagine as a wife and mother, and her two children, but their home is on Orchard Street, North side, so I sigh and pass on.

Dorothy Chapman's mother gives me a warm greeting, but tells me Dorothy and Gracia Barnhart are in Detroit at an Annual Missionary Convention, to which they are delegates from the Young Women's Society. A good errand.

For the third time we find Hattie Clark Van Doren out. Is that girl never at home? I did want to see her for Auld Lang Syne.

Ava Rawleigh's mother gives me a loving message for her girl. Mrs. Davis and Delia make me feel at home at once and bring a surprise in the welcome shape of Mai Sutton, who is visiting Delia. They are expecting Fannie Lamme to spend the day. I stay longer than I ought, because I enjoy it so much, and to see Fannie, whom I just missed the day before at Evanston, where she was calling on the Rowe girls. Fannie seems to have begun early to see the Exposition!

Mrs. Davis says that Georgie Belle is all right and that she has no objection to Nellie's seeing "that young man."

Mr. Roesing himself opens the door for me at 328 Monroe Street and I don't wonder Clara is so proud of her papa. I see a little sister but she is too shy to look at me. Some one says Fan Barbour and Lou Sargent have been visiting in Chicago, but I don't remember whom. Now a long cable ride and lunch at Thomson's old restaurant where I used to get a snack when I worked in Chicago, in '68. Another cable to Fan L's hotel in the vain hope of catching her. Another cable to Dessie Millikin Bevans' new home where

I find Mrs. Dessie and her lord in fine spirits and hard at work. Bertha Morrisson gives her cordial greeting to the way-farer. She has just taken her ankle out of a cast and thinks it is all right. She looks fair as ever and sends love to Lestra. Then Helen Underwood is declared out, and Helen Gilbert's mother says Helen has gone to a missionary meeting (think of Helen at a missionary meeting!) and will not be back for some hours, whereupon H. walks in and we have a good talk and I receive a rash but cordial invitation to stay at that hospitable home with all my family, for my visit to the World's Fair! Helen was always a trifle reckless! She says Bess Harwood is going to marry a fine young man, but doesn't say anything about her own young man! Harriet Woodcock (DeWolfe) is as nice as ever and shows me the sweetest baby in Chicago, who, nevertheless, cries at me. So I go over to Lake Avenue and find Mrs. Fowler, Blanche's mother, who declares her girl is all right and tells me the family is about moving to 4561 where I will find Mattie. But I don't get time to go there. For I want to see Mary Hanson's home and it is getting dark. Out on Illinois Central to Kenwood and a brisk walk brings me to Rosalie and Josie and grandma who make me welcome. Rosalie tells me all about Mamie, and Josie sends a kiss to "his Mamie." How shall I deliver his tender loving message? Then a trot to Edith Gale and a too short call makes me know what a good time I would have there if time were not all gone, and another cable brings me — a half hour late — to a family dinner at Evie Vail Daggy's new home, where I get a very cordial greeting from the rest, but not very cordial from Evie herself.

What pleasant homes Lasell girls have and what nice families! I don't wonder Lasell is proud of its girls, do you?

At 11 o'clock P. M. I "fetch up" in Evanston, only sorry I have not another day or two to see the others. The Rowe girls look well and were busy entertaining each a young man when I called.

I was running about so I could not see other Evanston Lasellians except Jennie and Allie Gardner. Allie's baby was good to me and is one of the sweetest baby boys I have seen in a long time. Sorry to miss Mabel Fally who is teaching in the Evanston High School.

THE DEDICATION.

By the kindness of Director-General Davis we had access to the buildings, and by that of Chief Burnham, through my brother, to the best seats in the House of Ceremonies — The Great Hall of the Great Fair — What a sight it was!! It was worth the journey to see that vast multitude, which made me think of the "multitude which no man can number," which grew and grew from 8 o'clock to noon, and then waited and waited with the ponderous patience of a great power. It knew it could do what it came to do. It meant to do it, and could wait. It was the largest audience ever under roof and it was gathered in the most magnificent hall ever made on this planet!

The Coliseum held 80,000, but it was not roofed. This might hold twice that number and cover them all from the rain of heaven. And after that there would be room for troops of horses and regiments of soldiers upon the edges.

Think of thirty acres under roof without pier, column or support of any kind to break the vision. But how can girls think of acres! Think of a building five times as large as all the Seminary grounds, under cover and so filled with people that looking from above you see no floor, only heads and shoulders! Boston Common has forty-two acres. This building has forty-one under roof!

Music Hall holds 2,400. Here were fifty times as many and that not in three depths as in Music Hall, but all on one plane.

When the big orchestra played we, in the centre of the house, heard only the louder passages. That anything was being done by those hundreds of instruments was only to be guessed by the waving black arms of Theo. Thomas, like a fly's black legs in the distance.

When Bishop Fowler lifted up his hands and voice in prayer we could see the hands, but only in his loudest cries could we hear a voice, never any words. But we were comparatively near him — less than half the width of the building from him. His face could not be distinguished by the naked eye.

Enough for the vast proportions of this great hall.

The exercises were to begin at 12.30 — did

begin at 2.20 — and closed at 6.00. Only a very few of the audience heard or cared to hear. They were there to see and knew that they could buy all the speeches for two cents as they went home. So they climbed on chairs, in spite of old shoes, lunch boxes and expostulations hurled at their protruding heads and protecting umbrellas.

Cannon thundered on the lake front as the notables, escorted by regiments in company front came on double quick into the building. Even troops of cavalry made no noticeable noise as they galloped over the board floor.

The Marine Band at the farther end gives all the 4th of July tunes it knows. Cheers from some local section greet a favorite governor as he takes his place with his resplendent staff, but the sight of the day was the Chautauqua Salute of white handkerchiefs which greeted the popular General Davis as he led Vice President Morton to the seat of honor. The creation in so short a time of these really fine buildings, grounds and lagoons, where nothing was, is a marvel of achievement even to a Chicago man.

The half has not been told. We shall all wonder and admire more than we have dreamed.

ANOTHER ADDITION WHICH SEEMS LIKE SUBTRACTION!

Two made one — that does n't seem like addition, does it?

Yet we all like to see it done and I am no exception. A train two hours late brings us to Akron at 9 o'clock when the ceremony was to be at 8 o'clock. Shall we stop? Yes, for some Lasell girls will be there, and we will enjoy a glimpse of them, and show our good shall anyhow to this beloved family. So up the street we hurry to the large, brilliantly-lighted Seiberling home, whence five as good girls as one wants to know have come to Lasell. No time for dressing — into the crowded rooms we go in travelling garb, but are welcomed and made to feel at home at once. Hattie sees us first — Grace not long after, and presently we are at the feet of the radiant bride, our Mame, and her stalwart lord, from this time forth. Then Gertrude comes, and Kit and Addie Commins and — sure enough — Clifford

Warnock. It is delightful to see them all, and all looking so well and happy. Mr. and Mrs. Seiberling seem resigned to this *third* subtraction from their family circle this year! Three weddings in one year are more than most families can stand and yet have so much good wedding timber left as this!

Gertrude's husband, Frank, has just bought the next house to the Seiberling home and entertained us for the night, and in the morning we saw their three darlings! And dear little darlings they are, too! Near by is the home of the Henrys, where we found Mrs. H., but the girls, Martha and Grace, were doing the duty Lasell likes to have its girls do — marketing. Grace afterward caught us at the station and gave us a welcome glance at her friendly face. A drive past Hattie's homey home (which Grace and Mr. Chase are just now sharing) and Addie Commins' extensive place, and various parts of the wide lying town, brought us to the station for the 9 o'clock train.

Time all too short for a visit very, *very* pleasant.

MARRIED.

MISS MARIA B. MOGER, of Mt. Kisco, N. Y., to Mr. G. Fred Starbuck, Tuesday, Oct. 18, 1892. Miss Moger was here in '87-'88.

MISS RELIANCE JONES, of Sandwich, Mass., to Mr. Henry Allan Bourne, Jr., Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1892. She was at Lasell in '84-'88.

MISS MARY SEIBERLING, of Akron, O., to Mr. Henry Bothamley Manton, Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1892. They will live in Akron. She is a Lasell girl of '88-'89.

MISS MARY WEST PRICKETT, of Edwardsville, Ill., to Mr. Harrison Irving Drummond, on Tuesday, Nov. 22, 1892.

Mrs. Drummond is a sister of Georgia Prickett of '85.

MAUD OLIVER writes that Luie Jones is married, but forgets to tell us to whom, except that he is from Brooklyn, where they will make their home. Oct. 19 was the wedding day. A quiet, but a very pretty wedding, says Maud, who was there. Maud is getting to be quite a business woman. That's good.

WE sympathize with Mary Fisher, who has recently lost her mother, Mrs. Chas. E. Fisher, and with Mary Loomis, whose dear father has passed away.

IDA MACK MANSFIELD writes us the sad news of Estelle Gould's death in Rockville, Conn., of typhoid fever, October 21. Ida hopes to see "her old Lasell home" again. We shall give her hearty welcome.

NEWS comes through Elizabeth Campbell of Millie Robert's death from scarlet fever, in N. Y., last winter. Millie's sister, she says, died two days after. What an accumulation of sorrows!

PERSONALS.

FLORENCE DURFEE, during her stay at the Ohio Wesleyan College, two years ago, won a high place for herself and honor for Lasell by her good scholarship and lovely character. Florence Mann met her several times while there last year. Misses Haines and Silloway also visited at the college occasionally while Florence was there, and many a pleasant chat over Lasell doings did they have.

LIDA PECK is now in Kansas City with her invalid mother who, she hopes, may return home with improved health ere long.

INEZ BRAGG is at home again in Charlestown, Mass., for awhile, her health demanding a temporary rest from her business. We trust she will soon recover, though the cheery tone of her letter would seem to imply that she rather enjoys the situation, — not being ill, of course, but being at home.

MR. CHARLES W. SANDERSON, two or three of those exquisite water-colors are among the chief attractions of our picture gallery, dined at the Seminary recently. He is in good health and spirits. His studio, at 20 Beacon St., is always a treat for those who venture to intrude upon him there.

CARRIE BROWN CASSELL is spending the winter in San Diego, Cal., keeping house for her mother, and looking after her young Robert who is fourteen months old, walks every where alone, says a

few words in English and all the rest in Greek. He is a good-natured child and his mother's darling. She says, "this place (note dated Oct. 3) is a garden of flowers, and the slowest, deadiest place of its size I have ever been in. I am sitting with a thin waist on in the yard in the shade of a rose bush, the heliotrope bush full of blossoms, and the walk lined with English violets and shamrock, and a beautiful rosebush climbing all over the porch."

GEORGIA HATCH JONES, Irene says, is living in Chicago, and so is Genie Converse. The former she saw, but not her husband, nor yet Genie.

A BRIGHT and chatty letter from Florence Mann speaks of pleasant hours in teaching archery to "young ideas." We prophesy success for her. She has heard recently from Miss Farwell, now in Chile. She has seventy-eight pupils, which indicates busy hours, we think, for the teacher, at least. She finds the Chileans bright and intelligent, but with a low standard of morality.

FREDERICA ADAMS is happy in her lovely California home, the management of which she greatly enjoys.

MABEL FALLEY holds the position of secretary in the township High School at her home, and seems thoroughly to enjoy her work.

FLORENCE WELLS is filling the very responsible position of teacher of physical culture in the Cincinnati High and Intermediate schools. Is one of a corps of five teachers in this branch, and has work enough to give full play to her splendid energy.

WHERE do you suppose Susanne Baker is, girls? Away out in Indian Territory, principal of a school for half-blood Creek girls. She has five assistant teachers in her work, the plan of which includes cooking, housekeeping, and sewing. Susie seems to be quite delighted with her novel position and work.

MADELEINE MEEGAN's brother, Mr. F. W. Meegan, of Salt Lake, Utah, has a mammoth salt plant on the shores of the lake, from which he will doubtless realize a big profit. The Salt Lake Daily Tribune of Sept. 26, a copy of which was

kindly sent us, has an interesting account of the plant.

THE Senior Class provided good entertainment for lovers of song in the Triple Quartette concert, October 12. Mr. Mart Dow, the reader, by his well rendered selections made the occasion yet more delightful. Mr. Cady and Mr. Johnson dined at Lasell with their daughters, October 12, and attended the Glee Club concert.

LUCILE WYARD, now Mrs. Newbery, of Spokane, Wash., sends her card with a wee accompanying one bearing name Arthur Alex. Newbery, Jr. and date Aug. 12, 1892. We congratulate her. She suggests a Lasell trip out to the Yellowstone, and along the Pacific coast next summer. (It would be pleasant indeed!) Lucile's sister has been quite ill with typhoid.

MARY HAGAR writes of a long five months trouble with her eyes, which are, however, better now. She hears from Mollie Merrill, Bessie Phelps, Grace Griffin, Clara Eddy, and Alice Donallan. Alice, she says, is to study at Miss Chamberlayne's school, and Clara Eddy at Mrs. Cady's, in New Haven. Mary's sister met Dr. Hoyt abroad last summer. The doctor is studying medicine in Germany.

LAURA HUTTON, so Lucy Dudley tells us, visited Charlotte White in the summer, and plans to study music in N. Y. this winter. Lucy saw Grace Skinner at a concert at Worcester some time ago (Grace and her mother spent the summer in Shewsbury), and attended Carrie Fisher's marriage. She says she sees the Whitney girls occasionally, and that Nettie Woodbury visited them in the summer.

A TRIP to Russia and Finland, in company with her husband and her mother, formed part of Mary Ebersole Crawford's summer pleasure. They were guests of Dr. Crawford, Consul General, whose familiarity with the country and the language served to render their stay more than usually pleasant and profitable. Mary has a charming little home in Avondale and enjoys her housekeeping greatly.

NINA BURR is in Atchison, and will visit Anna Staley before returning home.

AMONG the many funny addresses which somehow have the luck to bring Lasell folks their packages from here and there was this one: Miss Marie McDonald, Lowell Inn, Anandale, Mass.

CARRIE KENDIG KELLOGG writes of a delightful summer sojourn at Sharon, Mass., with her husband, father, and mother, who had just recovered from a serious illness. Nan's chicks, she says, are "as brown and hearty as little Indians," and Nan herself has had the pleasure of a visit to Lilla Potter, at Mt. Vernon, N. H., calling also on Lizzie Whipple at her "farm" whence come, says Carrie, "all the good things at Young's Hotel." She (Carrie) was anticipating a visit from Lilla, and promised to bring her to Lasell. Do; it will be delightful.

A LETTER from Almena Seagrave speaks of changed plans and sundry longings for Lasell, where she says she was so happy last year. We are sorry to miss her from our number this year, and wish her all success in her new school.

JULIA COY is engaged to Mr. William Estey of Amherst.

SUE FLATHER writes cheerily of her pleasant summer at Lake Winnepesaukee, and hopes soon to see Lasell. We hope she will.

FROM Edith Gale we hear of enjoyable visits to Evanston folks. She was with Dr. Ridgaway and family for a while. Met Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon and saw several times Professor Bragdon's dear old mother, active and bright and lovable as ever, she says. Lue Sargeant visited Edith in the summer.

CARALINE EBERSOLE MARTIN writes happily of her dear home and bright life. She has had a long and trying illness but is much better, and when she wrote was housekeeper for her mother, who with Carrie's sister and her husband had gone to Europe. She tells, also, of a trip to Washington with her husband, where they visited Mamie Beach Schneider at her beautiful home.

MARY SHELLENBERGER HERKNESS sends two charming photographs, — one of herself, husband, and five-year-old boy, a bright little fellow with serious eyes; the other of little J. Stoddart Herkness alone, in the dignity of his five years. Thank

you, Mary. She met Mabel Olds at Atlantic City in the summer. Mabel's husband was with her. She has three little ones. Mary speaks of having been seriously ill, but is now almost well again.

MAY RICE is still much interested in her studies. She is planning for music, Delsarte, literature, French, and history this winter. Emily and Sue Rowe, she tells us, have been visiting Gussie Pfau. Nan Atkinson paid a visit to May Towle, but was taken very seriously ill while there. Nan has become very enthusiastic on the subject of art, since her trip abroad.

A SUDDEN illness prevented Grace Havens from coming to Lasell while she was East, but she plans coming "some time in the future." We hope it will be soon.

MARIE BROTHERTON is a student at Wooster University, Wooster, O., this year. We hope for her a pleasant and successful year's work.

ERRATA.—In October personals, Jessie Lee Hills should be Jessie Lea Hillis; Grace Fribley, Grace Fribley Pennell; Tassie Johnson Burt, Tassie Johnson Bent; Gertrude Penfield, Gertrude Penfield Seiberling; Miss Eva Judd should be Mrs. Eva Judd; Miss Ada Langley, Mrs. Frederick L. Briggs, and Mrs. Addie Johnson, Mrs. M. Woodbury Plumstead.

AMONG recent visitors were Miss Janette Brookmire, Mrs. G. F. Kellogg (Carrie Kendig), Mrs. Silas Pierce (Anna Kendig), and Mrs. Kendig; Mrs. James H. Webb (Helen Ives), Miss Susan Richards, Miss Lottie Eddy, Miss Ella Eddy, Mrs. Henry B. Manton (Mary Seiberling), Miss Edith Taylor, Mrs. Geo. E. Haskell (Blanche Jones) and her little girl, Miss Nelia Churchill, Mrs. J. R. Draper (Nellie Packard), Miss Blanche Busell, Mrs. Isaac Milbank (Virginia Johnson) and her little son, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Jewell of Bangor, Me., conference visitors; and Miss Mary Hazlewood.

THROUGH a letter to Mrs. Stewart we learn that Nellie Johnson is very enthusiastic over her work in music this year, — violin, piano, etc.

ELIZABETH MERRIAM is shining as a lecturer. Her popular stereopticon lecture, "Rambles East

and West," has met with such favor that the "one time" she intended to deliver it has expanded into five or six, and there's no knowing when she will be allowed to stop, so charmingly does she tell her story of the beauties of nature in the one quarter of the world, and those of art in the other. Lasell is proud of her.

WE were glad the other day to welcome Anna Lovering Barrett, who, with Gertrude Rice Thayer — both of the class of '81 — came to see her Alma Mater once more. Mrs. Barrett gave us a photograph of a chubby little rogue (Leonard Lovering Barrett), for the Lasell Rogues' gallery of Grandchildren.

MRS. JAMES H. WEBB (Helen Ives) also favored us with a call recently.

FROM Helen White we hear that, having thoroughly mastered book-keeping, she has now a good position at that business.

SUE SPARKS is still doing faithful work at Boston University.

NELIA CHURCHILL tells of altered plans and purposes, but adds, "I have laid up a grand stock of energy, and hope to fill my place in the world wisely and well." That has the true ring in it.

IRENE SANFORD has fallen in love with Chicago, and wants to go West to live. Visited in Colorado and Illinois during the summer and fall, among other places, Waukegan and South Evanston. At Western Springs, near Chicago, she met an old acquaintance of Professor Bragdon, — a Miss Bowen, — who knew him in Aurora, 'way back. Irene wants another reunion of Lasell girls this winter. Well, the one of last year certainly was delightful.

ANNIE WHITE goes to Lansing, Mich., to catalogue the college library there, — some fifteen thousand volumes.

AND here's a letter from Grace Shellabarger, who is to be at home this winter; she tells us Marie is very much pleased with her new home in the west. Grace kindly sends a photograph of a group of nine Lasell girls (including the bride), who were present at Marie's wedding; Marie Shellabarger Crowder, Grace and Corinne

Shellabarger, Nan Peabody, Mabel Lord, Carolyn Clarkson, Alice Platt, Myrna Lamson, and Alice? She says, "It does n't do us justice." No, of course not. Where's the photographer who *can* do Lasell's daughters justice? Still, it is a fine group of fine faces, all the same, and we are very glad indeed to have it.

NELLIE CANFIELD CUNNINGHAM writes the sunniest little letter, telling of her happy home, her good husband, and her two handsome bright boys, and dear mother. She remembers Lasell most kindly, and thinks of her days with us as bright and pleasant ones. She gives us a half-hope that we may some time welcome her here again. Let it be soon, Nellie.

Who's going to be married next? Why, Sade Hollingsworth, of course. Who else should it be? Mr. Ben Griffith Thompson is the fortunate possessor-elect of one of Lasell's best girls. It is to be a church wedding, she says, and on the thirtieth of Nov. She expects Grace Huntingdon to be with her then. Our heartiest congratulations.

MISS SARAH KNUTSFORD PEW to Mr. Wilbur Sargent Locke, at Gloucester, Mass., Nov. 8, 1892.

Miss Pew was a student here in '86-'88.

THE SCHEDULE.

WITH greater reverential awe
Than given e'er to force of law
We gaze, and nearly prostrate fall
Before this marvel on the wall,
The schedule.

More notice on its pages piled
Than e'er accorded teething child!
More pairs of eyes with look intent,
Their anxious brows above it bent!
That schedule!

With great expense of midnight oil,
Expense of time, and tedious toil,
'T was fashioned. Tell me who shall say
For how long chaos held her sway,
O schedule?

Force used, it yielded and complied.
Now, "infant French" walks side by side
With logic, grammar, physics, art,
And order reigns, ne'er to depart,
Ah, schedule!

The tortuous ways of half-taught youth
Have been explored at last, forsooth,
And students all now knowledge don
At hours as specified upon
The schedule.

A. B. in Ogontz Mosaic.

IM ZWIELICHT.

HE stood on the bridge at twilight,
As the clock was striking the hour,
When students should be in their quarters,
In professor's care and power.

But '94's handsome young sportsman
Stood rigidly firm and still;
He said he was watching the snow-white geese,
That swam down beneath him at will.

He stood a great while looking downward;
At times he would glance up the hill.
There surely could not have been geese up there,
But of course he kept watch for their "quill."

His watchfulness soon was rewarded,
For down on that beautiful creek,
Came a boat fairly filled with young ladies,
Whom he knew not, but thought he would speak.

In reply he received a short question;
The meaning was readily seen;
For one of them asked with an air of contempt,
If he'd ever seen anything green.

"Why, y-a-a-s," he suddenly uttered,
As he turned in rapid flight
For the sacred walls of Pinkney hall
Where he spent the rest of the night.

A firm resolve he made to himself,
When considering the "question" aright,
That all the sporting he afterwards did,
Should be done long after twilight.

D. E. C. in St. John's Collegian.

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

As the blessed Christmas time approaches every thing assumes an air of most delightful mystery. Everywhere you go there is a hurried hiding of suspicious looking bundles. A perfect fever of curiosity seems to have taken possession of every one, and when at last you are allowed to view the dainty bundles with an injunction not to untie the ribbons until Christmas morning, what a punching and shaking there is; and yet half the pleasure would be gone did we once know what was inside. As it is, Pandora was never more curious than we. All this is very delightful, of course, and, at Christmas time more than any other, we learn the true blessedness of giving. But alas! even this beautiful custom is becoming a mere exchange of commodities. Some one gives an expensive gift, and then we must economize on the friend we love, in order to return one quite as fine. To another we must give because she always gives us something, while to another whom we perhaps desire to remember, we cannot give because *she* always receives such expensive gifts that our unpretentious little offering would seem quite lost. It is not thus with all, however; into some a world of love is stitched with every bright colored thread, and the pretty trifle is a thousand-fold dearer for the thought of the loved one who made it.

This is the true Christmas spirit and if we only give the little presents that carry with them a heart full of love, be they the costly offerings of a well-filled purse or the patient work of loving fingers, they will be a fit accompaniment for Christmas carols and Christmas joy.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

I LOVE to recall a Christmas I once spent at a boarding-school in the State of Alabama. Our Christmas eve was duly observed by the mysterious excitement, surprises and interchange of gifts which, I suppose, will "go on forever." Cheerful wood fires blazed in mammoth fireplaces. Bands of singers came and went under our windows caroling of happy "Holy Night." Representatives of southern chivalry were graciously allowed to enter our school grounds to entertain us with an exhibition of fire works, and so effective was this display that we could have believed ourselves once more at a Fourth of July festival. For the entire week, appropriated to holiday festivity, a spirit of *dolce far niente* seemed to pervade every household. Heads of families abandoned all business pursuits and celebrated with mirth and song and good cheer. The colored servants seemed exempt from all rules, coming and going at their own sweet will; and yet abundant feasts graced the hospitable board, appearing and disappearing as by an enchanter's wand. Horseback riding was the favorite recreation of our vacation days, and in galloping over the hills, inhaling the perfume of the flowers and listening to the warbling of the birds it was difficult to believe that our friends at home were enjoying skating parties and sleigh rides over crisp dazzling snow.

Once again I found myself in a far off land, and celebrated Christmas with strangers in Germany. Here I found that no household was without the Christbaum, since trees of every size and price were brought into market and exhibited for sale in streets near by the attractive booths which lured the passersby. These open-air purchases are vastly superior to the crowded stores of our own land. Moreover, the German children do not expect a fortune to be lavished upon their gifts at Christmas. But they expect to hear admirable music, and to receive with their simple gifts suggestions for better behavior and the cultivation of finer manners. Admirable custom! Would that it could be successfully introduced throughout the civilized world!

It seems that the date of our Saviour's birth, Dec. 25, was only fully decided upon in the fifth century. Previous to this it had been a

movable festival and was often observed in connection with that of Epiphany.

All-hallow e'en usually began a series of festivals which lasted till Candlemas (the 2d of February). In the houses of the rich a "lord of misrule" was appointed, who made everything ready. The house was trimmed with greens, and the cooks were kept so busy filling the larders that it originated this proverb in Italy: "He has more business than English ovens at Christmas." On Christmas eve the big Yule log was brought in and lighted. This was a very important part; in fact, the day was often called Yule from this custom. All that evening the large "wassail" bowl was kept full of punch, and as the people became merry they sung, danced, and played games. A curious custom, which is still continued, is the use of holly and mistletoe. It is said there was an old belief among the Druids that sylvan spirits might flock to the evergreens and remain unnipped by the frost until milder weather. To account for the peculiar privilege allowed to one standing under the mistletoe, it has been suggested that this was part of the tree which bore the forbidden fruit.

The favorite dish at the Yule feast was the boar. The neck was adorned with garlands, and an apple was placed in its mouth. A myth tells us this celebrates the victory of a student over a fierce boar by cramming a Latin book down his throat. These lines show how generally the day was enjoyed:—

On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night of all the year
Saw stolid priest the chalice rear.
Then opened wide the baron's hall,
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride;
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose.
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night
That, to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale.
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.

As for myself, I am not disposed to be exacting in the matter of Christmas celebration. Let me but hear from absent friends and know that their love for me still continues, and they need not rack brain nor purse to add to my happiness. If, however, they *insist* upon gifts, a few editions *de luxe* will satisfy me fully ; or if they are bent upon bric-a-brac, bronze or sevres china will please me, for I am not exacting. Let me but hear on Christmas eve Handel's incomparable "Oratorio" and on Christmas morning a sermon by Philips Brooks, and my heart will be so pervaded with the spirit of the hour that I can exclaim with Dickens, "God bless us, every one." V. W.

INCIDENTS OF ONE NIGHT IN CAMP.

SEVERAL summers ago a small party of persons encamped in the Rocky Mountains near the Arkansas River. The tents were pitched in a beautiful little spot which seemed to have modestly withdrawn its quiet beauty from the grandeur of the surrounding region, and was nestled between a rocky cliff on one side and the river on the other.

There had been two days of storm, a rare luxury in that section, which the campers quite enjoyed, with the exception of two rain-surfeited friends visiting from the East.

Toward evening a strong wind arose, which drove the clouds scurrying eastward, and for a time the tents were in danger of going with the clouds ; but the wind was forgotten as the sun suddenly broke through the scattering clouds. The whole party hurried up the cliff above the river, while the sun seemed to pause to send a flood of glory over the wild landscape before diving out of sight behind the peaks. The sun had set fire to the distant clouds, which, in their turn, painted golden the rugged cliffs over which they swept.

Toward the west were massed the snow-kings, tier upon tier, their summits all aflame and sparkling, their sides in the dark shadow.

Upon the nearer foothills and the plains below them, every flower and leaf and rock was shining in the light. The whole scene was one glorious thanksgiving for the rain. When the party returned to camp, the guide had ready a blazing

fire of pine logs. This evening time around the camp-fire was always delightful, when the roar of the river came now loud, now muffled, mingling with the swish, swish of the wind through the fragrant pines, and the surrounding darkness with its outline of tree-fringed cliffs made the circle of light the more cheerful. The campers drew up around the fire, and, after discussing the prospect of good trout fishing on the morrow, they asked the guide for one of his best stories ; so, pushing back his cap, he lighted his pipe, took a few meditative puffs therefrom, and began his tale.

The guide's stories always had in them the charm which truth gives, for they were from his own early life when he had served as guide to parties going through what was then called the "Wilderness." Although a simple and untutored man, there was an intelligence in his rugged features, and he had a sturdy honesty of character which commanded the respect of everyone with whom he came in contact.

The guide was recounting a tale of thrilling adventure. Miss Priscilla had cast off her languid air, and even Tom, her brother, had forgotten for the moment the important fact that he was just from college, and the guide held the breathless attention of all. Suddenly, the distant howl of a coyote and at the same time the hoot of an owl, followed by a shriek from Miss Priscilla, broke the stillness. That young lady nervously drew her chair near the fire and remarked with a shiver : "Did you hear me scream when that mosquito bit me?" The guide did not again resume his story, but sat listening intently for some sound his practised ear had caught. As if only half satisfied, he arose and lit his lantern. At the same time Tom got up and said he would go and look for the cow, which was late in coming home that evening. "Not to-night, Master Tom," replied the scout firmly. "The animal has probably wandered into one of the cañons, and she must be on this side o' the river inside of an hour or —", but without waiting to finish, he walked out of the camp. Something in these remarks evidently wounded Tom's pride, for he drew himself up haughtily, remarking as he strode after the guide, "Thinks I know nothing of this country. Humph ! We'll see who can find the old cow first,"

Tom purposely took a different direction from what the guide had taken, and, having crossed the river, he soon entered a broad, rocky cañon, which was gloomy and lonesome at that hour, the moon not having yet arisen. Often pausing, in hopes of hearing the tinkle of the cowbell, he stumbled on in the darkness, the path becoming more rocky and winding at every step. Once, he laughed aloud at the remembrance of his sisters' alarm, as he caught sight of several forms skulking behind a mass of boulders. He stopped to listen as the echo of his laughter rebounded from cliff to cliff till it died out in the distance to a weird moan,—and then there was no sound in the lonely place except the distant roar of the river, and his own hard breathing which told him how fast he must have been walking.

Looking at his watch by the light of a match, he saw it was much later than he had thought. Becoming convinced that it was useless to continue longer his search in the cañon, he turned and clambered up a steep path which led to the plain above, which he thought he remembered to have taken once before as a shorter route to the river. He had not long followed this path, however, before he discovered his mistake, for he could tell, even in the darkness, that all his surroundings were entirely strange. Not daring to follow a path which led he knew not where, he decided to take the cañon again as the surest way. A strange feeling crept over Tom, of which he was ashamed, but tried in vain to shake off, for, turn which way he would, he could not find his way back into the cañon.

The guide's search, meanwhile, had proved equally fruitless, and not daring to delay crossing the bridge, he returned to camp. When he there learned that Tom also had left the camp and had not yet returned, he hurried away again. After crossing the river, he hesitated, not knowing which way to turn, and then, as if there was no time to be lost, he bent his steps into the cañon, topping occasionally to give a shrill whistle. Receiving no answer, he abandoned the search there, and followed a trail which led into the foothills. Not long, before he came upon Tom, who was by that time weary with his search for the right path, and was beginning to think himself lost. Tom now followed the guide, but the

path was rough, and at times it was all he could do to keep the lantern in view, which flickered ahead, now here, now there, like a will-o'-the-wisp.

The scout had already crossed the bridge and was beckoning to Tom to hasten, but Tom, not seeing the reason for haste, continued his leisurely pace, until he heard something above the sound of the river which was steadily increasing to a loud roar. A moment more and he found himself being dragged forward by the desperate guide, who was risking his life to save him.

On they dashed across the bridge which was swaying and straining in every fibre. A few more steps and they would be safe,—but the bridge was swept away before those steps could be taken.

The evening wore slowly away, and the party around the camp fire wondered if the guide had not yet found Tom.

"What can ail the guide? He seems to be in such haste about everything he does to-night." The answer to Miss Priscilla's question came in a way she little expected. Hark! From a distance up the river came a dull crash, then another and another followed by a loud rush and roar of water. All who heard that sound knew its meaning.

The bridge was gone! Down came the flood,—a huge, black wave, tossing trees, branches, and iron cables as though they had been but straws, which tore and scratched each other, increasing the hideous uproar. These were whirled past only to be followed by the same endless confusion.

The water continued to rise till it overflowed the high banks. There was not a moment to be lost, and not one in the camp but who quickly lent his help in moving the most valuable articles and some provisions to a place of safety.

It was not long before the tents were surrounded by merry little rills of muddy water which were fast increasing in size. Miss Priscilla's tent was the first to go, and as it was swept away there came out of it a voice as of some one in distress.

The last Miss Priscilla ever heard of her poor parrot, he shrieked out in the most ludicrous way: "Bless my soul! Come and take a walk, dear. Ha-ha!" and the rest of it was lost in the roar of the flood.

The water soon ceased to rise, though it did not recede for several hours. Then it was that the houseless campers, forgetting their forlorn condition, held a council meeting wherein they exchanged their opinions as to whether or not Tom and the guide had had sufficient warning before crossing the bridge.

There was no way of crossing the river in its present state, and in fact, nothing could be done until morning.

Listen! The tinkle of a cowbell, and to their strained imaginations came the sound of voices.

Yes, it surely must be they. The forlorn little group sent up three glad cheers and then awaited the reply; and in a moment the reply came, — three long-drawn, mournful moos. "That doesn't sound exactly like Tom's voice," said Miss Priscilla, in a disappointed tone. "No, it did n't exactly," they all agreed. The cow, the cause of the flood and all the rest of the trouble that night, soon stalked into view, and stopping at a respectful distance, bore with meekness the unfriendly glances cast upon her.

The remaining tents were pitched upon the cliff, and the campers made themselves as comfortable as possible for the night, but there was very little sleep, and at the first break of light there were many anxious glances upon the opposite bank and then at the wide stretch of water turbulent between. When one of the searchers came back with Tom's cap, which was found washed up upon the bank near the bridge, they began to be seriously alarmed. Diligent search was now made and at last it was rewarded. One of the party heard a call for help, and turning in the direction from which it came, saw the guide struggling in the water, trying to stem the swift current with one arm, while with the other he grasped the unconscious body of Tom. The struggle was an unequal one and might have been decided against him, had not assistance come when it did. Once safe upon the bank, the scout took no notice of his own exhausted and dripping condition, but at once turned to do all in his power to bring Tom to consciousness, and to stop the flow of blood from a severe wound in his forehead.

Consciousness soon returned to Tom, but with it came suffering, and the two men were obliged to lift him with great care. When Tom had been

fixed comfortably in the new quarters, the guide was asked to give an account of what had happened to them after the freshet; but he was a man of few words, and all that could be obtained from him were the mere facts that when the bridge was swept away they were cast upon a pile of logs and driftwood. There they had been all night, and it was not till morning that something caused the drift to move apart, and they had been forced to strike out for the shore, which might have been easily reached had not Tom been hurt by a floating timber. Here the guide concluded, by remarking that they had best not talk more as Tom ought to sleep. That young man, however, raised himself up, and grasping the hand of the guide, he said gratefully: "I can't sleep till I tell them what you have omitted. You have forgotten to say that it was you who prevented me from being lost in the foothills, you who came back across the bridge to hurry me over when it was breaking away, and that, when I was stunned in the river this morning, it was you who saved me from drowning."

The sun laughed down upon a drenched valley, a turbid river, and a sorry looking party of campers; but in spite of their appearance, they were the most happy, the most thankful people, that morning, in all the Rocky Mountains.

E. D. P.

A GROUP OF EMINENT NINETEENTH CENTURY WOMEN.

AMERICA may well be proud of her nineteenth century women. Not every woman, worthy of a place upon the scroll of fame, has been recognized. Only a few, perhaps, of the most well known can here be mentioned.

The kindness of women is proverbial. All ages have shown that it is as natural for a woman to engage in philanthropic labors as it is for a man to be warlike and fond of the chase. Every reader will remember with loving reverence the names of Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale. It has been the same with American women, our Clara Bartons comparing not unfavorably with those whom England "delights to honor."

Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli was, many think, the

grandest woman of the nineteenth century. She was certainly one of the most cultured. She gave herself up to study with a thoroughness and enthusiasm seldom equalled, and few scholars have made such attainments. Reverses of fortune compelled her to find support in teaching. She opened a conversation class in Boston, which became very famous. During her life she wrote continually. Her travels in foreign lands, her marriage there, her labors in Italian hospitals, and her shipwreck are well known to all. Her works form a valuable addition to any library. Her name lives in American literature, an inspiration to the student, a strength to the reformer. She is yet lovingly remembered by contemporary friends and is often alluded to as Margaret, our Pearl.

Harriet Beecher Stowe is a name that will live as long as there are lovers of liberty and haters of slavery. She was a diligent reader, even at the age of twelve, and greatly admired Sir Walter Scott. After her marriage, she felt the pressure of poverty, and the struggle to provide adequately for a growing family induced her to take up her pen. In 1851 she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," her chief work, and its success surprised not only herself, but the entire literary world. The demand was great, and it was soon published in most of the languages of Europe. "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Oldtown Folks," "Agnes of Sorrento," and others, are among her later works. Mrs. Stowe rightly holds a very high place among the literary women of our century. Her writings have doubtless exerted a marked influence on the world.

Alice and Phœbe Cary, too, are lovingly remembered. Their early opportunities for education were slight, but they were rarely gifted and they have made valuable contributions to our literature.

Edna D. Cheney has not only written stories for young people, but, from the varied form of her matchless work, may be ranked with the reformers, artists, teachers, and literary women. Who can forget our beloved Louisa M. Alcott the author of "Little Men," "Little Women," "Old-Fashioned Girl," and other delightful stories, the enchanters of our childhood and enjoyed alike by older sisters, brothers, and parents!

Julia Ward Howe, whose "Battle Hymn of the Republic" would alone make her name immortal, has in later years added the title of reformer to that of poet.

Frances Willard was at one time president of the Woman's College at Evanston. In 1874 the great temperance wave that swept over the land reached her and changed the current of her life. As president of the Chicago Women's Temperance Union and corresponding secretary of the National Women's Temperance Union, she has found a wide field for the exercise of her best gifts.

Besides doing work in the line of temperance literature, she was a champion of the cause upon the lecture platform, winning golden opinions both at home and in England.

Lucy Stone, a noble woman, has received the loving gratitude of her sisters for her efforts in abolishing the laws oppressive to her sex.

Mary A. Livermore stands at the head of women lecturers of the world. The weight of her logic, the store house of facts displaying a marvellous memory, the sparkle of her humor, the power of her pathos, the magic of her tones, her fearlessness, her endurance, her magnetic influence, all combine to make her, as a lecturer and woman, the marvel of the age."

We cannot all do great things but let us be content to do with a might what our hands find to do, remembering that,

"All service ranks the same with God,—
With God, whose puppets, best or worse,
Are we: there is no first nor last."

G. S.

A FIRESIDE STORY.

WE were all seated in our cosy back parlor, one cool autumn evening, while the wind, outside, whistling through the trees, made the fire, burning so cheerfully in the open grate, seem very comfortable.

There were just six of us. — Mamma, sewing in a low rocker by the table, grandma, knitting in her easy chair, sister Nell, in a corner by herself, poring over a book, two small boys roasting chestnuts by the fire, and last, though of course not least,—myself.

There was a lull in the general conversation, and for a few minutes the only sounds were the

old clock ticking in the corner, and the chatter of the small boys ; then Nell, throwing down her book, exclaimed, "O, Grandma, do tell us a story ! Books grow so tiresome, and true stories are so much nicer !"

The dear old lady laid down her knitting, and gazing into the fire said, "In looking over some old family papers, the other day, I came across an interesting little episode in the early life of your great grandfather, whose name was Malcolm McLane, so, if you care to hear it I will relate it to the best of my ability.

Ever willing listeners to any of grandma's stories, we begged her to go on, which she accordingly did.

"As you of course know, Grandpa McLane was a Scotchman, and a soldier under the English flag in the Revolutionary War. When the war was over, being well pleased with America and her people, he decided to make this country his home.

However, as there was in a little town of Scotland a bonnie lass named Margaret to whom he had plighted his troth, he resolved to go back to his own country and claim her as his bride, then return to America and settle down in a little home of his own.

But fortune did not favor the young lover, and his long journey was in vain ; for when he sought the home of the fair Margaret, and demanded her hand, her father, a wealthy man for those times, refused his consent, until young Malcolm should have money enough to support her in as good a style as that in which she had been accustomed at home.

Despite his protestations, the old man remained inexorable, but Margaret secretly sent a message to her lover that she would wait for him. Cheered by this promise of her faithfulness, he returned to America, and for five long years he toiled for his wife, as Jacob worked for Rachael.

Then he went back, ; and, having now a tidy little sum of money to boast, her father did not withhold his consent, and the marriage took place.

They spent a year in their mother country, then made preparations for returning to the United States, as Malcolm could no longer leave his business interests there. Just as they were

about to leave, Margaret's father, already an old man, was stricken with paralysis.

With true filial devotion she insisted upon remaining with him, while her husband should leave her, and make a home across the sea, whence she would follow him when her father should no longer need her.

For seven long years after her husband's departure, this model daughter remained by her father's side, caring for him and looking after his household affairs.

In the meantime a little daughter came to comfort her in her loneliness, and when the death of her father relieved her from her loving labor, she was free to seek her husband. And the next America-bound vessel, bore Margaret and her child toward their new home.

The meeting between the long separated husband and wife must have been a joyful one. Record does not state as to that, but it does say that Malcom McLane took his family to a beautiful home on the Hudson, where they lived in comfort for many years while other children came to make their home merry. His large estate rose in value after his death, and made his heirs comparatively wealthy men.

A mild snore, indicated that, the story not having been sufficiently exciting for the boys, they had sought the sofa and indulged in a nap. As the hour was somewhat late, Grandma folded up her knitting, in spite of our demand for "more stories," and went to her room, leaving us to yawn around the fire, for a few minutes, and then to follow her example.

DRILL.

The officers of the three military companies are as follows : —

COMPANY A. — Captain, H. Medsker ; lieutenant, J. Anderson ; 1st sergeant, L. Tukey ; 2d sergeant, F. Ray ; 3d sergeant, M. Miller ; corporals, M. Burr, M. McDonald, M. Hanson, J. Rich.

COMPANY B. — Captain, B. Bragdon ; lieutenant, L. Appel ; 1st sergeant, A. Andreesen ; 2d sergeant, J. Hogg ; 3d sergeant, G. Allen ; corporals, G. Loud, L. Fleming, M. Tomlinson, M. Laughlin.

COMPANY C. — Captain, C. Gilman; lieutenant, S. Spaulding; 1st sergeant, L. Whitney; 2d sergeant, M. Taylor; 3d sergeant, C. Steel; corporals, A. Crocker, B. Lillibridge, A. Walston, A. Lyman.

THE ANNEXES.

Do all the old girls know that Lasell has this year two annexes to supply accommodations to the increase in attendance over last year?

Annex One is the house on "The Ridge," which you used to know as "Mrs. Fisher's", and is directly opposite the annex of Mr. Cassidy's time, which is now occupied by Mrs. Fisher; it accommodates twelve girls.

Annex Two is the house on Woodland Avenue directly opposite the seminary,—the one that used to sit so low, almost directly on the ground, and was painted so gloomy a color. Remember? It used to be called "Soapy Barnes' house." Well, now you'd hardly know it to be the same house. It has been raised six feet, has had a pretty porch added, extending almost entirely across the front, and has been re-painted, light yellow with white trimmings. The interior also has been made pretty and cheery, with fresh paint and new paper, so that now it is a cozy, pleasant abiding-place for twenty-four of us. It became seminary property last summer, though it is not intended to be a permanent addition to the seminary; only for a year or so, perhaps, it will be "Annex Two."

THE LASELL PIN.

GIRLS:—Next summer at the Columbian Exposition, when you stroll among the thousands from all the land's far corners, centres, spokes and peripheries, you will see on many of the fairest daughters of America dazzling bright nuggets of gold. Approaching, you will see LASELL upon those gold nuggets and you will know the wearers to be your (perhaps long lost) sisters from the school where your youth was enriched, etc., etc. You will try to shake hands and make friends. But those well-instructed and furnished young women will scan your bosoms, collars, etc., and, finding no corresponding nuggets, will think you are making game of them and will reject your

advances. Think of the pangs of that moment and straightway provide yourselves with that which will prove you true sisters of that honorable sorosity. Only twenty-five left. Apply early. Price \$3.50; or by mail, securely packed, \$3.75.

THE Thanksgiving vacation—the first break in the routine of our school work—was, of course, hailed with delight by all. At noon, on the 23d of November, we all gathered round in the halls and watched the fortunate ones, who were going home, leave. Then we most of us dispersed to our rooms and spent the afternoon in that most rare of occupations in our busy school life—doing nothing. Thanksgiving Day dawned as clear as could be wished, though most of us were not up very early to see whether it was or not, as breakfast was an hour later than usual. At two the gong sounded for dinner, but not a single girl responded to it. Instead, there might have been seen going down into the dining room a crowd of ladies, with snowy hair harmonizing prettily with their light gowns. The room surprised even those who were expecting to see it prettily decorated. The tables were arranged in a long row round three sides of it, with Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon's table in the centre; and were beautifully trimmed with vases of flowers, smilax, and fairy lamps. Of the hundred partakers of the bountiful dinner, I am sure there was not one who did not do full justice; and we keep the pretty *ménus* that were placed at every plate, as souvenirs. After the last bonbon had been snapped—which was not until nearly six—we adjourned to the gymnasium where we all, including even several representatives of the sterner sex, closed our Thanksgiving Day in the fascinating pastime of "tripping the light fantastic toe."

The rest of our vacation was spent very pleasantly, either here at Lasell or in going into Boston to do our Christmas shopping, or to a *matinée*. On Monday, however, the girls who had been away began to come back, and Tuesday morning we were all ready to begin our school duties again.

IN the article on "Election Day at Lasell" it was intended to state that Mr. Rich presided at the polls, not *with a pole*.

THE Lasell Missionary Society held its annual entertainment in the gymnasium, Saturday evening, Dec. 3d. Mr. Shepherd superintended the arrangements, which were very artistic, the gymnasium being fixed as the deck of a steamer.

The officers of the steamer, "Morning Star," were: Captain, Helen Medsker; first mate, Bessie Shepherd; second mate, Sybil Spaulding; purser, Carrie Gilman.

The "Morning Star" sailed from Lasell Wharf at 8 P. M., with a great many passengers. Ticket Agent Crocker reported more tickets sold than had been since she has been in the company's employ.

There were nine steerage passengers on board. Paddie Holmes and Biddie Sawin, Ireland; Dagos Scouller and Rawleigh, Italy; Maisie Wiggin, Jerusalem; Belle Morrow and Mollie Taylor, Holland; Elizabeth Bennett, Spain, and Helen Holden, Sweden. These people were very unruly, especially Paddie Holmes and the Dagos. They rushed in and out among the passengers, pushing to the right and left until all on board began to fear cholera, but as yet no cases have been reported.

Among the distinguished persons on board were Mademoiselle Crocker, who has been spending some time abroad, with her colored maid, Ethel Anderson, from Africa. Miss Anna Crocker, Mr. Shepherd, and Captain Medsker were the only seasick persons on board. The steerage passengers, Miss Holden and Miss Bennett, sold olives and lemons on deck.

The little German maiden, Fraülein Gage, and the little Jappie Chase attracted special attention with their pretty flowers. These two little maidens have been employed on the "Morning Star" for three years and are always much beloved by all around them. They sold their flowers at once and made quite a sum of money for the "poor heathen," although Mr. Bragdon did say the little Jap was a cheat.

Miss Mabel Taylor sold the souvenir programs. This is Miss Taylor's first trip on board the "Morning Star," but she has won the esteem of the officers as well as passengers, and performed her duties with the grace of an experienced sailor.

Two members of the class of '93 from Lasell seminary, Auburndale, Mass., were on

board and did nothing during the voyage. They looked rather pale, however, and it is my private opinion that they were seasick, though they would not have any one know it for the world.

Little Edith Thomas was there and seemed to enjoy herself as much as any one.

The "Morning Star" orchestra, consisting of Misses Warren, Houghton, Lewis, Whitney and McEchron, played very sweetly, and added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

At nine o'clock the gong rang and the passengers went below to supper. Tickets were sold at the foot of the stairs by the little Jap. The refreshments were served by Misses Allen, Fleming, Case, and Hoyt.

But amid all the pleasures of the evening, we missed the sweet face of our dear president, Miss Nellie Richards, who was kept away from us by illness, and we all wish to see her back in her old place again.

We thank Misses Packard, Loud, and Tulleys for so enjoyable an evening, and wish the missionary society much success.

TUSKEGEE ENTERTAINMENT.

THE Saturday evening before Thanksgiving we were entertained in the gymnasium by several of the students of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute for colored people.

Under the leadership of R. H. Hamilton, teacher of music at the school, a quartette gave us a number of musical selections.

M. Gaston Daniels and Columbus Barrow, both of the class of '94, spoke on these subjects, respectively, "Tuskegee's Work for the Negro," and "My Struggle for an Education." It was indeed a struggle that few white people would go through.

Remarks were also made by B. T. Washington, principal of the institution concerning their work.

Mr. Bragdon's generous heart was at once opened. A hat was passed, and the collection given to Mr. Washington that evening was about twenty-six dollars. It has been increased since to about seventy-five dollars.

PERIODICALS IN THE READING ROOM: The *Advocate*, The N. Y. *Christian Advocate*, The *Central Christian Advocate*, The *Northwestern Christian*

Advocate, The Athenæum, The Beacon, The Book Buyer, The Boston Times, The Chautauquan, The Christian, The Christian at Work, The Christian Union, The Commonwealth, The Congregationalist, The Youth's Companion, The Critic, The Dial, Education, The Golden Rule, Good Housekeeping, The Newton Graphic, The Gospel in all Lands, Harper's Weekly, The Heathen Woman's Friend, The Missionary Herald, Musical Herald, Religious Herald, Zion's Herald, The Household, The Illustrated Christian Weekly, The Independent, The Jenness Miller Illustrated Monthly, The Journal of Education, The Newton Journal, The Boston Home Journal, The Woman's Journal, The Literary World, Le Magasin Pittoresque, The Methodist Review, Musical Record, The Nation, The North American Review, Our Day, The Old and New Testament Student, Poet Lore, Political Science Quarterly, Popular Science Monthly, Popular Science News, Quarterly Register of Current History, The Silver Cross, School and College, St. Nicholas, Sunday School Times, New York Semi-Weekly Tribune, The Union Signal, The Art Amateur, The Atlantic Monthly, The Century, Harper's Monthly, The Boston Morning Journal, The Daily Advertiser, The Boston Evening Transcript, The Boston Daily Traveller, Ueber Land und Meer, Review of Reviews, The Forum.

PERSONALS.

PROF. BRAGDON has recently given one of his interesting and instructive talks at the Methodist Church vestry. He spoke particularly of Jerusalem.

PROF. AND MRS. BRAGDON expect to leave us in January for the Eastern Continent, where they will spend the winter visiting the many places of interest in Egypt, also spending a portion of the time in Palestine.

THE school has recently been enriched by the addition of eleven water-colors, the work of the Auburndale artist, Mr. Philip Butler. These pictures were purchased at his recent exhibition of water-colors in Waltham. A new and beautiful oil painting by Mr. Leavitt, of Providence, is also a recent acquisition.

THE little blind girl, Edith Thomas, a deaf mute, attended by one of her teachers from the Perkins Institution for the Blind, South Boston, visited us on Saturday. She seemed greatly interested and delighted and was herself no less an object of interest and wonder to all, because of her intelligence, quickness of perception, and pleasant ways.

ANNA KING is now in Boston, 141 Pembroke St., with her mother, and they will remain there till the middle of January. She promises us a visit, meanwhile, from herself and Nellie Alderman, some time in December. We await it with most pleasureable anticipations.

A PLEASANT letter from Daisy Curtis reminds us that she is this year at Northampton, pursuing her studies. We wish her all success.

MAUD BALDWIN has not been well, and is now in Oakland, Cal., for her health. (Her address is 1006 16th St.) We hope her stay will be beneficial.

'T is Hattie Church Cottle this time who sends us, together with her own and her husband's card, a small one with name, Margaret Elizabeth Cottle, and date, Nov. 22, 1892. Our congratulations. Her home is in Marshalltown, Iowa, 501 N. Centre St.

IDA MACK MANSFIELD ('85 - '86) was here to see us on the 29th of November, — a most enjoyable visit, though so short. She left with us a photo of her two charming children, Marguerite, aged three and one-half years, and William Nelson, aged eight months. Ida is now living in Putnam, Ct.

IDA SIBLEY WEBBER was snatched for a few hours from Wellesley where she was visiting Grace, the sister of our dear Hattie Webber, and brought to Lasell. It was worth the trouble, and she seemed to enjoy, as we certainly did, her brief call. She expressed herself as much pleased with the changes since she was here, and was just like our dear Ida of old. She is entirely recovered from her recent illness and looks as bright as a Montana idol (silver dollar). She is in great favor in her home, Holyoke (she did not say so, but Grace Webber did), and much beloved there. She did say that our Anne Chapin has married, and that Lily Flagg is quite a woman.

AMONG recent visitors to the seminary have been Miss Georgina Haskell, Mrs. Chas. W. Barrett (Anna Lovering), Mrs. J. Weston Thayer (Gertrude Rice), Miss Gertrude Woodbury, Miss Florence Stedman, Mrs. C. A. Hicks (Alice Mayo), Mrs. D. G. Stevens (Clara Maltby), Mrs. Albert L. Mansfield (Ida Mack), Miss Alice White, Mrs. G. F. Kellogg (Carrie Kendig), Mrs. Silas Peirce (Anna Kendig), Miss Lillie R. Potter, Miss Clementina Butler, Mrs. Frederick S. Webber (Ida Sibley), Miss Lucy Dudley, Miss Sue Flather, Miss Blanche Wilcox, Miss Lila Warren, Miss Mary K. Fisher.

It was a taste of the good old times to have Lill Potter and Carrie and Annie Kendig and Clementina Butler come again, only it was a bit of the new *bad times* to have them go so soon. This feverish haste seems to have taken hold even of these, who ought to know better, having been trained in the quiet ways of Lasell's earlier years. "Quiet ways," did I say? Not so very quiet, either, when those girls were here! I do believe those sixty girls made as much noise as one hundred and fifty do now. How Miss Carpenter did fret over the riot those girls made! Well, they see now the folly of their ways — and keep right on! It was delightful to hear them and to see them. I could have told who it was if I had been blindfolded. Lillie came to dinner another day. She is the same Lillie Potter — and that is praise enough — but sweeter grown, not older. Bless them all, those girls of the good old times! Amen.

MRS. SIMPSON, Ida's mother, writes enthusiastically of her fruit farm in Florida, says her health is entirely restored, and that Ellie has a beautiful saddle horse to which she is devoted. Ida, as our readers know — our little Ida — is married, and living in Providence, R. I.

FANNY LAMME writes from her home, Bozeman, Montana, a frolicsome letter in which, among other things, she intimates a lingering fondness for old world travel. Evidently the briny deep has no terrors for her.

LIDA BROOKE RESSLER (381 Orchard St., Chicago), writes regretting her failure to see Mr. Bragdon while he was in Chicago recently, and telling of her two little folks, Harold and Marie.

She plans spending next winter in San Diego, Cal., with her father's family. Hears occasionally from Minnie Watts and Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen.

MAUDE OLIVER tells us of a fair recently held in her place, and in which she took part, whose proceeds were two thousand dollars. (What a lot of ciphers for East Sawdust!) Maud is as busy and as gay as ever.

HARRIET JOY MARTYN — 4450 Berkely Ave., Chicago, — writes of the pleasures of housekeeping and of living in Chicago. She, too, was one of those Mr. Bragdon unfortunately missed seeing while in the city, because he lacked the address.

GERTRUDE REYNOLDS is at her home in E. Had-dam, Conn., doing her share of world's work as it comes to her.

THE members of the drawing class attempted original designs for wall-paper bordering some time ago, with the understanding that the best design should be sent to the World's Fair and placed in the exhibit of school work. Miss Abbie S. Hooper, of Turner, Me., was the fortunate one whose design was adjudged best. She intends taking a special course in art.

FROM Miss Le Huray we hear of a pleasant trip she has had from home. She speaks also of her father's increased ill health. Grace Preston's mother, she says, has lost her sight, and Grace is such a help and consolation to her. Grace herself is very happy in her life of loving service, even though some things in it seem very hard.

NELLIE LORD HARGRAVES, West Buxton, Me., tells of a delightful trip through Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New York, making quite a long stay at Old Point Comfort, and visiting the Natural Bridge and the Luray Caves. She is to spend a few weeks in New York, and then returns home. "Do we remember Hattie Hargraves?" Yes, indeed. No Lasell girl is ever forgotten.

ALICE LINSOTT HALL, (Springfield, Mo.), whose husband, Prof. F. A. Hall, is one of the faculty of Drury College, sends us a copy of the "Drury Mirror," a memorial number devoted to the memory of the recently deceased president of the college, Francis T. Ingalls. The faculty and students feel deeply his loss, and the paper contains such

tributes to his worth and nobility as sufficiently attest the strong hold he had upon their affections. His "in memoriam" is written, truly, upon tablets more enduring than those of brass or marble. Our thanks for the paper.

THROUGH some mischance, the recent gift of Mrs. Harriet E. Carpenter, Nemuro, Japan, to Lasell's library has failed to receive due mention. The book is a valuable work on the Burmese Mission, entitled "Self-Support," illustrated in the "History of the Bassein Karen Mission," and was written by her husband, the late C. H. Carpenter, who was eminently fitted to write on the subject, having been himself a missionary in that field, and thoroughly informed in all matters relating to the work. The book is a valuable acquisition, and we are very grateful for it. Mrs. Carpenter is one of Lasell's daughters, a member of the class of '56, and was then Harriet E. Rice. She expects to return shortly to America, when we hope to have the pleasure of seeing her at the old school home.

MAME SEIBERLING MANTON, with her husband, came on to see us directly after her marriage. She did what the rest of you ought to do at such times — put it into her plan to make Lasell one of the objective points of her wedding trip. (Remember this, now, and give your old Lasell friends the pleasure of seeing both yourself and your additional half when you take your wedding tour.) We were delighted to see Mame, and to meet her husband, and hope they will come again.

OUR thanks are due to those of the old girls who have so kindly aided us in the matter of securing news for the "Personals" column. We desire a continuance of the favor on their part, and ask all others who can do so to help us to make the "Personals" a valuable and interesting feature of the LEAVES by contributing all the news they can, either of themselves or of their old mates. Many hands make light work, and if all who can will help us, they will reap the reward in the added interest of the paper to themselves, and the rest of us will be duly grateful to them for the help they give.

Now comes a package addressed to "Cecilla Seminary," and another to "Miss Lasell, Seminary, Auburndale," and a third to "Lasell Semi-

nary, on the Charles River, Mass." Yet they all get here, notwithstanding such wild flights of fancy on the part of those who write the addresses.

WHY not an "Engaged List" for the LEAVES, girls? Then if there is no other news you can send to the LEAVES, you can at least be accommodating enough to say "yes" to that "best man in the world" who's always teasing some one or other of you to make him also the "happiest man in the world," and then send us word and we'll put it in that column. Could anything be easier?

THE West has come East for the winter! Here's Illinois sending us sixteen of her best girls to represent her; Ohio, fourteen, and Wisconsin eight, not to mention other States also well represented.

EMMA HACKETT plans entering the "Illinois Training School for Nurses," Chicago, in January. We wish her success.

SADIE HOLLINGSWORTH had a beautiful wedding. It took place at the church at eight o'clock in the evening, and there were all the usual requisites of such an occasion, bridesmaids, maid of honor, handsome toilets, troops of friends, etc. Grace Huntington was among the bridesmaids. Our thanks for the papers sent us, in which were full accounts of the brilliant affair.

A LETTER from Dr. Helen Pierce, characterized by her unfailing hearty cheerfulness, tells us, among other things, of a happy Thanksgiving and of steadily improving health. She says, too, that the old Plymouth "First Church" has been destroyed by a recent fire that threatened the destruction of the town, thirty-two buildings being afire at once. "The bell, which was moulded by Paul Revere, and has been our curfew bell for many years, fell while ringing its own knell, and strangely, too, at 9 o'clock." The bell is to be recast, she says, and will continue to do duty in the new church which will replace the old one. Dr. Pierce's mother has been quite ill, but is convalescent. We are always glad to hear from this dear friend; her bright and happy letters do us all good.

ADDIE COMMINS, Akron, O., writes of going to see Mame Seiberling Manton, who, she says, has beautifully furnished rooms, and is very happy.

Addie and Mame are both eager readers of the LEAVES. Margaret Leavitt was at Squam Lake last summer while Addie was there, but the two chanced not to meet. You missed a hearty welcome by not coming to Lasell when you were in Boston, Addie. Come and get it, it's waiting for you.

KATIE HAMILTON, Shreveport, La., says she expects to spend the winter in New Orleans. Has been hither and thither visiting and having a good time since leaving school, and has not been at home very much. Was in and near Denver during a part of the summer and much enjoyed seeing the old girls.

JESSIE BENTON, her mother and father, are now living in Newton Centre, Mass. "We have just gotten settled in our new home, after five years of wandering," says Jessie.

EMILY SHIFF has been ill with La Grippe, but is recovering. She speaks of the approaching marriage of her life long friend, Miss Fredler, at which Emily is to be bridesmaid.

LORENA STONE, now teacher of gymnastics in Miss Armstrong's school in Avondale, Cincinnati (cor. Main and Linden Ave.), writes that she is most delightfully situated, and proposes hunting up Nan Peabody and Carrie Ebersole Martin, and having with them a Lasell reunion in miniature.

EDNA DICE says she expects soon to resume her musical studies, "but at present I am just enjoying my home." Julia Ryan has been visiting here, and she expects Jessie Vilas soon. Edna is another of those who remember the "good old times at Lasell" with pleasure. Lasell remembers Edna in the same way.

MR. BRAGDON met Mabel Jaques in Boston, at mechanics Fair the other day.

LITTLE MISS BLANKHEAD. — "Miss Wiseacre, won't you tell me, please, the difference between Cicero and Sisera?"

MISS WISEACRE. — "Really, I don't think there is any difference at all, unless it be that Sisera is ablative of Cicero. That's it, I suppose."

CHARLES WESLEY SANDERSON, our favorite painter of shady glens, gave an exhibit of beautiful

water-colors at the studio, 20 Beacon St., Dec. 12-18. The room was thronged at our visit with enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Sanderson's genius. It is hoped that he was as gratified with the exhibit's result as they with its beauty.

ADDRESSES.

IDA SIMPSON BUSHNELL, 18 Howard Ave., Providence, R. I.

SADIE HOLLINGSWORTH THOMPSON, 12 Madison Ave., Evansville, Ind.

DESSIE MILLIKIN BEVANS, 2600 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ERRATA. — "Luie Jones" in the November LEAVES, should be Lina Jones.

THE HOUSEKEEPERS' NATIONAL LEAGUE.

WE have received a pamphlet in which are given the resolutions and constitution adopted by the recently formed Housekeepers' National League, which has for its object the remedying of the sad defects in our present system of domestic economy, if indeed the word "system" applies where system there is none. The pamphlet contains also a paper on "Home Making" by Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, Superintendent of the Chautauqua Cooking School. Mrs. Ewing briefly reviews the present state of domestic economy and its causes, insists strongly on the need of a reform, and suggests how this may be brought about. She advocates school instruction in the science of housekeeping, and scouts the idea of a girls' education including the languages, music, mathematics, natural sciences, etc., but being deficient in this one most important branch of woman's peculiar work. The paper is a thoughtful one, rich in suggestions, and will repay a careful reading.

MARRIED.

MISS IDA REBECCA SIMPSON to Mr. Frederic Newell Bushnell, at Arcadia, Fla., on Wednesday, Nov. 16, 1892. Mr. and Mrs. Bushnell will live in Providence, R. I. She was a pupil here, '87-'91.

MISS SADIE LEWIS HOLLINGSWORTH to Mr. Ben Griffith Thompson, both of Evansville, Ind., on Wednesday, Nov. 30, 1892. Miss Hollingsworth was here, '83-'88.

MISS EDITH MAY KELLEY to Mr. Daniel Francis Connor, on Thursday, Dec. 1, 1892.

ADA MARSH, we are sorry to learn, has lately lost her grandfather.

ONE half of the West Point Cadets are obliged to wear glasses, it is said. This state of affairs is largely due to the fact that the barracks are lighted by electricity instead of gas. The Board of Visitors has asked Congress to appropriate twenty-five thousand dollars to remedy this.—*The Phillipian*.

THE World's Fair will need from one thousand two hundred to one thousand five hundred guides who are to be chosen from college students.—*Exonian*.

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"No, not much; you see I have not yet got the proper stockings for such work."

"Got what?"

"The proper stockings—the rubber garden-hose I see advertised in the papers."—*The Oracle*.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OUR READERS.

WE trust the wishes of all may be realized, and we hope blessings will crown every life and heart. The New Year, which marks the point at which we begin to reckon another circuit of the earth around the sun, appeals to the best in us with a call to fresh hope and larger achievement. Who can cross the threshold of the year with no heightened expectation of what the twelve new months will bring? To realize the fullest enjoyment, the year must be made useful. Co-operate with the good, the true, the worthy about you. In this age of rapid progress, scientific, sociological, industrial, educational, and religious, each year makes fresh demands upon the public.

Ideas and efforts change their direction so frequently that we count by movements rather than by months in this period of advancement. A single year may witness wonderful evolutions in the practical world and among thinkers. It is not too much to assert that it brings to every thoughtful person new problems, new conditions, new opportunities and new responsibilities.

In the political world many questions, which for a long time have been avoided, must in the near future be decided. The temperance reform is very significant; this for years has remained unmoved by frequent and feeble attacks of its opponents, but with leaders in England like Archdeacon Farrar who takes strong ground for local prohibition, Sunday closing, closing on election days, and the prohibition of the sale of intoxicants to children, with Canon Wilberforce, upon whom, it has been said, "by the transmigration of genius, rests the wisdom of three generations," with the inimitable Ben Tillett, and the two leaders, Tom Mann and John Burns, with whom he is associated, battle is being nobly waged for

the cause of temperance. With the utterances of Lady Henry Somerset and our own Miss Willard we are all happily familiar, and with the willing workers and disciples in this land whose enthusiasm and faith are so contagious, we can but believe that this present year will see a remarkable revival of temperance aggressive work in every place and in every land.

Another subject recently discussed is that of social purity. These subjects are important to all, and let each one use all her influence, whether it be great or small, in behalf of these reforms of the day, determining not to miss any privileges nor to neglect any known duties. Let each day bring with it the happy consciousness of duty done, and the year can but prove the happiest and most serviceable year of our lives. May our new resolves be so powerful and abiding that they shall never be compelled to take up their abode at the "Hospital for Broken Resolutions," so graphically described by Mrs. Delia Porter Lyman.

CHRISTMAS VACATION.

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year."

So thought some of us on Dec. 21, as we said good-by to the gay group of happy girls rushing off to spend the holidays at their respective homes. We felt absolutely certain that *our* vacation could be none other than forlorn, and almost resented some well-meant suggestions as to possible pleasures in store for us who must remain at the Seminary.

Although feeling a sense of depression, we nevertheless faced the difficulties of holiday shopping in Boston, and found the preparation of packages to send away so very alluring that we confessed to each other an exhilaration of spirits wholly unexpected and wonderful.

The delightful serenity of our cheery Library was duly appreciated, and each evening brought us new varieties of entertainment.

On Sunday morning we were awakened from our dreams by sweet strains of Christmas Carols which was a genuine surprise and delight. We were Sabbath breakers to the extent of breaking into our home boxes which we could not keep until the next day. But we all went to church

and heard good sermons and music, and shared in the rejoicing of a Saviour's birth.

Monday, however, was our day of festivity. After breakfast we were all assembled in the large parlors, and a goodly company we were. Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon, all the employes of the establishment, with their families, were invited to participate in the enjoyment of a beautiful Christmas tree, gayly decorated and sparkling with light and elegant adornments.

A murmur of delight burst from the younger portion of the company as the doors of the "teacher's parlor" were thrown open and revealed the prospective gifts, and one of the girls exclaimed, "How deary dear!"

A large share of the morning was spent in distributing all these gifts, for no one failed to be remembered, even "the stranger within the gates" bearing away a pretty gift.

At half past one o'clock we were summoned to a state dinner with exquisite table decorations. The menu was all that could be desired, and if the huge "Wassail Bowl" was omitted, the mince pie and plum pudding asserted their rights, in fair rivalry with ices, creams, and confectionary.

After dinner we went to the Gymnasium and indulged in a Virginia Reel, and some rollicking games approved by tradition in "Merry England."

Frequent skating expeditions and trips into Boston, led by our honored Principal, gave us great delight, and we never once complained of the severity of the weather, nor once of loneliness or home-sickness.

Each day with its own pleasant amusement quickly vanished, and all too soon we awoke to the fact that the holidays were ended, and that again we must take up the burdens of school life with renewed energy and lofty purpose.

THE class of '94 are in a perfect fever of excitement over their "Allerlei." Of course it is understood that they wish it to be far superior to that of any previous year. But if the coming book is as much of a success as the one published by the honored Seniors of '93, the present class may be well satisfied and the rest of us will throw our caps (drill ones) in the air and shout with stentorian voices "Long live the class of '94!"

CHAUCER'S PILGRIMS.

To the student of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" the Prologue first recommends itself, for in it we are introduced to the Pilgrims to Canterbury, and are made thoroughly acquainted with them by the unconscious betrayal which Chaucer has brought them to make of themselves.

Chaucer had been spending the season of April, one year, in the latter part of the fourteenth century, at the Tabard, in High Street, of Southwark, London.

On the night of the sixteenth of April, twenty-nine pilgrims stopped there on their way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, and they represent every class of English society of the age.

They are well entertained by their worthy host, who suggests that on the morrow, when they resume their journey, by way of enlivening it, each one shall tell two tales, one on the journey to the shrine, and the other upon returning. The host makes them all feel at home with his "greet chere," and Chaucer, before the "sonne was to reste" that evening, has spoken with all, and they must love at once the genial and kindly nature of the man. Doubtless they are very glad to have him join their company on the morrow, together with the host of Tabard. The company separates early in the evening, and they are up and started on their journey the next morning at sunrise when everything is sweet and fresh in the morning air.

While the well-known "Canterbury Tales" are being told, we will take note of the Pilgrims whom Chaucer has described with such kindly humor. He has made them living pictures of real life to us, for human nature has not changed since then.

It has fallen to the Knight to tell his story first, so while he is relating the story of "Palamon and Arcite," we will observe him. He and his son, the young Squire, represent the chivalry of the times, Chaucer has well named him a "veray parfit gentil knight," for not only has he distinguished himself for valor in battle, but he is everywhere honored for his worthiness. He rides a good horse, but his dress is severely plain because he has just returned from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. His son, the curly-headed Squire, who aspires to knighthood, and hopes by worthy bearing to gain his lady's favor before long, rides

beside his father, tall, strong, and graceful. He is attended by a fearless Yeoman in his coat and hood of green. He carries a large bow, and bears himself as though he were the defender of the whole company.

The Prioress, Madame Eglentyne, comes next, with her French lisp and coy smile. She is somewhat inclined to be sentimental and to speak poor French when opportunity offers, but she is very devout. Taine describes her as "a fresh, sweet, and ruddy cherry made to ripen in the sun, but which, preserved in an ecclesiastical jar, has become candied and insipid in the syrup." She has with her several small hounds which she adores and feeds with the most dainty food. These hounds are very prone to get into everyone's way, but if they are beaten she weeps and turns her large, gray orbs reproachfully upon the offender, till he doubtless feels as guilty as though he had beaten their tender mistress instead. The Prioress is attended by her Chapeleyne.

Then comes the hunt-loving Monk who spares no pains to satisfy his fondness in that direction. His apparel is as costly and elegant as the order of the "unworldly monks" will allow. As the Benedictine rules of his order are "old and somdel streyt" and too severe to suit his love of this world's pleasure, he satisfies himself with the theory that a monk can do no good sitting in his cell; it is his duty to go abroad and let his light shine. A fat swan is his favorite roast, and he evidently feasts upon it often. His little eyes are bright, and the top of his head is as shiny as his round good natured face. He is brimming over with good humor, and what does he care how the world goes, provided it gives him hunting, wine, and goose? Beside him rides the merry Frere whose monthly calling in life is to beg alms for the church. There never was a better gossip, and he will give absolution for all sins without even referring to the Pope, — a very desirable person to have around. He spends more time in taverns and places of sociability than among the poor and wretched, for he considers it not meet for a man of his good standing to mingle with such. We can almost see him gather his robes about him and scornfully move away from them for fear his righteousness may be defiled, and that he may be obliged to spare a little of it.

His companion is a Somnour, or officer of the church, "that streyt was comen from the court of Rome," with his wallet "net-ful of pardoun come from Rome all hoot." He sings in his soft feminine voice, "Come hider, love, to me," and displays his glass of "pigges bones" as the precious remains of some saint or other. This hypocrite, of whose fearful visage children are afraid, flatters and threatens good and bad alike in order to sell his indulgences, doubtless receiving more money in a day than the poor parson does in a year.

Last, but not least, in this group of churchmen comes the poor Parson, or secular priest, from a neighboring town. His clothes are almost threadbare, but he is learned and diligent in his Master's work, in which he uses fairness and persuasion instead of threatening. He carries his religion and love with him and does good in places which the monk and friar think far beneath their notice. "Cristes lore and his apostles twelve, he taught, but first he folwed it himselve."

In the rear rides a hard-working and honest Plowman who loves God with all his simple heart and lives at peace with all men.

Here rides a Cook that they

" . . . hadde with hem for the nones,
To boille chiknes with the mary-bones."

English industry is represented by the Herbadassher, the Shipmaker, the Carpenter, the Weaver, the Dyere, the Tapicer, each in the dress of his craft. There is a learned Doctour of Physik in the company, who has grown rich in the great pestilence which has recently raged in London.

"In al this world ne was ther non him lyk,
To speke of physik and of surgerye."

He is accompanied by the bustling and affectedly busy Sergeant of the Lawe. The silent student of Oxenford, also in this group, is as lean and lank as the horse he rides upon.

"Of studie took he most cure and most hede,
Noght oo word spak he more than was neede.
And that was seyde in form and reverence,
And short and quyk, and full of high sentence."

The hospitable Frankeleyn rides beside the Wyf of Bathe who has the misfortune of being deaf. She takes great pride in cloth-making,

and the kerchief which she displays upon her head on Sundays is heavy with embroidery, with which attraction she probably enamoured some of her five husbands, over whom she lorded and vented her fiery temper, till growing weary of life, they died. And now that she is free from all encumbrances, she piously goes upon pilgrimages to the shrines of all the saints, new and old.

She can talk and gossip to her heart's content, and be doing penance all the while.

These, with a few others, the host and Chaucer himself, are the world-renowned "Pilgrims of Canterbury."

Hoping that they will gain the penance sought for at the tomb of Thomas à Becket, I will say with Chaucer:—

"But shortly to the poynt than wol I wende,
And maken of my longe tale an ende."

E. D. P.

A PLEA FOR MORE MUSIC.

One always hates to do the unwelcome work of criticising, when not requested to do so. It also seems a trifle hazardous to criticise a musical department anywhere. But alas! The young women at Lasell are proficient only in piano, violin, 'cello, organ, guitar, mandolin and banjo playing. That seems but a poor showing for a modern boarding school. To be sure, there are ensemble classes as well as chorus ones of various degrees of variety and excellency. But this is not enough. Now, when we have finished our trifle of daily duties—our four or five recitations; when we have construed our Latin and written our prose compositions therein; have finished our modicum of French translations, idioms and grammar; have completed our three hours' work in the studio, and our gymnasium, drill, and cooking lessons,—after these slight duties we have such an amount of leisure that we hardly know what to do with ourselves. Half of the young women rush to our well-filled reading-room, and, having correct literary taste, have begun to write criticisms upon the current literature of the day. Several of them have succeeded so well that we begin to fear they will leave our ranks at Christmas to accept positions as critics on the

periodicals of the day. But for those of us who are not so gifted, I make my especial plea for the introduction of a new branch of art.

We have read in the Old Testament that Jubal was the father of those who handle the harp. Antiquarians differ greatly among themselves as to the form of this celebrated instrument; and lovers of art more than nature, who think that a complication of pipes is necessary to produce any tolerable music, will perhaps be skeptical at the modern acceptance, which avers, beyond a vestige of doubt, that this instrument, invented by Jubal, was the jubilant jews'-harp! This was the instrument that rendered him famous among the Antideluvians. One can fancy him a welcome visitor in the Chaldean tents, harping a plaintive lay to the sentimental maidens.

In these modern times we have sensibly gone back to ancient times for our art treasures. We are believers in the lost arts, and are doing our best to create our *renaissance*. I will briefly, therefore, give you my reasons why this jewel of an instrument should be welcomed in our orchestra for is it not mentioned many years before the "Trumpet and Sound of Cornets?"

Then it is so easy to become proficient on the jews'-harp. The piano requires several hours of daily practice for any number of years, and the violin, as Paganini asserts, needs nine hours a day for nine years,—(not that the time is lacking here), but this instrument jews'-harp, one can master in a year with a half an hour's practice per diem, directed by a competent teacher. If your past musical education has initiated you into the mysteries of the chord of the seventh with its inversions and resolutions, if you understand the diminished seventh and the arpeggios, you will sooner learn this art of enchantment. Fancy yourself seated in the regulation steamer chair with your harp in hand, filling your room and the adjacent hall with the soulful melody of "The Maiden's Prayer," "The Angel's Serenade," "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," etc., etc., to the envy and delight of your neighbors.

Then the size of this instrument is a strong argument for its universal use. Instead of erecting organs which lumber up your houses and batter down your walls, instead of pianos, which are so bulky and difficult of transport, we recommend

the jews'-harp. It should be carried in the left hand vest pocket, and if you do not possess one, it may be pleasantly and safely conveyed thus by proxy.

Unlike the guitar, its strings do not break and fly off in centripetal or centrifugal lines, to the detriment of eyes and noses. Then, too, it is possible for an ordinarily expert player to deploy more than one jews'-harp at the same time. We paid five dollars a lesson to learn the method, and you cannot wonder that we are not going to indulge our charitable impulses to the extent of imparting our knowledge. It is not the way of the world. But the effect of three jews'-harps is simply irresistible! Now Lasell is progressive, there is opportunity for broadening our musical curriculum. We beg, we entreat, for a skillful teacher of the jews'-harp!

URA.

AN ORIENTAL JOURNEY.

AT a little distance from the city of Marash is situated a large stone house surrounded by a high wall. This house has a very different look from any you will see in America, for the work was done by the natives and thus has a foreign look. There is no cellar to the house, and no furnace nor steam-heating apparatus, as stoves are considered quite sufficient to warm the houses in this locality. In the same yard is another building, the Marash Theological Seminary for the instruction of native preachers. Next to this, and the largest building of all, is the Girls' College, presided over by an American lady, Miss Blakely. She has two lady assistants, and some four Turkish teachers.

A missionary's daughter, from her earliest years, had formed the resolve to devote her life to teaching the Turkish girls, and the time had come when she must return to America for educational advantages. One morning there could be seen entering the gate of the wall surrounding the missionary residence, a long line of horses, mules, and donkeys, each caparisoned for a journey. The family had risen very early to finish the packing. There was a great deal to do, as everything had to be taken with them, cooking utensils, food, beds and bedding, clothing, tents, et cetera, that they might need for five days. The animals

were expected at dawn, but as usual did not come until several hours later. After the animals were laden, the family started on the journey with a great many of their friends accompanying them for a short distance. The party consisted of three Americans, the cook, and two muleteers. Going through a rice field, the mud was so deep that the animals stumbled, the loads were covered with mud, and the people with difficulty kept their seats. Soon after they had passed the rice fields they came to a river which they had to ford. Their feet were wet, and some of the animals after crossing laid down and rolled with the loads on their backs. The next river was crossed by a high, narrow Roman bridge without any parapet around it.

The first night was spent in a little village at the foot of the mountains. There the huts were made entirely of mud, and the floors also. The dogs barked at the travellers and almost tore them to pieces. The people came and stared at them, and even went so far as to put their fingers in the strangers' mouths to see if the gold would come out. The ladies went to sleep before a crowd of spectators, and in the same room with a native family, their goats, and other animals. They went through this experience every night while they were travelling.

The next day they had to go over the mountains by little cow-paths and met some Circassian robbers, who would have attacked them and robbed them of all their goods if the party had not been well armed. The Sabbath was spent in a village in the mountains. The following day was the last in the hilly country. The next two days were spent going through the plains. They crossed rivers and passed cotton fields and tall palms. When they came within a few miles of Adana they were glad to be met and welcomed by former friends.

From Adana, there were forty miles of railroad travel, which was luxurious enough after the rough overland journey. A French steamer was waiting on the shore of the Mediterranean, and fortunately for the travellers there was a polyglot on board who conversed fluently in all languages. After two months of ocean scenery, the long talked of home-land came in sight; its enterprize, rush, and civilization almost overpowering to

the gaze of those who for so long a time had become accustomed to the Orient.

HIS COMPOSITION.

A SMALL boy in one of the Germantown public schools wrote a composition on King Henry VIII. last week. It read as follows: "King Henry 8 was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Annie Domino in the year 1066. He had 510 wives besides children. The first was beheaded and afterwards executed and the second was revoked. Henry 8 was succeeded on the throne by his great grandmother the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes called the Lady of the Lake, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel." — *Philadelphia Record*.

IMMIGRATION.

ONE of the three great questions which are troubling the minds of most Americans is what will become of America if all European countries continue to send their beggars, released prisoners, pedlers, and such vagabonds to our shores. Only yesterday a great German-Lloyd steamer arrived in New York with over two thousand steerage passengers. At this rate even America after a while will be populated with Italians, Russian Jews, etc. Europe is naturally delighted to rid herself of inhabitants which are a disgrace to any country, and takes advantage of our open ports to make us a present of them. Few of us realize how many foreigners enter our land every day. It is easier to understand when we have the figures set before us in black and white.

During the year 1891, twice as many Jews as are now in the Holy Land disembarked at the port of New York. 50,000 of them came from Russia; there still remain 3,500,000 in that country. If they all come over here (as they probably will), it will only take seventy years for us to have a population of more than 4,000,000 Jews. During the year ending June 30, 1892, 119,168 German, 76,417 Russian, 61,631 Italian, 51,383 Irish, 41,845 Swedish, 40,536 Polish, 35,725 Hungarians, and 32,935 Austrian immigrants came to America; in all 459,640.

Most of these come without a penny in their

pockets, having possibly left a comparatively decent home behind them, but they expect to find gold in the streets of the new country. There are several societies in Europe for the purpose of getting rid of unprofitable inhabitants of the different countries. To be sure, it is very convenient for them, and they are not to be blamed for doing so, but that does not make it apparent why the crowned heads of Europe should be allowed to shift this burden off on the United States.

And yet, what is to be done? That is the problem now being agitated.

Some of the steamship lines have threatened to refuse all steerage passengers next year, and raise the other prices so as not to lose anything. But that would hurt the World's Fair here, as fewer would come from Europe if the rates were raised. And yet, if cholera should again ravage the old country, few would trust themselves on a boat with several hundred steerage passengers, after such an experience as last summer's. At the same time we pity ourselves; those who have ever seen five or six hundred steerage passengers huddled together on an ocean steamer must feel much sympathy for the poor deluded creatures. It is indeed a pitiful sight to see them coming on the steamer with their few household possessions under their arms. Some of them are leaving their aged parents they know they will never meet again on this earth. One poor mother, preferring to follow the half drunken husband to a new home, left her children in the old country, to follow later possibly. The frantic cries of the little ones, as they saw the boat carrying their mother move away from the docks, brought tears into many eyes. To shut our doors entirely to the poor creatures who look to us for protection would indeed be cruelty, but protect our own country we must.

Let us therefore hope that in no far-off day a just medium may be found to settle this perplexing question satisfactorily.

More than thirty years ago Lord Macauley wrote to an American statesman the following prediction:—

"You may think your country enjoys an exemption from the evils known to monarchies. Your fate I believe to be certain, though it is deferred by a physical cause. As long as you

have a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, your laboring population will be far more at ease than the same class in the Old World, but the time will come when New England will be as thickly peopled as Old England. Wages will be as low, and will fluctuate as much with you as with us. Hundreds of thousands of artisans will assuredly be sometimes out of work. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test. Your Constitution is all sail and no anchor. Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your Republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth."

While we cannot believe in this pessimistic doctrine of an eminent man, we should take care that the Huns and Vandals who would ravage our Republic shall be carefully excluded from our shores, and we need have no fears that foes will be engendered within our own country, by our own institutions.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

The sun brightly gleaming,
The banners a-streaming;
We see the nations coming from afar,
With tribute low bending,
Their voices ascending
In praise and homage to our freedom star.
See! see on they come,
Rameses and the King of the Cannibal Isle;
The Campbells are coming, the Yodlers are humming
The Lorelei, Ivan, and the Bride of the Nile.

With drums proudly beating,
With glad birthday greeting,
At Columbia's feet their priceless gift they cast
To the quadricentenarian
Both Greek and Barbarian
Before her strength and beauty stand aghast.
Hail, hail, hail to thee
Sing the little Tycoon and the Persian lamb,
The Pearl of Pekin and the Count de Paris,
The Grand Mogul and Baby McKee,
Are welcomed by her gracious Uncle Sam.

O! O! Chicago,
"I will" is ever her motto;
She wanted the Fair, the Fair she got,
And out of the lake she made her plot.

Mt. Vernon Record.

WHAT IS DONE FOR OUR COMFORT IN THESE DAYS OF CIVILIZATION AND ADVANCEMENT?

WHAT is done for our comfort? Surely it would be too great an undertaking to attempt to enumerate all the sources of enjoyment and comfort which are furnished us in these days of wonderful inventions. Take for instance the railroad. Where would we be without it? Not here surely. The telegraph, long distance telephone, phonograph and cable, electric lights, and motor cars. The great giant Electricity has been brought under the complete control of man so that he can do anything with it now. It is his perfect slave and transports him at incredible speed to far distant places. The very clothes we wear are contributed by a thousand different people. The food which we eat hundreds of people provide. The furniture and carpets, the bric-a-brac and books, the music and games are all made for our comfort.

Our great grandfathers tell us of the time when they wore homespun clothing and how it was made. Their wives sat during the beautiful long summer days, after the churning was done and the delicious, snowy bread was made, and spun, spun, spun out the flax and their lives too. When the coarse cloth was made, the village tailoress was sent for and there she sat in the best spare chamber with goose and press board, snipping away at the cloth, making gowns for the girls and suits for the boys. Sometimes when one was a little more worldly than another she dyed the cloth a brilliant scarlet or deep blue with some herbs which the children gathered in early spring.

After the tailoress had gone, the shoemaker was sent for, who arrived rolling prodigious masses of sole leather, calfskin, and morocco, also bringing a ponderous shoemaker's bench, upon which he sat for weary weeks, pounding away at heavy brogans, half shoes, and even dancing pumps for the boys, and slippers for the maidens, for dancing was one of the chief amusements in those days. He made shoes for the smallest toddling baby to the feeble old grandfather, sitting in the great chimney corner, till all had their supply, when he would gather up his bags and chattels and depart to another house to perform the same duty. Now, how easy it is for us to go into any store and select anything we

wish and have it made up with almost no trouble, or stop at any shoe store and order a pair of dainty, neatly fitting boots, with no more thought than to see that they are satisfactory.

Roads, in the country even, are kept in repair so that it may be pleasanter for those who drive for pleasure and more expeditious for those who go on business. Everything one can think of is done to make life easier and man lazier. The only things that are not comfortable are certain styles of dress. This past year they have been all that one could wish; but the time is now going by for that, and in the dim distance we see shadows of hoops and heavy draperies. If some dress reformer could persuade us to throw off the yoke of this slavery to modes, what a philanthropist she would be. The World's Fair will probably show us many things of which we never before dreamed. But is it best to have so many luxuries? Of course these inventions make many men rich, but sometimes suddenly acquired wealth does more harm than good. The manufacture of so many things gives employment to men who otherwise would be loafing about the street corners or lounging around the bar-room, but does it not tend to make men effeminate and more sensitive to any hardship? What do you think concerning the matter? C. A. S.

A MEXICAN HOTEL.

NEARLY all the hotels in Old Mexico are conducted by the natives themselves and are therefore quite different from American hotels.

One with which I am acquainted is the Hotel Jardine (pronounced Hardeen), situated in the central part of the city of Mexico, built originally for a convent, and from the outside not looking much like a hotel but rather like a prison.

It is two stories high, built on two sides of a square, which forms a large court where are growing palms and various other tropical plants.

This court is enclosed on all sides by a high iron fence with a wide gate in front, from which there is a descent by six stone steps to the street.

A stone walk fifteen feet wide extends from the gate around two sides of the court, this being like a hall except that it has no covering over it.

The different rooms are entered from this walk ; first the office, a small room furnished very scantily, and not resembling our modern American hotel offices very closely ; next, two or three rooms, private rooms of the proprietor and his family ; and on the other side rooms for guests.

Entering these rooms from the walk, we first go into a small vestibule, separated from the room by glass doors.

The sleeping apartments are scantily furnished, there being in most of them only a bed, one or two chairs, and a wash-stand. There is usually but one window, which however is very large, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and opening into the rooms like glass doors ; yet being iron-barred they make the houses look more than ever like prisons.

The windows do not look out upon a street as in most hotels, but all that can be seen is the back of another building with a small open space between, covered with grass and a few flowers.

Where the walk turns, a narrow, winding stairway ascends from the court to the second floor, from which a walk extends around on two sides of the court as below, and is the same as that one except that it is only three feet wide.

The sleeping rooms on the second floor are also entered from this walk, and are arranged on the same plan as those below.

The dining-room is on the second floor and entered from the walk near the head of the stairway. It is very much like the dining-rooms in American hotels, except that at one side is a small bar where all sorts of wines and other liquors are sold.

The whole building is furnished very poorly, and there are no parlors or music rooms as in most hotels.

There is no place to sit except in one's own room and as nothing can be seen from the windows it is a very gloomy place.

ONE day I went to fix the furnace (Furniss), as I had fired the Cook(e) from Camp, and Saw-in the Hall a Fair Child asking (Aston) the Stewart, who was laugh(l)in and Peele(ing) her Murphy's, Hough(off). If she could Hyde from the Chap (in) the Barn(y)ard, who was Chase(ing) her

and trying to Robb her of a Cushing(on) which she was Holding(en). I thought I would rope her (Roper) in, and so told her to come on the Morrow. She had Rannery (a) way from her home (Holmes) yester(Day) and was going to Cleaveland what's on (Watson) the Zechetzsche River. I took her (Tucker) in and gave her a home (Holmes). How hard she did work, until she met Mrs. Smith And(h)erson, Ray Smiths the Miller, who was a Merry man. She told them to step in (Stephenson) soon to dinner, and so they came. She gave them Fowl(er), Partridge, and (Hanna) enough to kill (Kelly) ordinary L(a)yman, all in (Allen) different courses. They had weiner wurst in Casebolts, served à la De Bruler with Christie Sauce, and Appel dump-lings, with Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Among those present were N. Y. Conlin, D. C. Cruikshank, C. T. Davis, P. S. Eads, A. K. Ewing, N. Y. Fitch, Baby N. Y. Healey, Mrs. P. P. Johnson and her two daughters, Mass. and Conn., Mrs. Ogden, N. Kiesel, Mrs. Portland. M. Libby, Mlle. Bradford, Vermont McDuffee, pretty little Mrs. G. F. N. Y. McEchron, Signora F. W. I. Meegan, Miss Pamesville O'Meigs, Mrs. S. M. Morgan, Mrs. Chic D. Roesing, The Duke of Richmond, Lord O. A. Seiberling. Hon. M. M. Seth, Scranton P. Simpson, Ex-Senator N. O. Stearns, A. W. Sutherland, Esq., F. W. T. Tomlinson, Rev. J. M. Webb, St. Joe M. Westhiemer, Esq., Mr. Norwalk C. Wilson, Rt. Rev. Dean Sheboygan, W. Zschetzsche, D.D., from Zschetzscheville. R. T.

"Who is the belle to-night?" asked she,
As they stood on the ball-room floor.
He looked around the room to see —
And she speaks to him no more.

The Oracle.

LOCALS.

A CHRISTMAS Vesper Service was given at the Methodist church, Sunday evening, Dec. 18, 1892, by the Amphion Quartett and the choir. It was much enjoyed by all who attended.

"THE Holy City," a sacred cantata, was given at the M. E. church on Tuesday evening, Dec. 20, 1892. The train bearing some of the soloists from Boston broke down near Cottage

Farms, causing about an hour's delay. Otherwise everything went off smoothly, and the music was indeed a treat. Miss Tulleys and Miss White sang solos and delighted all the audience.

THE Lasell European party of "'92" had a very pleasant reunion with Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd, at the Seminary, on the 14th inst. Nine members brought their pleasant recollections, their kodac reflections, and their sunny complexions to make a most delightful occasion, and with the letters from those who could not come, and souvenirs of many countries, and pictures and spoons, and Paris hats and London gowns, and a good dinner, the afternoon and evening were quite too short in which to do them all justice.

Lasell library received from the members of the S. D. Society the handsome sum of fifty dollars, a Christmas gift worth having, and very conclusive evidence of the loyalty and devotion of the givers to their school. The manner of expending this is left by the donors to the discretion of the Faculty. It is a gift that will keep green the memory of those who gave it.

THE New Haven *Evening Register* of Dec. 13 has an article on Yale's new professors, among whom is our old friend and professor of French, Prof. Jules Luquiens, who with his family is now living in New Haven. Some of you may not know that Prof. Luquiens for some years after leaving Lassell taught in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and that it was from there that he went to Yale, as head of the department of Modern Languages. He and his wife made Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon a short visit during the Christmas vacation.

THE account of the Lasell Missionary Society for the year 1891-'92 is as follows:—

| | |
|------------------------------|----------|
| To W. F. M. S. | \$50 00 |
| To Japan..... | 50 00 |
| To Spain (Mrs. Gulick) | 40 00 |
| To Turkey..... | 10 00 |
| To Aztecs..... | 15 00 |
| Total | \$165 00 |

IN the Freshman Cooking Class:—

MISS B.—“Where is the liver situated in a chicken?”

BRIGHT PUPIL.—“Next to the tail.”

ONE of the members of the class of '95 in formed her room-mate who was ill that she should have a doctor. “Yes,” said she, “you must have Dr. Peloubet.”

To insure a rapid growth of hair, send to the Only City, Portland, Ore., for “Skookum.” For reference, see F. H.

WHAT do all people want when they are hungry?—Something to eat.

NEW PICTURES.

THIRTEEN beautiful paintings have recently been added to the Lasell collection of pictures, eleven water-colors and two oils. The water-colors are from the brush of the Auburndale artist, Mr. Philip Butler, other fine specimens of whose work already adorn our walls. The subjects of these are as follows: “Sanger House Doorway,” Sherborn, Mass., or “Deserted”; “Birches,” Auburn Springs, Me.; “Ramona's Home,” California; Ramona's Marriage Place,” California; “Capistrano Mission Ruin,” California; “Cloud Effect”; “Old Farm House,” Sunapee Lake, N. H.; “Street Scene,” Venice; “Gray Day,” England; “Thatched Roof Cottage,” England; “J. G. Whittier's Birthplace as it Appeared in the Time of his Boyhood.” They must be seen to be appreciated, which indeed might also be said of the two oils, “From Garden and Sea,” by Mr. Leavitt, of Providence, and “The Widow at Prayer,” by H. F. Richardson. Of these, the first is a mass of roses and lilies-of-the-valley lying on a table, and relieved against the shadowy whorls of a large-chambered-nautilus shell in the background. A crystal bowl and tall vase stand on the table near the flowers. The effect of the whole is charming. Mr. Richardson's picture represents an aged woman at prayer. She wears a widow's cap, partially concealing her whitened locks, and is draped in a long, dark cloak with hood thrown back. Her thin hands clasp the crucifix, from which depends a rosary. She looks with a wistful appealing look straight before her into the distance beyond. The face is a fine one, and the picture sombre in color and very pathetic in sentiment. It is well worth study.

MR. HENRY ORNE RYDER's picture, "Old Breton Farmhouses," which recently hung in the Lasell Art Gallery, is among the number on exhibition at the Charitable Mechanics Fair Building. This collection of pictures is to be exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition. They represent the best work of the artists of Massachusetts, and have been carefully selected from a large number by a jury of competent judges.

PERSONALS.

FROM Mary Marshall Call we receive intelligence of the arrival at her home of a little boy, Donald Marshall Call, born Nov. 29, 1892. We tender our congratulations.

ALICE WHITE writes us of her work in Boston, which she finds helpful and pleasant. She is teaching and doing nicely.

BLANCHE HENLIN ROBINSON writes cheerily of the summer delights of Castine, where, she says, her husband is building a country house for them. They were there last summer, and Blanche speaks of having seen while there one of the old Lasell girls, with whom she was not acquainted but knew by sight, Madie Dyer.

MRS. CURTIS tells us of Daisy's improved health and continued study at Northampton. She takes but few studies, trying rather to get fully well and strong again, which is wise.

BLANCHE FORD HILL, we hear, has a little son, born during the Christmas holidays. Our congratulations. She is living now in Concord, N. H.

FROM Pasadena, Cal., comes news from Ava Lowe Stinson, who is visiting her parents there during Mr. Stinson's absence abroad. The family are delighted with their new home, and Edna and Zoë enjoying to the full their good fortune as dwellers in the "American Paradise."

HELEN GILBERT describes enthusiastically the "Columbian Bazaar," which she recently attended. Says it reminded her of the fairy scenes of the "Arabian Nights" (different nations were represented with charming success), and that she felt herself "a lost chord," out of harmony with all

the gay orientalism about her. She met Delia Davis there, who presented her to Mrs. Potter Palmer, one of America's daughters of whom Helen feels justly proud.

IN the *Paradise of The Pacific*, a Honolulu sheet recently sent us, we find notice that Ada Jones's family are back again in their lovely Pacific home. The paper is full of interesting articles on various topics. Some points of Hawaiian history are treated of in one article, others discuss Hawaiian scenery, mythology, politics, etc., and terrible Kilanea claims its column and a half. Our thanks for the copy.

MR. AND MRS. BRAGDON, with Miss Ransom, have gone for a few months' travel in Egypt and Palestine. We wish them a pleasant trip.

ALICE WARD (Mrs. Nick Thompson), who is herself so fond of tennis, has in her husband an equally zealous devotee of the game.

LILLIAN COOKE, one of the soloists in the cantata of "The Holy City," is an old Lasell girl in whom Mr. Davis has found a good contralto voice.

IDA SIBLEY WEBBER, Holyoke, Mass., writes briefly of pleasant Christmas days, noting especially some fine musical entertainments planned for that time. She says, "Our life is full of good things." We are glad she finds it so.

MR. AND MRS. C. A. HICKS (Alice Mayo), of Needham, sent a most acceptable Christmas present, their handsome photographs. Santa Claus also handsomely remembered Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon by the hearts and hands of Ada Dunaway, Lucy Curtis, and Professor Vail, of old Lasell memory, who sent us a Christmas card from his home the Land of the Rising Sun. These besides the abundant kindnesses from those in the house.

MARIE SHELLABARGER CROWDER is very happy in her new home at Spokane, Wash., and has made many new friends there.

NAN BROWN is spending the winter at Hotel Raymond, East Pasadena, Cal.

BESSIE PHELPS's mother, Scranton, Pa., gave a reception for her during the Christmas holidays; Vinnie Rose Mabel Lord, and Florence Palmer were visiting Bessie at that time.

MARY HASKELL, her mother tells us, is enjoying an "old world" trip this winter. Spain, Northern Africa, and Italy are included among the places she has visited thus far, or expects to visit. She will be away until August.

IN Miss Chamberlayne's pleasant home, 64 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, are a number of our old friends and acquaintances. Among those pursuing their studies there are Eloise Knowles, of Missoula, Mont; Alice Donallan, Lynn, Mass.; Georgina Haskell, Chicago, Ill.; Edith Taylor, Haverhill, Mass., and Pearl Houston, Holyoke, Mass. Miss Tappan and Mrs. Faxon are also there. Miss Tappan has charge of the department of English and Literature, while Mrs. Faxon gives her attention to the creature comforts which she knows so well how to provide. William Robinson, whom some of us remember as "Walter," is employed there in much the same capacity as he was formerly here. The girls say they enjoy very much indeed their life and work at this school; and everything is so pleasant and homelike there that we do not see how it could be otherwise.

AMONG recent visitors to the seminary were Miss Bertha Conant, Mrs. J. R. Draper (Nellie Packard), Miss Alice Holmes, Miss Jessie Benton, Mrs. Edward Baker (Rouette Bowen), Mrs. Harry Cryer (Belle McKenzie), Miss Gertrude Newcomb, and Miss Day (Rena's sister).

MR. BRAGDON finds an old friend, or a friend of his boyhood, in the wife of the pastor of the Trinity M. E. Church, Omaha, Neb., and commends her to the social courtesies and acquaintance of Lasell girls in that city. We hear that Rev. Mr. Beans has achieved a signal victory for his church lately.

HOME seems to agree with some people better than foreign travel. Jennie Johnson Milbank, who had such a serious time abroad, is rapidly gaining flesh and strength in her home in Yonkers, having put on ten pounds already since she came back. The children are in good health, and they and she are both watching the progress of the new house.

JUST think of it! It must be Chicago does not agree with her so well as Auburndale! Edith

Gale, great, strong, the picture-of-health, Edith Gale, has been sick! We suspect she has done as much as some others in helping those who were sick. She reports herself as quite well now and greatly enamoured of Mr. B.'s trip to Egypt and Palestine and wishing she could go. Blessings on Edith and all helpful girls!

MR. AND MRS. BRAGDON left Lasell on the morning of Jan. 2, for New York, where they were joined by Miss Ransom and embarked on the 3d, for a midwinter trip to Egypt and Palestine. They expect to be absent about three months, and anticipate a very enjoyable journey. Miss Ransom, it is earnestly hoped, will be much benefited by the trip. Since her serious illness in the early fall she has not seemed to regain strength so rapidly as might be wished, and a few months' travel, it was thought, would probably be a great help to her. Mr. Bragdon was deprived entirely of the usual vacation last summer, and substitutes this trip for it, the long continued pressure of business rendering it necessary that he should have some rest and change. In a characteristically kind and thoughtful letter he bade his girls good-by, and explained why it seemed needful for him to leave while school was still in session. This was read in chapel to the school. All with one accord wish the travellers "*bon voyage.*"

IT is very pleasant to have among us once more Prof. Bragdon's mother, Madame Bragdon, who really seems not a whit older than when she was here three years ago. The journey from Evanston to Auburndale apparently caused her no more fatigue than it does to the ordinary traveller, notwithstanding her years. She came during the holidays and had a nice little visit with Professor and Mrs. Bragdon before their departure for the East, and expects to stay here with Belle and John until they return from their trip. Since she came she has had a short visit from her old friend, Mrs. Noyes, formerly connected with Lasell, whom many of the old girls remember most pleasantly.

A YOUNG lady in a neighboring school is called "Postscript." Her real name is "Adeline Moore."

MARRIAGES.

MISS ELIZABETH HARWOOD to Mr. Albert Jones, November 16, 1892. They will live in Bridgeport, Conn. Miss Harwood was graduated from Lasell in '89.

MISS ISABEL LOMBARD to Mr. Clarence Simpson, November 23, 1892. Miss Lombard was here in '88.

MISS ANNE HARRIET CHAPIN to Mr. William Fairfield Whitney, October 19, 1892, at Holyoke, Mass. They will live in Holyoke. Miss Chapin was a student here in '89-'90.

MISS JANE A. BAKER to Mr. Thomas Cary Welch, December 26, 1892, at Buffalo, N. Y. They will live in Buffalo. Miss Baker was here in '82-'84.

MISS ALICE WARD to Mr. N. Thompson at Carthage, Ohio. Miss Ward was a Lasell girl in 86-'87.

MISS RENA ELIZABETH DAY to Mr. Albert W. Fulton, Jan. 4, 1893, at Wakefield, Mass. They will make their home in Chicago. Miss Day is a Lasell girl of '88-'89.

MISS ANNA L. KING to Dr. C. L. Collins of Norton, N. H., January 16, 1893. Miss King was a student at Lasell, '75-'78.

MISS EVELYN BURPEE PARKER to Mr. Harry Lincoln Wheatley, at Longwood, Fla., Dec. 11, 1892. They will live in Chicago. Miss Parker was with us in '81-'82.

MISS LOUISE C. SAVAGE to Mr. H. L. Richardson, Dec. 28, 1892. They will live in Woburn, Mass. Miss Savage was here in '80-'82.

ENGAGED.

MISS GERTRUDE F. WOODBURY, of Burlington, Vt., and Mr. George M. Powers, of Morrisville, secretary of the Vermont Senate.

DEATHS.

WE are sorry to record this month the death of Harry Baker, of Rockford, Ill., brother of Josephine Baker, who was here some years ago. The young man died of consumption in Colorado

Springs, whither he had gone for a renewal of health. He was an earnest Christian and beloved by all who knew him. We sympathize with the sorrowing ones of his family.

To edit a magazine acceptably in the interests of Foreign Missions for a term of twenty-four years seems a burden of peculiar magnitude. But so admirably was this accomplished by the late Mrs. W. F. Warren that no unkind criticism was ever made upon her work. Her editorials were always exactly to the point, and so felicitously expressed that one could only regret their brevity. We shall miss her timely greetings from the paper we have loved to read, and friends everywhere will lament the loss of a scholarly, representative Christian worker.

ADDRESSES.

MARY MARSHALL CALL (Mrs. Edward Payson Call), 260 W. 57th St., N. Y.

ALICE WHITE, 556 Columbus Ave., Boston.

BLANCHE HENLIN ROBINSON, 125 E. 46th St., N. Y.

JANE BAKER WELCH (Mrs. Thos. C. Welch), 471 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

RENA DAY FULTON (Mrs. Albert W. Fulton), "The Yorkshire," Michigan Ave., Chicago.

ANNE CHAPIN WHITNEY (Mrs. Wm. F. Whitney), 182 Elm St., Holyoke, Mass.

EVELYN BURPEE PARKER (Mrs. H. L. Wheatley) "Chicago View Hotel," Ashland Boulevard, Chicago.

EXCHANGES.

MR. DICKINSON (*in English*). — "Have any of the gentlemen noticed any newspaper headings which did not suggest and represent the subject?"

TUTTLE, '96. — "Yes, sir; one referring to "Births," "Marriages," and "Deaths" headed "Hatched," "Matched," and "Dispatched."

(*The class collapses and is dismissed.*) — *The Tech.*

IT is said that the Eiffel Tower is eight inches higher in hot than in cold weather. — *The Newton High School Review.*

"THE enemy, with waving knees, tottered and flew." — *The Crescent.*

THE total amount of gifts to Harvard during the summer was \$70,000. — *The Brunonian.*

EXETER has only two hundred and thirty-four students this year, while Andover has about four hundred and seventy-five. — *The Tech.*

YOUNG LADY (*admiring a beautiful piece of bric-a-brac, turns to the waiting clerk*). — "If you please, how much is this?"

CLERK. — "Fifteen dollars."

YOUNG LADY (*just from boarding-school*). — "How dear!"

DISAPPOINTED CLERK. — "Pardon me, Miss, it is not at all expensive." — *Ogontz Mosaic.*

PUPIL translating Latin, Cicero's second oration against Cateline, describing Romans: —

"With well-combed locks and glossy, either without beards, or well-bearded, with togas with sleeves reaching to the *ankles*."

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

Volume XVIII.

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Number 5.

LASELL LEAVES.

Published Monthly, during the School Year,

BY THE

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OF

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VIRGINIA WYCKOFF, '94.

Business Manager.

IDA SHORT, '93.

Associate Editors.

EDITH PARTRIDGE.

HELEN MORRIS.

MARY TULLEYS, '94.

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CAROLINE STEEL, '95.

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GRACE E. LOUD, '94.

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GRACE ALLEN, '95.

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THE first month of the New Year has brought to Americans very great losses by removing men who held some of the most prominent positions under the government. It seems as though the columns of our national temple were falling very rapidly. But the greatest vacancy is that left by Bishop Brooks. The mourning for him is sincere and prompted by affection, for he made no class distinctions, being as ready to perform a service for the poorest as for the wealthiest. The deserted city, with its closed shops and strangely quiet streets on Jan. 26, the great procession which passed through the vestibule of Trinity for a last look upon his features — all these incidents show how close he stood to the sympathies of the people, not as the Bishop, but as the man.

The quiet life which ex-President Hayes has led since his retirement from office rendered his sudden death less startling to the people of this country than it might have been under other circumstances. Mr. Hayes had done a full life's work when he retired to his home in 1881. In the war he won the rank of brevet-major general, for bravery in action. As soon as the war was over he was called into active political life in Congress and then to the presidential chair. Since his retirement he has been engaged in philanthropic work and educational matters. The presence of Mr. Cleveland, the only living ex-president, at the funeral seemed most fitting, thus proving that diverse political creeds do not destroy life's amenities.

With the death of James G. Blaine, one of the most active movers in American affairs of this generation passes away.

Now there is no great work to which one may point and say, "This was done by Blaine." Nevertheless, his influence has been powerful and

there are numerous matters which have been smoothed over by his discreet action. When the kind hand of time has obliterated adverse criticisms his name will rank among the most influential of our nation's patriots; generations will speak of him as we now do of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

THE death of Gen. Butler takes away from the daily life in Boston one of its most striking figures. Not only in the relations of his eventful service in the Civil War, but in many other lines of activity has he been prominent before the community since he showed, in early life, in his very first public work, at the bar, how keen was his observation, how vigorous his attack, how determined his purpose. He early earned the confidence of the workingmen of the community, and of those persons who are apt to think that they do not have a fair share in the division of profits. And although he often lost this confidence, as individuals came to test his work for the public, he had a personal popularity in Massachusetts which perhaps no other public man since Samuel Adams and John Hancock has enjoyed.

He was a man of warm heart and most generous impulse, and his best friends would say that to the quickness of his impulses he owes most of the great successes, and most of the great failures of his career.

A story is told of his engagement with a young lady, when he attended college in Waterville, Me. After some time he became tired of her, and wished to break the engagement, but did not know how to manage it.

Finally he thought of a plan which he decided to adopt in order to disenchant the lady. The next evening he called at her house. He pretended that he had been drinking. She noticed how strangely he acted.

She had often told him that she would never have anything to do with a man that drank, so, when she saw that he had been drinking she gave him a scolding such as he had never before received. He went back to the college, and he and his friends had a great joke about it. The young lady, whose heart was not broken, mar-

ried another and tells the story now with a great deal of merriment.

He was a very devoted man to his family. He was very proud of his daughters and never saddened them by choosing another to fill their beloved mother's place. B. L. C.

WHEN Miss Carpenter asked us to prepare for a new kind of gymnastics on the evening of the 16th, such a joyful clapping of hands and buzzing of voices began as could greet no other sort of gymnastics than that of getting ready for a sleigh-ride. What a merry crowd assembled in the halls, and oh, what an appearance we did make! We had turned everything into wearing apparel, from the comfort on the steamer chair to Mrs. Shepherd's shawl. At last we were safely stowed away in the barges, each one beside her own particular chum, and all went merrily as a wedding bell until, just as we were leaving Newton, one of the barges suddenly collapsed. And then were we called upon to test the saying, "The more the merrier"; and this time we proved it most true. How could one get cold when her best friend reclined comfortably (?) on her feet, and only a bright eye here and a pink ear there was visible from out the furry ball of noise within the barge. We were well supplied with all the equipments of a successful sleigh-ride, and the tin horns played a merry accompaniment to songs such as a Lasell girl's lively brain can devise. At last we reached Boston, where we did ample justice to the oyster stews awaiting us, and, after satisfying the inner man, or rather woman, we started back to Auburndale, and arrived home a little before the mystic hour when ghosts are supposed to stalk abroad. And a very happy but sleepy crowd of ghosts, as they slowly emerged from out the many wraps, voted this sleigh ride the best one since they were freshmen.

TENDER AND COOL IS THE NIGHT.

TENDER and cool is the night
And the day is sweet,
But the sweetest is where the light
And the darkness meet.

Sweet is the man's glad day
And the maiden's dream,
But sweetest the joined way,
Love's votaries deem.

Yale Lit.

AUNT EUNICE'S VALENTINE.

THE fire burned brightly upon the hearth and filled the pleasant sitting-room with a soft golden light. Before the fire sat "Aunt Eunice Brown" in her old-fashioned rocking-chair, gently swaying to and fro, her white hair falling in soft curls about her sweet, sad face. The click of her knitting needles and the purring of the comfortable tabby cat upon the rug were suddenly disturbed by the entrance of the old colored servant, who announced that tea was waiting, and that a young man had stood at the front gate full fifteen minutes talking with Miss Ethel "dis yere bittah Febuah night." By a vigorous ringing of the huge dinner bell upon the front piazza, the young man seemed to realize that the evening was growing colder, and hastily started down the street, while the radiant "sweet sixteen" Ethel came in with a pleasant chatter of St. Valentine's Day and the fun there would be to-morrow. After the dainty supper was over, the lively girl besought her aunt to relate some of her own early experiences. "You must have had many lovers in your youth," said the arch flatterer; "please tell me a real true story of a valentine." A sad, far-away look came into Aunt Eunice's eyes, as she leaned back in her chair by the fireside and began the following story:—

"My father was a well-to-do farmer, living in the rural village of Paris, Me. There were three children of us. I was the eldest, and when our gentle patient mother went to Heaven, she confided to my care our beautiful Mary and our infant brother Joe, your father, dear Ethel. The neighbors said I did wonderfully well, and my father often praised me, though he thought I was inclined to spoil Mary. The dear girl's tastes were far above her station as a farmer's daughter. She had a voice of surpassing sweetness and richness, and she longed to cultivate a pretty talent for drawing which I had encouraged in her. To help her in these artistic tastes I desired to increase our income; and as my housekeeping ability was recognized as a fact, I easily persuaded my father to allow me to take summer boarders. The scenery in Maine was unusually beautiful the next June, and one day there came a party of artists from Boston to make some sketches of the soft pine woods and mossy dells. Among

these artists was a youth named Guy Harlan, a tall handsome blonde, with an air of distinction, and a wonderful conversationalist. One evening as we were gathered around the sitting-room table we commenced talking about talent, and with great difficulty I persuaded Mary to bring out some of her sketches from nature she had made the previous summer. The artist said but little, but kindly offered to assist her and direct her studies. He had travelled and studied in France and in Italy, and we sat spellbound at his descriptions and his explanations of the art treasures beyond the seas. By the last of August, Mary had, to our partial eyes, become quite a skilful artist, and now the witchery of song began. To listen to those two voices upon a summer night would make one think of Heaven and the angels. September came and went, and still the artist lingered. October's brilliant coloring was a new incentive to wander forth with the hope of reproducing Autumn's pomp upon the canvas. Suddenly a letter came to Mr. Harlan which summoned him to the city in greatest haste. That afternoon I found Mary in our vine-clad bower sobbing as if her heart would break, and learned from her that Mr. Harlan had never declared his love, though he must have known that she worshipped him.

"Letters came regularly from Boston, and our Mary's time was so occupied in preparing suitable replies, that her art studies were neglected. I have known her to write and re-write her letters half a dozen times, before she could satisfy herself they were worthy the notice of her absent lover. It was a long winter for her, and when I would speak of our former plans in reference to her vocal studies, her eyes would fill with tears, and she would hastily leave the room. The only time the poor child seemed at all like her former self was the week before St. Valentine's Day, when little Joe besought her to paint him some valentines to sell at the village book-store, and also one for his beloved teacher, and the little girl he loved best. Once more her voice warbled the songs we used to hear, and her merry laugh rang out as in former days. I wondered at her lack of sisterly confidence in me; and, as we went to our rooms for the night, on the eve of St. Valentine, I ventured to ask her if she thought anyone

would send us a valentine next day. She turned her lovely eyes upon me with an expression I have never forgotten, saying, 'Darling sister, I am unworthy of your tender love and care, yet I have prepared a valentine for you to-morrow.' I laughed nervously and thanked her, and so with our usual good-night kiss, we parted, alas! forever.

"The next morning, Mary did not come down to breakfast, and father said, 'Eunice, our Mary is looking pale and thin; let her sleep, and when she comes down, I will propose a plan I have, for taking her to Boston next week, when I go on business.' I was exceedingly occupied that morning, preparing for company, and so it was nearly noon when I entered Mary's room. What was my dismay to see that her bed had not been occupied, and that her hat and coat were gone! Upon her pillow was a large envelope addressed 'Eunice's Valentine'! Upon opening this, I found Guy Harlan's last letter to Mary, entreating her, with all a lover's eloquence, to leave her home and people, who were incapable of understanding artistic souls, to meet him in Bremen, and their lives should be ideal ones, never yet realized by dwellers upon this prosaic earth. A note from Mary to me told how she had tried to resist this temptation, but in vain; that life was utterly valueless without his presence, ungrateful as it might appear to us. She begged our forgiveness, and entreated us not to follow her, as it would be quite useless. These words of farewell had evidently caused her much sorrow, for the letter was blistered with tears.

"Father's wrath was something terrible to behold. He blamed himself and me. He blamed Mary, but hurled strongest epithets of abuse upon the ruthless destroyer of our happiness. He hurried off to Boston, only to find the 'Germania' had sailed; and then, without waiting to transact any business, he came home in the blinding winter storm. All night he walked the floor in anguish of spirit. The house shook with the violence of the tempest. A large oak, beneath whose shade Mary used to sit in summer, came crashing through our library window, and it seemed as if the demons of darkness were exulting in our calamity. Next morning when the storm was ended, I sent little Joe for a morning paper, and

there we saw in glaring headlines, the announcement of the 'Germania's' loss off Gay Head, and that not a passenger was saved! Poor father never recovered from the shock. He would sit for hours in hopeless imbecility, and when roused, would invariably repeat, 'Yes, I'm going to find Mary!'

"One summer evening he wandered down the road in his usual aimless way, and a kind neighbor brought him back to us, as there were indications of a fast-coming shower. We had just placed him upon the sofa to rest, when a blinding sheet of lightning, accompanied by a reverberating peal of thunder, awed us into fear and silence. We thought father was trying to speak to us, and listening intently we heard him utter faintly, 'I am going to find Mary'; and then he sank back a corpse."

Aunt Eunice wept softly as she finished this chapter of her early sorrows, while impulsive Edith sobbed aloud. A long silence followed, broken at last by this request: "Please tell me, dear aunt, what became of Guy Harlan?" "Well, he wrote us a contrite letter, asking our forgiveness, and confessing that he had never seen a happy hour since his fatal letter to Mary. But men soon forget. He wedded an Italian lady with a Madonna-like face, and, when they came to America, her portraits attracted great attention in art galleries. But they are both gone, and the handsome youth who stood so long at our gate to-night is their orphan son, and the very image of his artist father."

E. A. C.

THE WINTER OCEAN VOYAGE.

THE LEAVES is interested in eleven of the passengers on the "Ems" which left New York Jan 3, for Alexandria, so a word may not be out of place.

"First the worst," as the children say in their game; so to get them out of the way we mention the Principal and his wife (at least one of whom is), enjoying the ocean in January very much, in spite of frequent regretful thoughts of the little world from which he is at present banished. Then Miss Ransom of whom you will be glad to hear that she is recovering flesh and strength, is a good sailor and a magnificent eater. Then Mrs. Dyer

of Newton Centre, mother of Grace who was at Lasell in 1886, and who is now in Florence taking voice lessons. She will land at Naples, meet Grace, and go with her leisurely back to her work. Mrs. D. has not been altogether exemplary in behavior since coming on board, and Mr. B. has had to reprove her more than once; she appeared yesterday at dinner but promised nothing for the future, and to-day is again out of sight.

Then the quartette, Mary and Jennie Coe, Emma Choate and Bessie Merriam. They have had a singular experience. Their trunks did not come in time. The steamer waited a half hour but still they came not. So the girls are bound for Egypt with about the amount of clothing tradition has called essential even for warm climates. Mary has proved a good sailor, Bessie only fair, the others less than that. They are cheerful amid misfortune, seem to have plenty of room in their cabins, and if they had not told it no one would have yet suspected that they were trunkless. Then two of our delightful companions at table, Mr. and Mrs. Harger, of Dubuque, Iowa. Mrs. H. is a cousin of Henry Hubbard, formerly of Elgin, Ill., now of New York, an old time friend, and both are acquainted with the Glovers and Langworthys whose dear names and precious memories bind us in loving ties to that hill city of the Mississippi. Dear Carrie Glover! what paths have your dancing feet trod since Lasell's weary plodding? What sights have those dark eyes looked upon since they closed to the things we see?

Bernice Langworthy is now our well-beloved Mrs. McFadden of Baltimore. How proud Mrs. Langworthy used to be of her Dubuque girls and with good cause. We are glad to hear that she is still vigorous and lovely as ever.

Eleventhly, Dr. Galloupe, of Boston, who used to live in Lynn, and knows Lucy Sargeant and Maude Oliver and gave requests for excuses from Gymnastics, which, I made free to tell him, I would not have granted in one case, had I the say — whereat he laughed, which proves it. He seems to be of a very social disposition; moreover, a fair hand at shuffleboards.

And so I have accounted for my eleven.

It is too soon now to say if the experiment of a pleasure trip in January be successful.

It has not been cold, that is settled. Since the

first day we have had south winds with too much warmth and moisture. It has not been very stormy, yet, but it has been rough enough to make folks skeptical about the "balmy breezes and quiet southern seas" into which the passage to Gibraltar was to bring us. It differs in almost no respect, so far, from a voyage to Liverpool at this season of the year. As to the boat, she is very good; rolls a great deal because of lack of ballast, but that is not her fault. She pitches very little; indeed she is unusually steady for the amount of sea motion, is well appointed, sets a better table than I ever found in any Cunard steamer, excellent service, soft pillows, spring beds, good-sized rooms, kind stewardesses, etc. A printing kit is on board, and they print us daily our bills of fare for luncheon and dinner in German and English.

The English shows the translation in odd spellings now and then like "Striped bas," "Rost beef," "Coffe," "Turky." Our meals are breakfast from eight to ten; luncheon at one; dinner at six; supper at nine. That supper at nine would suit some of you, wouldn't it? I have a good mind to have it when I come back.

A band plays at 10.30 and 3.30 on deck, when weather permits, and during dinner anyhow. Last evening it played from 8.30 to 9.30 in the salon. The only selection which has yet been applauded is Schubert's "Serenade."

There is one more person in whom Lasell has a right to be interested, — a Miss Bell, from Paterson, N. J., who looks so much like Mamie Harmon that I find it hard not to call her so.

Among the passengers is Paul Philippoteaux (the painter of "The Battle of Gettysburg" and like panoramic pictures) with his very pretty wife. He speaks almost no English, and so seems quite lonely. She is a New Orleans girl, married seven years ago, when fifteen years old. He looks worthy and she pleasant enough to make a happy couple. Two other artists are on their way to Cairo to paint.

You must think of us as half an hour earlier than you for each day we are apart, so to-day, seventh day out, we are at 11.30 while you are at 8.

We have passed to the north of the Azores, along whose shores our prospectus promised us to sail, and we are likely to lose Palermo, another of the "attractions."

The advertisement of this S. S. Co. does not seem to be very trustworthy. We are also likely to be two days longer in reaching Alexandria than promised. But these are trifles too inconsiderable to ruffle the good nature of the company on board, who are off for a good time, and are bound to let nothing interfere with it. A good fraction of it is semi-sick looking for health, but all are cheerful except one Chicago man, who says the whole thing is a fraud and he wishes he was back in "Chicawgo," and he never wants to see any more water in one bunch than you can get into a good sized bath-tub, and we may — him if we ever catch him out of "Chicawgo" again!

What a hold "Chicawgo" has on the love of its people!

C. C. B.

WORDS THAT NEED A REST.

UPON thinking over the following incident I do not consider it an unnatural one, happening as it did in a town so sleepy and quaint as is M. The place seems to have caught the spirit of old Salem, near by, and I have no doubt that, in colony days, the Salem witch used often to ride over to M. on her broomstick. One afternoon during my visit I had established myself in a hammock on the end of the veranda looking seaward. I had with me a musty old volume which I had found that morning while searching among the dusty shelves of an old bookcase.

I had also a dictionary, to which, it must be confessed, I had frequent access, owing to the somewhat lengthy words the writer of the musty volume had seen fit to use.

For some reason my book had become uninteresting, and try as I might I could not fix my attention upon it. Some mysterious power seemed to have me under control, and when my dictionary fell to the floor with a bang, though I picked it up and blinked hard at its pages, it was of no avail. I think I must have nearly fallen asleep. The plash of the waves and the lazy song of the locust became mingled, and then changed to a faint rustle. There was a sound of tiny feet tripping across the veranda, and of excited whispers and smothered laughter. Out of the hubbub I could distinguish such words as these: "What a rare chance!" "We'll teach her a lesson, the tyrant!" "Careful! — sh — s-h!"

Curious to know the meaning of all this, I opened my eyes and found myself surrounded by hundreds of odd little creatures that appeared to be coming from the leaves of my dictionary. There seemed to be no end to their number as they came tumbling, rolling, and jumping along, evidently rejoiced at their freedom, and making all the noise of which they were capable. At first glance they all seemed to be the gayest little elves imaginable, but looking more closely I saw that many of their faces were thin and careworn, and some limped painfully, while others, though plump and round as balls, had dissatisfied expressions, as though they were always waiting for work which never came.

Before I had thought of rising and shaking off this multitude of little people, a shrill voice called out: "Ether, put away your green bottle now; she has had sufficient. Now! Ready!" I struggled to rise as I found they were binding me hand and foot with tiny thongs, but I was utterly powerless. Faster and faster they wound, while some even had the audacity to pull my hair down and fasten it to the hammock. No more laughter now. How they did tug and pull away at those thongs, while now and then several would stop and shake their tiny fists at me. The smallest little elf among them seemed to be the leader, and he presently asserted his authority by commanding silence. Everything at once became quiet, and while the others stood around in listening attitude, he addressed me thus: —

"My name is A. You know me better than you think, and I know you only too well. My comrades and I live in your dictionary. Most of our number are kept continually on the '*qui vive*,' while others are never called upon to do anything, and are slighted and overlooked in a disgraceful way. Your treatment of us has been outrageous, and we come for revenge! With the exception of your tongue, you are bound securely. We hardly dared tie that member, but remember this, — if you speak, you forfeit the power of speech for the remainder of this day." Filled with dismay at the thought of such a calamity, I resolved to keep silence if possible. "Let us proceed; our time is short," continued A; and so saying he motioned to a nimble little fellow on his right. "I am Up," he began rapidly, growing

scarlet with righteous anger. "Even if I am small, that is no reason that you should take so much advantage of me. This is about the way you work me all day. You 'wake up' in the morning and 'shake up' your bed, and 'dress up' and 'draw up' to the table, 'eat up' your breakfast. You 'look up' at the clock and when you see how late it is, you 'start up' from the table and 'hurry up' to 'go up' the street to 'catch up' with the horse-car, where you 'ascend up' the steps and the conductor 'takes up' your fare which you think 'amounts up' to considerable in the course of a year. When you go home you 'take up' your day's work. At the end of which you are about 'used up.' So it goes till you 'lock up' the house, 'go up' to bed, 'cover yourself up' and 'shut up' your eyes for the night. That is n't half I have to do in one day —" "I'm not much larger than Up," interrupted And, "but I have to do twice as much work. If there is a word that does *needless* work, I am that one. Perhaps you are not aware how you are accustomed to use me in the class-room. Thus, for example: you sometimes attempt to recite a man's whole biography from beginning to end, in one long, weary sentence, using me as a sort of bridge for transit from one sentence to another. If, perchance, you do not know just what to say next, you press me into service, thus reassuring your listeners that some idea is on the way, and will very soon be forthcoming."

While And was berating me thus, I had noticed a noisy group of words somewhat removed from the others. Although they were standing in couples, they seemed to be anything but friendly with one another. There was a great clamor arising among them, and I could distinguish the voices of "Go fetch," "Sink down," "Cover over," "Enter in," "Continue on," "New beginner," "Return back," "Have got," and many others. They implored me to have mercy and separate them, and I really did pity them, they looked so wretched.

When quiet had been restored, a plump, fine looking little elf, but looking very forlorn withal, arose and said: "Look at me. Here I am ready to do my work, but I am slighted for Between. I heard you say this morning that you divided some fruit between several children."

"It is my turn," said Better; "I protest against Best doing all my work. 'You really don't know whom you like the best, Mr. M. or his brother.'" I became dismayed as I saw half the words in the dictionary were intending to put in their complaints. When would this have an end? How cramped and uncomfortable I was! "Oh, oh! I can't endure this another minute," I cried aloud. As if by magic, my tormentors betook themselves home into the dictionary, which again fell to the floor. The thongs vanished, and I was free again, but the thought brought with it no joy, for had I not spoken? Had I not forfeited the power of speech for the rest of the day? As the awfulness of this fact dawned upon me I grew desperate, and tried to rise. In so doing I found that the naughty elves, in their haste to get away, had neglected to undo a part of their mischief, for my hair was fast caught in the hammock. Just then some one came out upon the veranda. "What's the matter; been asleep?" "No," I answered, emphatically. I was so rejoiced to find that I could speak, I did not at all resent the laugh that followed, at my expense. Been asleep? Of course I had not. But it is useless trying to convince some people.

E. D. P.

A TRIP ON THE RHINE.

PLEASANT weather is essential for most pleasure undertakings, but, above all, never attempt a trip on the Rhine when the heavens are pouring torrents upon you. However, I will relate my experience, and then you can decide for yourselves whether it were not best to wait for sunshine before visiting the kingdom of the water-nymphs and the haunts of the bewitching Lorelei.

It was our plan to leave W. on the 19th of June, and go to Mainz, by way of Eisenach and Frankfurt.

When a time is once set by the tourist, no power on earth should be able to change it, if he wishes to accomplish all the intended itinerary.

So, on the 19th of June, we left W. in one of the hardest rainstorms I ever had the pleasure of experiencing. The hail beat against the car windows, the thunder rolled, and the lightning blinded; really it was not a day one would voluntarily choose for a pleasure outing.

The first stop to be made was at Eisenach, to visit the old castle of the Wartburg, where Luther was confined. Then the beautiful walks and pleasure grounds, one of the attractions, would be more lovely if seen under two feet of water!

We took a carriage at the station, lost about half an hour hunting for the boot,—which was at last found under the carriage in the mud,—impressed upon the driver's mind that we must be back in time for the two o'clock train, and then we started. Most of the road was through a deep wood, where the rain seemed increased by the constant dripping from the trees; it was all up hill, but after an hour's drive we reached one of the grandest and most interesting castles I have ever visited. The driver informed us that no one was ever known to go through it in less than an hour, but that he would stay right there and be ready to take us to the station whenever we should appear. It was then precisely twelve o'clock. The rain made no difference with our enjoyment of going through the Wartburg, and certainly every room interested us profoundly. Luther's worldly effects were, as nearly as possible, in the same condition he left them, even to the inkspot resulting from the inkbottle he once threw at the devil. O Luther! why could you not have killed this our common enemy outright, and thus have saved future conflicts? The guide told me, confidentially, that he had used quite an amount of ink in keeping that historic spot of consistent blackness.

Perhaps our guide was more alert than the majority of them, or else we were not so curious; but, however it was, we were through the expedition in just half an hour. Confident in the faithfulness of our wonderful driver we went to the castle gate, expecting to see him before the door, but unfortunately such was not the case. Not a vehicle was in sight; the rain was still coming down in bucketfuls, and the time was fast approaching one o'clock. We decided to walk down the road a short distance, to see if he were not driving around a little in preference to standing still. After going fifteen minutes we came to a halt under a big oak-tree. It was not pleasant. If you wish to know how we felt just take a swim in the river with all your clothes on, and then stand under a tree awhile.

At last he appeared on the scene, walking his horse leisurely, and smoking his pipe, and actually expressed some astonishment that we were not altogether pleased with him. He had had a chance to take some one to town and naturally jumped at the opportunity of killing two birds with one stone thinking, as he said, that "we would not mind waiting a bit."

We reached the station just as the train rolled in and after bestowing an extra mark and a blessing(?) on the driver for his promptness(?) we steamed off for Frankfurt.

I wish I might stop to tell you of the funny and interesting Jews' quarter in that city, but we must leave that for another time and hurry on to Mainz where we took the boat on the Rhine. The weather, while we were in Frankfurt, was all that could be desired; the sun shone as if such a thing as rain was impossible.

At Mainz we had the first glimpse of the Rhine, and it was indeed a lovely sight. The sun was just setting. Hundreds of boats were steaming back and forth on the blue river, and in the background lay the city with her lovely residences, cathedrals, and parks. We went to the Holländisch Hof, a hotel on the banks of the river and the pleasantest in Mainz. Along the river is a beautiful promenade nearly three miles in length, and in the afternoon a very gay crowd assembles there. The little ferry-boats ply back and forth, bands of music are stationed all along, and in the evening, when the lights twinkle in and out of the moving crowd, it is indeed fairyland.

The night we arrived there we had a very delightful entertainment, and while not prepared for our benefit it was enjoyed extremely by us all. About nine o'clock we noticed a crowd gathering on the sidewalk opposite the hotel. The number kept growing, and everyone seemed highly expectant. Presently the sound of drums was heard, mingled with the clatter of horses' hoofs and the tramp of a regiment. The sound gradually became more distinct and soon a procession of soldiers appeared, each bearing a torch. The companies stationed at Mainz were all there and numbered several thousands. At last I could stand it no longer and rushed down to the office to inquire what all this parade was for. "Oh!" they replied, "it is the birthday of the mayor of the city and all the reg-

iments have come to serenade him." By this time the soldiers had formed a hollow square around the hotel, and one of the officers stepping toward the balcony where the mayor was, gave him the military salute and read a long birthday salutation. (I believe that was what they called it.) Then the music began, and for about an hour maintained its supremacy. Not a sound was heard but the heavenly strains of the "Swan Song," from "Lohengrin," or the "Pilgrim's Chorus," from "Tannhauser." The funeral march finally gave way to the dance; and when, at the close of the last piece which was the national song, thousands of voices came in on the chorus, "God bless our Fartherland," it seemed as if the very heavens themselves would be lifted off. It was a lovely homage to pay to their commander, and one which would only occur in Germany. After more salutes the companies dispersed to the strains of the "Hussar March"; the crowd moved slowly away, the lights went out, and all was still.

The next morning when we looked out of the window, O misery! it was raining as if it never would stop. As we had some time to spare, we thought we would wait a few days, or at least until it cleared up. But when, after three days, no change occurred we embarked for Coblenz.

Although we were obliged to stay in a little stuffy cabin, or to carry an umbrella on deck with the risk of its being turned inside out, this trip was by all means a truly delightful one. I thought I knew what ruins and castles were, but I found I had no adequate idea of them. It kept us running from one side of the boat to the other to catch a glimpse of them and then we could hardly see them all. Imagine a lovely river, flanked on both sides with green hills and these surmounted with castles fit for a "Sleeping Beauty" to abide in; ruins and towers ready to tumble down and all overgrown with lovely ivy and moss. Oh! if the sun had only shone! But one must take the good with the bad and not mind being drenched to the skin if one is only enjoying a trip on the famed Rhine.

We passed Bingen with the national monument keeping guard over the frontier, and slowly approached the Lorelei Rocks. Heine's verse, "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten, dass ich so traurig bin," was in everyone's mouth. There

was one enterprising young person who even tried to sing it, but as he had no voice did not succeed very well. But the dreaded rocks did not look so formidable after all, and we peered around for the beautiful Lorelei, but she was nowhere to be seen. Of course she would not be sitting out in the rain. There was another disadvantage of the storm, for who knows what might have been seen had the sun shone? Soon after, the rain increased, and a thick fog settled over the river, the hills, over everything, in fact, so we were obliged to content ourselves with staying in the cabin, and studying our fellow-passengers. As there was no help for it, this proved rather amusing, for certainly there were enough different types there. In three corners of the room were as many bridal couples, serenely happy and calmly oblivious of all their surroundings; *they* did not care whether it was pouring outside, they were contented with each other. Then came a father who had evidently been to bring his daughter home from boarding-school and they were taking in a bit of the Rhine before going home. The way she talked about things to eat made one suppose that the poor girl had been starved for the past year, but that was only another proof of a typical boarding-school girl!

Next to her was an old lady with her husband who looked about worn out. And no wonder, for the old lady was convinced that the boat had a leak somewhere and that they were all going to be drowned. I felt like telling her that indeed there was a leak somewhere, — not in the boat, but in the heavens.

At last we arrived in Coblenz and spent a very pleasant time there. The fortress Ehrenbreitstein was directly opposite our windows, and when it was too wet to go out, it was amusement enough to watch the soldiers swarming back and forth over the bridge of boats.

But on to Cologne. We took the boat again and after more castles, ruins, hills, and rocks we approached that city after a day's journey. In the afternoon, the heavens seemed to brighten; people hurried around for their luggage; the boarding-school young lady nearly drove her poor father frantic in trying to make him promise that the first thing they would do would be to go to "Bullner's" for an ice. For, as she exclaimed, "I

shall die if I do not have something decent to eat right off!"

At last the famous cathedral at Cologne came in sight, and we knew we were approaching the haven we had long been steering for.

Our trip on the Rhine had been a success, despite the uncomfortable weather. Just as we were getting off the boat, leaving the Rhine behind us, the goddess Sun came out in all her glory, and like many other offenders serenely unconscious of all deceit and treachery.

THE LAST CHORD.

HERR HANDELBERGER'S piano pupils were in a wild state of excitement, preparatory to a recital which they were to give the month following. The fame of Herr Handelberger extended far beyond the city in which he taught, and among his patrons were wealthy people of the most aristocratic circles; and as all of his pupils were considerably advanced, the recital was an object of pleasant anticipation among all music-loving people of the city.

The Governor, who resided in that city, had offered a prize to the one who should have attained to the highest degree of proficiency; and Herr Handelberger had announced that the successful competitor would be admitted to the Apollo Club, which included the most eminent musicians in the city. It was a very exclusive body, and membership was indeed a great honor.

What wonder, then, that the fortunate young people selected to take part in the recital were highly excited and extremely zealous in their work of preparation!

All were doing remarkably well in their work, but two among the number seemed gaining upon the others; and Herr Handelberger, with his keen eye and finely trained ear, whispered to himself that between these two would be a close contest.

They were both young ladies, but never were two girls more unlike in looks and in temperament.

Jeanette Arkwright was a saucy brunette, with an attractive face and lovely brown eyes. She was impetuous and quick tempered, but withal very winning and bright. An extremely good player,

she loved her music, and could easily learn the most difficult of compositions, spending but little time upon them.

Her friends were sure that the talented Jeanette would win the prize, but Herr Handelberger shook his head when such speeches reached his ears, and thought of Beatrice Vane.

Miss Vane was of an entirely different type of beauty from the sparkling Jeanette. Her golden hair and blue eyes gave her something of a "spirituelle" look, and artists raved about her "angel face." Music was her life, one might almost have said, so enwrapped was she with its study. Naturally less active and impetuous than her friend, Miss Arkwright, she spent much more time at her piano, and required more practice before she could attain to perfection in any piece of music; but she threw her whole soul into her work, and her faithful practice often gave her the precedence with her less diligent friend, whose native talent would have made her a genius had she been more painstaking in her work.

Between these two, then, lay the prize. Beatrice Vane practised night and day, while Jeanette would work by fits and starts, and often leave her piano untouched for days at a time.

Herr Handelberger urged the necessity of harder work, but she would laugh, shake her pretty head, and declare that she could n't tie herself to the piano. "Besides," she said, "I always do best when I leave my music until the last minute. Beatrice is foolish to wear herself out by working so hard. She will not play any better in the end for it."

But Herr Handelberger was not so sure of that, and could only say, "We shall see, we shall see."

Rumor declared that Beatrice Vane was engaged to a young artist, who, attracted first by her beautiful face, had, after knowing her lovely character, fallen desperately in love with her.

His love was returned, and the young couple were devoted to each other. Beatrice's soul seemed bound up in this young man, in every way so noble and upright.

They were together constantly, and he evinced the greatest interest in her musical work, aiding her in every way, that she might gain the coveted honors.

(To be continued.)

LOCALS.

ELECTION RETURNS. — S. D. Society, —

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------|
| <i>President</i> | Miss BRAGDON. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | Miss WIGGIN. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | Miss TUKEY. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | Miss MEDSKER. |
| <i>Critic</i> | Miss HEALEY. |
| <i>Executive Committee</i> | Miss HOGG. |
| | Miss CROCKER. |
| | Miss TAYLOR. |
| <i>Ushers</i> | Miss MEEGAN. |
| | Miss SHANNON. |

Lasellia Club, —

| | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------|
| <i>President</i> | Miss PARTRIDGE. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | Miss SEIBERLING. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | Miss SCHOOLER. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | Miss KELLOGG. |
| <i>Critic</i> | Miss RALEIGH. |
| <i>Executive Committee</i> | Miss RANNEY. |
| | Miss KING. |
| | Miss FLEMING. |
| <i>Guard</i> | Miss DAY. |

THE latest fad at Lasell is the "Della Fox curl."

A DELIGHTFUL entertainment was given under the auspices of the Lasellia Club, Feb. 2, when Mr. Cyrus Weekes gave his "magnificent and thrilling illustration of Ben Hur." It was a rare treat and was thoroughly appreciated by the enthusiastic audience.

MR. DAVIS's concert attracted a large number of people to the gymnasium on the evening of Feb. 8. Several selections by the Orphean Club, and the beautiful music of the violin and piano rendered by Mr. Willis Nowell and Mr. Charles Dennée, ensured to all present a delightful entertainment.

IN FRENCH CLASS (Question asked in French.)

TEACHER. — "What is a Frigate? Made-moiselle ——— you tell me."

ABSENT-MINDED PUPIL. — "A man."

PROMISING CHEMISTRY STUDENT (reciting.)

"Carbon Disulphide, when impure, has a disagreeable odor, but when perfectly pure, the odor is heavenly."

ASTONISHED TEACHER. — "I don't understand."

STUDENT. — "Well, it says in the book that it has an *ethereal* smell."

WARNING — Girls, *don't* "have your names taken."

DURING the past month we have had more than the usual amount of entertainments.

To begin with, there was the Nordica concert at Boston Music Hall, which over half of the girls in school attended. The artists were, Mme. Lillian Nordica, Mme. Sofia Scalchi, Miss Helen Dudley Campbell, Italo Campanini, Giuseppe Del Puente, Emil Fischer.

On our return Mr. Shepherd very thoughtfully invited us to the spacious kitchen, to partake of an impromptu cracker luncheon. Perhaps the last part of the evening was as much appreciated as the concert itself.

A new pin has come out
And is sported about
By Lasell Musicians, beyond a doubt;
A gold harp it may be,
With initials three,
The glorious and famous *L. I. C.*

THROUGH the kindness of the Lasell Instrumental Club, we had the pleasure, on the evening of Jan. 18, of hearing Miss Julie Geyer of New York play the pianoforte. The skill which the fifteen-year-old girl displayed was certainly marvellous; especially as she always practices and memorizes her pieces on a dumb piano, never touching any other kind until she enters the concert hall.

Selections from Beethoven, Bach, Schumann, Heller, Paderewski, Rive-King, Mendelssohn, Henselt, and Chopin were skilfully rendered.

On the evening of Jan. 24, Dr. Spencer delivered an interesting lecture on "Japan."

JAN. 26, was Day of Prayer and was observed in an appropriate manner. At the morning service short addresses were given by Dr. C. Gutler, Dr. F. N. Peloubet, and Dr. D. W. Faunce. In the afternoon, a sermon was delivered by Rev. Dr. L. A. Banks and a short address, by Rev. T. W. Bishop. A general prayer meeting, conducted by Rev. Dr. G. M. Steele, was held in the evening.

THE Missionary Society enjoyed a pleasant talk, by Miss Lunn, on "The Deaconess' Home."

"The evil that men do lives after them,"
The Roman speaker said;
No wonder, then, the world is bad,
So many men are dead.

Blue and White.

MISS WILLARD'S LONDON WELCOME.

By the kindness of Lady Henry Somerset, Mr. Bragdon has received a copy of the *Woman's Herald*, containing a full and graphic account of the royal welcome accorded to our noble countrywoman, Miss Frances Willard, on the occasion of her recent visit to England. The reception of Miss Willard took place in Exeter Hall, London, Jan. 9. Lady Somerset had sent out invitations far and wide, summoning all to do honor to her loved and talented friend, inasmuch as she is the friend of the race, as well, and one to whom the hearts of all who love their kind yield honor and affectionate loyalty in unstinted measure. Grandly was the invitation responded to and the hall was so thronged that another had to be utilized for an overflow meeting. Addresses of welcome were made by Lady Somerset, Canon Wilberforce, Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, Miss Soonderbai Powar, Mr. J. G. Woolley, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Mr. R. F. Horton, and others of note and influence, and messages of welcome sent by scores of eminent people who were unable to be present, but who desired to unite with those who were in doing honor to this one of America's noblest daughters and the world's best-loved women. Lady Somerset, at the conclusion of the addresses of welcome, presented a handsome silken banner to the guest of the evening, bearing in letters of blue and gold the inscription: "Warmest welcome to Frances Willard, our honored guest and beloved fellow worker, from loyal British women." Miss Willard then made graceful and appreciative acknowledgment of the honors showered upon her, in a short speech marked by the clearness of thought and felicity of expression which characterizes all her speeches. She expressed her beautiful and abiding faith and trust in both men and women, and in a grand future, when the objects for which she and her noble sisterhood of women are working shall be accomplished facts. She repudiates all sectarian or denominational feeling in the great work, and gave men grateful praise for the help they have thus far accorded women in their endeavors to obtain for themselves the rights and privileges which they feel are for them. She closed with those tender and oft-quoted words of Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one"; and these sweet and

gracious wishes for the men there present: "May every home that you love be the home of peace; may every life that you cherish escape the curse of drink; may every child that you left to-night when you came out to this great meeting, grow up sweet and pure and true; may every man that has lent us his attention at this hour belong to the great army of the gentle Czar who is willing to welcome woman even to the throne-room of government."

Lady Somerset and Miss Willard are shining examples of exquisite womanhood, and we, as women, are not less fondly proud of both than, as Americans, we exult in our loved and gifted countrywoman.

PERSONALS.

WE hear through Lizzie Creswell that Carrie Brown Cassell is still in California; that Mamie McMann Kellogg has left Denver with her husband and beautiful baby boy, for Hot Springs; and that Idelle Phelps and Ethel Rucker have returned from Europe.

Lizzie has a good word to say for Lasell, and speaks of the good fellowship existing among the Denver Lasell girls. She says nothing of herself, but we infer from the general tone of her letter that she is well and enjoying life.

We are glad to receive these bits of news about old friends, and wish others would do as good a part by us in the near future as Lizzie has just done. "Many hands make light work." Don't hesitate about sending us what information you can for the Personals because you think we may already have heard about what you have to tell. The chances are that we have not.

ELOISE KEITH, whose engagement is noticed elsewhere, was a dear friend of Helen Westheimer, and learning, with surprise, that Helen's sister Nora is now with us, declares her intention of coming out to see her. We hope she will do so. Eloise's subscription for the LEAVES for this year, shows that she has not lost interest in Lasell and Lasell girls.

AMONG recent visitors to Lasell have been Miss Gertrude Woodbury, Miss Eloise Knowles, Miss Mary Packard, Mrs. Noyes, Mrs. Walter Mellen (Carrie Fisher), Miss Georgianna Adams, Miss

Blanche Busell, Miss Lilly Eddy, Miss Sue Day, Miss Anna Newkirk, Miss Georgine Haskell, Miss Flossie Stedman, Miss Alice Goodell, Miss Effie Prickett, Miss Gertrude Sherman, Miss Amy Hall, Miss Grace Coon, Miss Lizzie Whipple, Miss Alice Donallan, Miss Minnie Gilmore, Miss Jessie Hayden.

ERRATUM. — The name of Bessie Harwood's husband as given in the last number of the LEAVES, was incorrect. It should be Alfred C. Fones.

MISS FAREEDIE FLUTI, the young Syrian woman who brought some lovely embroideries to the seminary one day last month, in the hope of finding purchasers among the girls, is engaged in this business in the hope of thus making money enough to support her aged parents, and to defray the expenses of sending her brothers and sister to school. She went recently from Boston to New York and Chicago with her wares. Miss S. A. Scull, who has occasionally lectured for us here, vouches for her worthiness, and says she has made many friends in Washington. Miss Fluti is a devoted Christian and is desirous of becoming a missionary in her native land. Her embroideries are fine examples of artistic work, and she made numerous sales, to the mutual delight of herself and her purchasers.

MARRIAGES.

MISS CAROLYN S. FOSTER to MR. JOSEPH STICKNEY, on Saturday, Jan. 14, 1893, at Waltham, Mass. They will live in New York City. Miss Foster was a student here in 1884-87.

MISS LOUISE FISHER to MR. DANIEL TREMBLY MACDOUGAL, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 24, 1893, at Avondale, Cincinnati, O. Miss Fisher studied at Lasell in 1878-79.

ENGAGED.

MISS ELOISE KEITH ('88), to Mr. Harry J. Simpson, of Somerville, Mass.

ADDRESSES.

MRS. Joseph Stickney (Carrie Foster), 42 W. Fifty-seventh Street, New York, N. Y.

AN INVOCATION.

COME from the far-off Spirit world to-night,
And bathe once more my sad and weary soul
In all the softened splendor of thy light;
Oh! in my anguish, leave me not alone.

Let me but *see* the shadow of thy face;
Let me but hear the music of thy wings;
E'en that, I think, would from my soul efface
The subtle agony Death always brings.

Come not, transfigured by the light of love
In garments of thy soul's pure bliss arrayed!
For my sad spirit cannot rise above
The grave, where all its fondest hopes are laid.

Come, rather, clothed in thy humanity,
With the same softened sadness on thy brow,
And winning sweetness of those eyes, to me
But tender recollections now.

So in thy twilight smile, half light, half shade,
The mem'ries of thy past will gain new life,
The outlines of my grief will softly fade,
And in that rest, I shall forget the strife.

Chambers' Journal.

DEATHS.

WE learn with sorrow of the death of Jessie Benton's mother, Mrs. Austin Benton, at her home in Newton Centre, Mass. Mrs. Benton's death was a sudden one, we understand, though for years she had been an invalid.

Margaret Brodrick, whom all Lasell girls of '92 will remember, died Feb. 1, of typhoid fever, at Wheeling, W. Va., where she was visiting a friend. Miss Brodrick was much beloved at Lasell, both by her teacher and her mates, for her kindly disposition and her winning ways. We feel deeply the sadness of the sudden termination of so promising a life, and extend our sympathy to the bereaved friends. Evidence of the place she held in the hearts of her school-mates at home (Elkhart, Ind.) is given in the resolutions adopted by her class, expressive of the love and esteem for her, and their sorrow at her loss. Papers containing these and other notices of the sad occurrence were kindly sent us.

News comes also of the death, in East Taunton, Mass., of Mary Gertrude Littlefield, Jan. 9. Miss Littlefield, too, was one of our number, and had many friends among us, whose sympathies go out strongly to those to whom she was near and dear. The circumstances of her death we have not learned.

EXCHANGES.

MANY people whosing "Heaven is my Home" don't seem to suffer much from homesickness.—*Life.*

MAJOR PIKESTAFF (at the Thanksgiving reunion.) "Well, my little man, do you know what you have to be thankful for?"

The Little Man — "Yes, indeed, sir. I am thankful there is some Jamaica ginger in the house."

THE Cooperative Society formed at Harvard in 1882, for the purpose of saving money on books and other students' supplies, last year did a business of about ninety-five thousand dollars.—*The Tuftonian.*

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E. WATSON ARNOLD.

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A. A. GOLDER,

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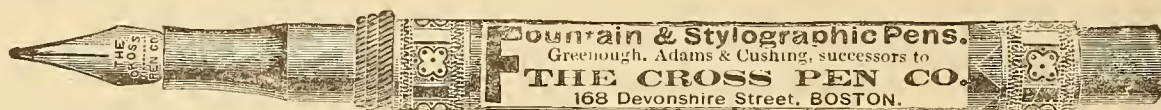
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Styles 1892.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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ANOTHER Inauguration has taken place and so quietly that one not living near the capitol might never know that the head of the Government had changed, and that with the new administration new party principles are likely to be introduced. The daily papers assure us that the number of visitors and general interest increases with each repetition, so that, notwithstanding the frequency of this impressive ceremony, it is always accompanied by new scenes and greater festivity.

A general feeling of good-will seemed to prevail, and how could it be otherwise when the new President and the retiring officer rode together, thus setting an example of brotherly love which we trust will continue.

The announcement that President Cleveland and his family are not to go to the White House for a few weeks, until all possible danger of disease is past, reminds us that a similar instance of the occupation of an outside mansion has not occurred since the time of Madison and Monroe. The cause, though, was of a very different nature. Aug. 24, 1813, Mistress Dolly Madison and some friends were just sitting down to a banquet in the dining-room of the Executive Mansion, when some British soldiers burst in and set fire to the building. That day no serious injury was done, but the next day the fire was rekindled and did so much damage that the occupants were compelled to find another home. They selected the "Octagon House" which became popularly known as the "Annex Executive Mansion," and remained there until the close of President Madison's administration. Monroe lived there one year and then moved into the White House, which, in the mean time, had been repaired, reconstructed, and painted white; from the latter fact came the present world-wide appellation of the White House.

The first death that occurred in the Executive Mansion was that of the grandfather of the outgoing President, General William Henry Harrison, and it was upon this occasion that the poet, N. P. Willis, wrote the lines beginning,—

“Death in the White House! Ah, never before
Trode his skeleton foot on the President’s floor.

THE MONK IN HIS CELL.

THE last rays of the setting sun have found their way into the dim and dusty cell of this good and holy man. There is a table in this little room, on and against which large and ponderous books are resting. Near at hand sits the aged man; he has been reading from the good Book which he now supports with one hand, while in the other he holds a rosary.

But his eyes no longer rest upon the book which he holds; they are directed towards the crucifix with its figure of the dying, suffering Christ, and as he looks, behold! the scene changes; the look of suffering is gone; his Master no longer hangs upon the cross a wronged and bleeding man, but is now the risen, sympathizing Saviour and from his lips seem to come the precious words, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” While around this central figure are multitudes of happy faces of those who seem to be only waiting and calling for him. There is his mother and sister, and near by them another dear face long since passed to this land of peace and happiness.

Long years he has toiled and labored with but one thought before him, that of “duty.” But now a sense of peace and quiet steals over him which he has but partly felt before for many years.

And now as the sun of his life is setting he is glad, and the words of the poet come to him and seem to him more true and beautiful than ever before.

“What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life’s late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadows overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are.

And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?”

Surely the kind Father will give his servant
peace.
C. T. M.

LADY MACBETH.

It is miraculous to see how, Shakespeare, with so few words, can reveal to us the finest fabric of woven motives. How, with a few strokes of his pen, the character stands before us, not a picture, but an actual personage.

Nowhere is his power more clearly shown than in the play of Macbeth; nowhere else do we more fully realize his ability to fill the shadowy land of dreams with beings of flesh and blood. By means of his magic, we really live in those troublous times in Scotland. To us “by the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin,” Lady Macbeth is a living, sinning, remorseful, humane being. You recoil from her ambition; you shrink from the bloody crime; you shudder at her iron will; but you remember that her ambition had not an element of selfishness in it. You admire her courage, her superb self-control; you are touched by the woman-like moments of weakness; you could weep at the despair and penitence and broken will revealed to us in the last act.

Let us for a moment imagine ourselves in the midst of those evil times. Duncan, a mild leader, is king of Scotland. Next of kin is Macbeth. The witches here whisper tempting words: “Thou Thane of Cawder shalt be.” The age is dark, superstitious, ignorant. Murder is a common evil. Lady Macbeth, believing in no future, has no religious scruples to restrain her; she knows that her husband would be a better ruler than Duncan; she loves her husband and is ambitious that the regal crown adorn his head, till at last, impelled by the enticing temptation, “she whispers him on to his damnation.”

The suggestion of Duncan’s murder, however, is proposed by Macbeth, and, though she appears the more active member hereafter, we are spared the painful idea that she was the originator. Lady Macbeth knew she could conceal this horrible deed, and scorned the idea of failing. She possessed the unconquerable womanish spirit, and

we are surprised when, at the very moment of greatest horror, the touching sentiment penetrates clear to our hearts as she says, "I laid their daggers ready, he could not miss them. Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done 't my husband." As Mrs. Jameson says, "Thus in one of Weber's or Beethoven's grand symphonies, some unexpected, soft, minor chord or passage will steal on the ear, heard amid the magnificent crash of harmony, making the blood pause and filling the eyes with unbidden tears."

All the planning of the murder was done by Lady Macbeth; she drugged the servants, placed the weapons in order, and after the dagger was plunged and the life blood was flowing away, Macbeth, like a coward, flies to the chamber, not even daring to leave the weapons behind.

"Why did you bring the daggers from the place?
Go carry them and smear the sleepy grooms with blood."
"I'll go no more: I am afraid to think what I have done.
Look on it again,—I dare not."

Again we notice in Lady Macbeth that masculine determination of will, which is wanting in her husband. What iron-bound nerve she must have possessed to enter the death chamber and with her own hands smear the sleeping grooms with the warm blood of Duncan.

In the nature and history of Lady Macbeth, the ruling passion of her mind is ambition for her husband, who had been a child of fortune and honor. She knew she could rely on him, she had a better idea of his power and influence than he did himself. Her unbounded confidence in him made her resolve in mind of his becoming king of Scotland. He could fill the position better. She knew it. There is nothing vulgar in her ambition. It was not for herself that she thus strove; you do not find, in any part of the drama, reference to herself. His manly nature is her pride and her glory. "For him she works, and enters into the blackest of guilt to procure for 'all their days and nights sole sovereign sway and masterdom.'" Then again we do not find where she leads or influences him in any other crime. When Macbeth proposes the murder of Banquo and she asks for the reason,

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
'Till thou approve the deed."

And again, when he causes the destruction of Macduff's family, she proposed it not, neither did she aid him in the foul deed.

"It is only the desire of Duncan's death that causes her to inspire him with courage." That little word "coward" which she let sarcastically fall after she said: "Such, I account thy love." Was this not enough to inspire any man? The word "coward" though small, yet the last word a man will receive from another, much less a woman. Do you wonder he cried: "Pr'ythe peace, I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more, is none!"

Again and again she throws this stinging arrow to his heart, but it could not penetrate until it was softened by reproach.

She does not attempt to appeal or chide him after the deed is done, only at the apparition of Banquo's ghost. She admits that her hands are as bloody as his, but *she* would "shame to wear a heart so white."

At the banquet we see, once more, how vividly the true wifely nature is shown; though her words are sarcastic and biting, she had the good end in view. To let him remain in his present mind would be sure destruction, and to recall him by the bitter words: "Are you a man?" brings him from his horrible state. Yet, when the guests are dismissed she says not one word of rebuke, simply answers his questions and tenderly proposes "The season of all nature's sleep."

Lastly, we all know that in a mind like that of Lady Macbeth, sometime there would be a season of penitence, of desperation, and lastly, death. She was not, as we know, a woman who would be influenced by supernatural beings nor moved by fear. No apparitions appeared before her; she looked with disgust upon the cowardice of a man. But despair,—and death came.

Look at the scene in the sick room, how the troubled woman complains with groans of anguish, how she talks in her sleep. What a state her mind must have been in when she said, —

"Here's the smell of blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

Madder and madder she grew, the brain was all on fire, nothing but death could end this terrible life.

So at last remorse came, as it comes to all sin-

ning humanity, and "in proportion as her crime was dark and foul, was her suffering deep and bitter." She was slain by conscience and so we find the lesson in the retribution "deep as her guilt, fatal as her resolve, terrible as her crime."

B. L.

TO THE FRENCH TABLE.

If you'll walk down the long dining-room at Lasell,
At the extreme eastern end you will find Mad'moiselle;
Here with solemn demeanor she does preside,
With fourteen young ladies who sit side by side.

On a bright sunny morning, in May time, let's say,
These young ladies are generally somewhat gay.
"Bon jour, Mad'moiselle," they call out with a grin,
As the annex gazelles came tumbling in.

Now there's "Dab and Helen," they'll surely be late
Coming along at that fearfully slow gait.
"Girls, open the door, shout 'dépêchez, mes chères
Savez-vous l'heure, c'est le l'heure du déjeuner.'"

Olive is here, she always is early,
Generally happy, hence, never gets surly;
She coaches beginners in a motherly way,
And teaches the others just what they must say.

They've just time to throw their wraps on a chair,
When the signal is given to be quiet in prayer.
If perchance they are late they've only to seek
Kind Mrs. Eckford, who pardon will speak.

One after the other they all gather round
This bounteous French board fast becoming renowned,
Lou and our Angel, Lestra and Bert,
Miss Aston, Little Warner, and Slibby, quite pert.

Then Porkey comes slipping and sliding along,
Says that Lee and she had not heard the gong.
Fancy is there with a diffident air,
Says she hardly had time to comb out her hair.

However, the toilets are quite "comme il faut."
This is always expected at Lasell, you know;
We have forty-five minutes to prepare for the day,
Thirty-five of these minutes are still snoozed away.

They begin with an orange et un verre d'eau.
They do everything quickly,—the French never are slow,—
So fast, indeed, that Miss Anna Hannah
Says she won't eat an orange, she wants a banana.

Daisy Hartson's presiding, we all know what that means,
She is going to serve us with brown bread and beans.
Keep a sharp lookout girls, if you'd do what is right,
Il faut prendre garde of this California sprite.

On the right she is bounded by la bonne petite Lou,
Who is always demanding "que voulez vous,
Du pain, on du beurre, on peut-être du lait?"
Then immediately some one says, "Oui, s'il vous plait."

It is Bert, one might know it, she says, "Très bien,"
With an accent which no one says quite as *she* can.
She speaks French behind her serviette white,
And puts all the rest of us quite out of sight.

Passez les petites cullieres s'il vous plait,
Merci Mad'moiselle, this we hear every day.
If perchance we speak English we're sure to regret,
An example we've had which we'll not soon forget.

What is it I hear now, that curious sound,
'T's whispered from lip to lip all the way round;
"C'est vrai!" giggles Meph., with a queer little grin,
And e'en Mad'moiselle can hardly keep in.

Now, Helen and Dab are beginning to spout,
On "La science d'ethics or les histoires de Grote."
'T is hard to tell which from the French which they speak
Mad'moiselle won't deny it sounds somewhat like Greek.

Now we fill our French glasses and drink to your health,
May you live long and prosper, have plenty of wealth;
'A l'aveur joyeux, mes gentilles et cheres belles,
Souvenez-vous des bons repas que nous faisons à Lasell.

GIBRALTAR.

I AM satisfied now. At various times I have stood before a Wellesley painting of the famous Rock and tried in vain to reconcile its details with the notion I had of its situation and the glimpse I had of it some years ago. Now I have orientated myself. Before, the African shore was where the Spanish should be, and the opening into the Mediterranean was on the wrong side of the Rock, etc., etc. I am glad I came.

The night before we reached it was a bad one, and when I went on deck at four o'clock I found our steamer pacing slowly back and forth, "waiting for the day," afraid to go on in the dark. With daylight she pushed ahead, and presently Africa's hills came out of the rain, and then Spain loomed up, and about nine o'clock the Rock was "dead ahead." At ten we entered the bay which, contrary to my previous idea, is on the west side of the promontory of which the Rock is the southern end.

The town of Gibraltar is on its western slope. We moved on past many old hulks used for storage of coal, wine, etc., and anchored well in by the

Spanish town. A strong southwest wind made the water very rough and the agent, who soon reached us by a steam tender, told our captain that he could not land passengers from there. So anchor up and back we moved to a comparatively quiet spot inside the new mole.

No war ships were in the harbor, which surprised me. Only these old hulks and a beautiful white yacht, a small revenue cutter and a torpedo boat. The town, as seen from the water, is in two parts, one at the north end of the Rock and one in the middle. We afterward found that this separation is caused by the Alameda, which is a beautiful garden full of tropical trees and plants. A queer sort of four-seated carryall, reminding me of those at Singapore, except that the cover and curtains were white cotton instead of black wood, gave us the "sights" in three and one half hours very satisfactorily and reasonably.

The first thing we did was to drive straight to a shop near Hotel Royal and buy a spoon; the next, to get a permit for the galleries. The governor would not give it without a certificate from our Consul. So we drove to his home, saw his beautiful garden and bric-a-brac, made our "salaam" (Consul Sprague has been forty-five years our representative there and looks as if it had agreed with him; also as if Civil Service Reform was working in some directions), and got our ticket.

A gate in the Rock leads to a tunnel in the same; beyond which a walk along the edge of it brings us to another tunnel (muddy under foot and dripping a perpetual rain above) along which we walk in the dark except as we are lighted now and then by the holes through which the cannon are pointed.

Stepping out through one of these we stand on a ledge whence we get a charming view. Below us are two other "galleries" or rock tunnels, in one of which are quarters for women and children in case of war and siege.

Immediately below is a small lake of fresh water whence the fortress supplies may be pumped. Beyond this are two cemeteries, Jewish and English. Our guide, a stalwart Devonshire boy, said, "They don't make much account of a dead soldier here." He has been six and a half years here, with one furlough of two months. He considered himself a veteran, "because," he said, "we die fast here. Gibraltar is very hot in summer." Be-

yond the cemeteries is the strip of neutral ground, bare and wet, stretching from one bay to the other. The English have mines under all of their half and can flood it with water at a moment's notice. Beyond this is Spain, the dirty Spanish town on the edge and the plains and hills in the background; on a hill six miles away we can see a monument, the "Queen's Seat."

The guide tells the story this way: "The Queen said she would not come off that seat till she saw the Spanish flag on the Rock. Lord Nelson was afraid she would keep her word, and so, being a gentleman, after the victory, caused the Spanish flag to be run up. When the Queen had come down he said, 'The lady is relieved,' and ordered up the British ensign," which proves Mr. Nelson a gallant man.

The eye wanders over the harbor, to the famed Algeciras and up to San Roque, which our guide insisted was "Saint Roo-que." Around the corner to the left is Europa Point, which is, I believe, almost the most southern land of Europe. Did n't you think Italy came lower? But it does not. The houses are white with blue and pink for changes. The other "pillow of Hercules," as I heard one man call it, is visible on Africa's coast. The strongest fortifications are toward Spain. I think Gibraltar would find it hard work to keep a modern iron-clad from passing the Straits. It seems good as a base of supplies and operations but naught else. As a formation it makes me think of Montserrat and Trichinopoly. The latter is more of a freak, as there is absolute level for miles around, while the hills of Spain seem comparatively near to Gibraltar; Trichinopoly is larger, too.

Spanish fruits are plenty, delicious figs for twenty-five cents a peck, dates, sweet lemons, etc. Palm-trees with hanging dates, olive and pepper-trees, prickly-pear and aloes are abundant. They seem strangely out of place to us with our teeth still chattering from the cold of the past days. "Kentucky tobacco" is a plain label on some boxes brought on board for sale. Fine oranges are one cent each. Monkeys are at large here, though not very wild. Saw some as pets in yards.

We entered Spain (paying toll) to say we had been there. We came out to please our noses.

It costs twenty-five cents to get ashore and the

same to get back to the steamer, though the pier is only fifty feet away. They have a stiff English tariff on passengers, though so zealous for free trade.

We sat on deck and watched the lights climb the hill-sides, and after dinner saw the big Rock go down in the West. This was Thursday evening. At noon of Sunday we were in Naples, and leaving there Monday at 5 P. M. we came to Alexandria the next Thursday noon. Naples was cold. The oldest inhabitant has not known such weather as this. The Mediterranean was cold. Alexandria was cold. Cairo is cold except at midday. I guess we shall be obliged to come back to Lasell to get warm. C. C. B.

A SAURIAN BED.

DURING the ages before man came upon the earth, great movements took place in its crust, — upheavals, depressions, and fractures. All of North America was once submerged, while the waters kept encroaching and receding through unknown ages. Oceans have taken the place of dry land, and what is now dry land was once the bottom of oceans that have been upheaved. While we study with wonder of the changes of past ages, we know that the earth is still undergoing changes from volcanoes and earthquakes, and from the more gradual uplifts and subsidences of the crust. The action of water and of the winds help to change the earth's surface, although these two agents act so slowly and silently that we do not see the effect of their power all at once.

During what is called the Mesozoic age, the plants and animals that lived in the marshes and in the great forests of gigantic plants began to have some resemblance to those now living. During this age, as in others, rocks were depositing, and by careful study of the fossils found in the strata deposited, scientists are able to tell what animals and plants lived while such rocks were being formed. Some one has likened these strata to the pages of a huge book, and the fossils found in them to writings on these pages concerning the old life of the world. In some places the strata have not been disturbed so much as in others, and it is in these places that scientists are enabled to read the great book.

There are many places of such interest in Colorado; and one of them is in the southern part of the State, a few miles from Cañon City.

The country here is broken into hills and deep gulches, with a range of mountains to the east and north.

This tract of country is supposed to have once been the bed of a river, for upon the tops of several of the hills are found petrified seaweed and beautiful pebbles to which only water could give such smooth polish. Upon one hill are petrified clam shells, which, when broken open, are found to contain most beautiful crystals. Pieces of petrified wood are scattered around, and we know that the remains of plants and animals do not become petrified unless they are buried under water or in damp earth. These and other reasons are given for asserting that the tract was once a river-bed.

In the course of ages, this river disappeared; the river-bed itself sank lower and took on its present broken appearance of hills and gulches. If we ascend one of the hills and look toward the east we will notice a high ridge of land, beyond which the country continues in a high, smooth tableland. Looking toward the west we will see, about a mile from this, another ridge closely resembling the one on the east. Between these two ridges, which extend for a number of miles, a great "breakdown" is supposed to have taken place. The fossil or saurian bed is situated about midway between these ridges of land. The hill looks not different from those surrounding it. The sun reflects from its clay rocks with dazzling brightness, and it is perfectly barren with the exception of the scanty, brown buffalo grass and a few dusty evergreens. The western side of the hill has been partly cut away, and here there is a queer little cabin which is used as the temporary residence of all that remains of animals supposed to have lived before the earth was ready for man.

Imbedded in the hill among clam shells and seaweed are the petrified bones of monstrous saurians, or, as the name signifies, animals of the lizard species. There are many suppositions as to how the fossils came to be imbedded here. Here they remained for unknown ages till some scientists became interested in the spot by the pebbles and seaweed found lying around the hill.

Then it was that the work began in earnest. The fossils are not dug out of their place, for they are imbedded in solid rock and have to be carefully chiselled out inch by inch, and great skill and patience is necessary.

It is a wonder to those visiting the place that the scientist is able to distinguish the fossil from the clay; but he knows, before he has chiselled far, upon just what bone he is working, and its shape. He knows also when any part is missing. A search of months was once made in this saurian bed for a single bone, and after it was found there was great rejoicing, for had it not been discovered the saurian could not have been properly classified and would have been almost worthless to them.

When a portion of fossil is taken out, it is carefully numbered and black cloth is pasted over it for protection. Then it is taken to the cabin to await shipping. It takes many large boxes to ship even a portion of one skeleton, for the fragments of fossil are packed in a quantity of cotton and gunny-sack as they are very brittle and easily broken. They are sent to Yale where they are properly classed for the use of students.

There might be much more told in regard to this interesting spot where the great book of nature reveals such wonders, but opinion differs so much in regard to some of them, that their description could be properly undertaken only by a scientist.

E. D. P.

THE LAST CHORD.*

Her betrothed had told her, on the night before, that important business would call him away the next day, and he might not be able to reach home in season for the beginning of the concert, but he would be there without fail to hear *her* play. Then, bidding her keep up her courage, he bade her good night, and returned to his home.

Music Hall was decorated with artistic loveliness on that evening. The building was ablaze with light, and beautiful flowers shed a delicate perfume upon the air. A Steinway "Grand" stood open upon the stage, and Herr Handelberger, in a full dress suit, bustled about with nervous alacrity. The hour arrived, and a hush of breathless expectation fell upon the audience.

Two or three of the younger pupils played, and then came Jeanette Arkwright's solo. She played, with her usual vivacity and grace, a "Concerto in D minor," and a storm of applause greeted her on its ending. Flowers were hurled upon the stage, and the enthusiastic audience encored her again and again.

She received these marks of approval with a graceful bow and a smile, but could not be prevailed upon to play again.

Then the people grew comparatively calm, and waited, with unconcealed impatience, for Beatrice Vane's solo.

Beatrice looked anxiously around for the *one* whose approval alone, she coveted, but her fond eyes failed to detect him.

"He will come, he *must* come," she whispered to herself.

Just at that moment, a rustle was heard in the hall, and a boy was seen hastily making his way through the crowd. He pushed to the front and placed a telegram in her lap.

With trembling fingers and a beating heart, she tore it open and read, "Railway accident: Lawrence instantly killed." It was signed by a friend who had accompanied him, and she knew it must be true. For a moment she could not breathe, and it seemed as if she must rush from the hall, but a well-known voice seemed to whisper in her ear, "For *my* sake," and summoning all her strength, she rose as Herr Handelberger came forward to conduct her to her seat at the piano.

A storm of applause greeted her appearance, but she seemed not to hear it, and her face was pale as death.

Beatrice Vane played that night as she had never played before, and when she had finished, the hall rang with a thunder of applause, and cheer upon cheer rent the air.

Then the judges came forward, and announced that Miss Vane had unquestionably won the prize.

She went forward to receive it as one in a dream, and when, urged on by the tumultuous applause, she seated herself at the piano, it was to play an improvisation of her own—an air so wild and melancholy, with such an undertone of sadness running through the whole, that it seemed to be the expression of her own great grief.

* Begun in February number.

She seemed to grow even whiter than before ;
a wavering uncertain chord was struck, and she
fell lifeless upon the floor.

She was borne gently from the hall, and loving
hands did all that could be done to restore her,
but in vain.

The terrible shock had proved too much for her
delicate, overwrought system, and the crushing
sorrow had ended a life whose ruddy morning
glow had so suddenly been transformed into mid
night darkness.

THE LIBRARY PARTY.

ATTENTION, my friends, and I'll try to tell
Of the Library Party at Lasell.

Great was the planning the days before
And busy the needles employed by the score.
Every girl, ambitious to have such good times,
Was decked in a costume regardless of dimes,
Representing the novel that she thought best
Would create the most fun and many a jest.

On Saturday evening at quarter to eight,
Each went to the "Gym" with her favorite mate ;
And gayly they marched round the well-lighted hall
To gay tripping measures, suggesting — a ball.
Such radiance and beauty now are displayed,
Such variety coloring and delicate shade.
There were wonderful fashions of different climes,
From the earliest ages to modernest times.

The characters I'm sure would interest you
So here I will mention — oh, just a choice few.
Grim Night and fair Day together appeared
And all by the smiles of Sunshine were cheered.
Dark Tempest was there in sombre array
And a bright golden Butterfly happy and gay.
Jack and Jill with their bucket great merriment made,
The Old-Fashioned Girl with her manner so staid.

A Tale of Two Cities with Oliver Twist
And the Woman in White were down on the list.
Spanish Gypsies were present and a true Turkish Bride,
Also Walter Raleigh so dignified.
The Daisy Chain story, Sweet Bells out of Tune
Were well represented, so, too, was Bright June.

Josiah Allen and Samantha so dear
Were a comical couple so quaint and so queer ;
Nor was Old Maid's Paradise less witty than they,
With her airs and her *specs* and her locks a deep gray.
A spry little Brownie, with hat very tall,
Played pranks on the people, then laughed at them all.
An odd little figure was the Japanese boy,
Nor did we lack dear Lord Fauntleroy.
Familiar Quotations we greatly admired,
Were amazed at Brownie's Works richly attired ;
The Fair Maid of Perth was historic and bright

While Othello and Desdie fairly beamed with delight.
Lucile would have nothing to say to the beaux,
Rose in Bloom and the Lilacs, too gentle for foes,
A Bow of Orange Ribbon delighted to flatter
While A Bushel of Fun joined in with the chatter.
John Alden and Priscilla, his fond sweetheart,
The Maid all Forlorn and Amy Robsart
Performed their role in a wonderful style,
Enjoying themselves tip top all the while.
The Guardian Angel and Mephistopheles
Much attention attract and none dare to tease.
Gay little Red Riding Hood dances along
With ripples of laughter and snatches of song.
Snow-Bound, Six to One, and Evangeline
Were glad participants in the gay scene.
In Darkest Africa, the best of them all
(And to whom the prize did finally fall),
With her partner, Black Beauty,
Great genius displayed,
In the manner in which their costumes were made.
"Tripping the light fantastic" was the chief occupation
And the fleeting hours a sad realization.
Refreshments were served, then friends had to part,
All voting the evening a success from the start.
Oh maidens, dear maidens, should sorrows befall,
We're sure of our Past, it will come at our call,
And 'mid all life's changes, so sad, or so bright,
We'll think of each other — and that festive night.

MARCH 10, 1893.

EDITORS OF LASELL LEAVES :

My dear Young Ladies, — I enclose a very inter-
esting scrap which I have translated from a French
newspaper, *Le Temps*, of Paris, January, 1893.

The Minister of Public Instruction is following
the good example set by Lasell, in giving to the
girls in the Paris Lyceés, or high schools, a course
of lectures on "Business Law for Women."

It will be seen that Mlle. Chauvin's course is
almost exactly like the courses I have given at
Lasell in years past, and which I hope to give
again next winter, in the subjects it covers.

Mlle. Chauvin is a graduate of the University
of Paris, and of its law department, the second
woman to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws
from that institution.

Thinking you may like to put it into the
LEAVES, I have written out a translation for you.
I know of no other girl's schools that give any
systematic instruction in this useful branch of
knowledge.

Very truly yours,

MARY A. GREENE.

Lecturer on law at Lasell Seminary.

TRANSLATION FROM LE TEMPS.

THE French Minister of Public Instruction has appointed Mlle. Jeanne Chauvin to give a course of lectures on law and domestic economy to the young girl students of the Lyceés Fénelon, Molière, and Racine, in Paris.

Mlle. Chauvin, Doctor of Laws and Bachelor of Arts, began her lectures on Feb. 1. Being interviewed by a reporter of *Le Temps*, she explained to him her plan for teaching law to the young scholars at the Lyceés, and what the benefit of such study will be to them.

"I intend to give to my young pupils only those clear, plain points of law which they need to know, 'les clartés de droit,' as Molière says. My course will occupy an hour a week in each school. I propose not to initiate these students into the subtleties of jurisprudence, but to give them some principles, at the same time useful and ethical, sufficiently broad to be comprehended by any cultivated mind, and sufficiently exact to be a useful guide in actual life. A woman especially needs to know how to manage her own affairs when she becomes a widow, or a business manager, or the guardian of her minor children. In these various situations a woman finds herself suddenly thrown into the labyrinth of legal life without a clue to guide her out of it. I shall therefore teach those parts of the code which deal with inheritance of property, contracts, and guardianship, as well as questions of business law, all of which will be useful to my pupils when they grow older."

O THESE FRENCHMEN!

From the German by Paul von Schönthan.

THEY are terribly prudish in North Germany. Their moral sense is enormously sensitive, and their cheeks do not tire of coloring again and again at every improper occasion with that dignified color that harmonizes so well with the heavenly blue of moral views. The uncovered legs of tables, the bare arms of chandeliers which, alas, you come across in the best of company, have long been a thorn in their eyes. A lady of my acquaintance has actually been kept from taking her young daughter to Switzerland because there the rocks are bare. It is the same lady who saw

fit to take from the chamber of her daughter on her sixteenth birthday a picture of Bismarck, just because it is the picture of a man. Under such circumstances the grudge felt against the slippery French literature, especially dramatic, is quite comprehensible. I grant that indeed only very few repertoire pieces of the Palais Royal or Ambigu would be fit to celebrate the birthday of the principal of a girls' boarding-school; but then that is not exactly the aim of dramatic literature.

If such a loose Paris specimen comes flying across the boundary to Berlin it will share the fate of the gay butterfly which the boy pursues with uplifted hat; if at last it is caught, the hunter kneels down beside the hat, raises it inch by inch so as to examine his booty more closely. Next the poor creature is pierced and finally perhaps even his wings are torn out, then it is let loose to get along the best it can. Thus acts the rigorous censor: the drama is at first suppressed, and closer examination will decide its future fate. Some comedies never see the rosy light of day again; others are let loose after long debating but usually only under the condition that the poisonous French material be first extracted with German thoroughness, for otherwise they cannot be brought upon the stage, those Frenchmen! . . . I do not especially admire the censors, although at times they are the only people who see that not everything is printed which is written; yet this does not hinder me from being on slight terms of friendship with an official of this commission. Lately we came together for a social hour. Now it is one of the peculiarities of the souls of good people to talk resolutely at favorable opportunities of those things on which they do not agree, with the pleasant view of final union. Thus I could no longer keep from my friend my personal opinion of the consequences of this suppression, and bravely defended the French. The official puckered up his face with that pointed red nose so characteristic, looked at me with an expression of conscious superiority and whispered to me: "Depend on it, the Frenchmen are rogues, every one of them, and have to be looked after sharply." I shook my head. "Wait," he continued, "I will send you something to-morrow and then you may speak." The book came. I had expected an *opus* of the Naturalistic School with many illustra-

tions accompanying the text, and was surprised to behold an educational work, — a French-German Grammar. On the leaves of this book were to be seen the lines, notes, and crosses, in the familiar loud color of the censor's pencil. Of course, I read those places first and not without some reluctance reproduce them here. Anyone who blushes easily would do better to skip the following. The Grammar is like other text books of this kind, divided into lessons in the familiar way. But what kind of lessons are these? Already in the second it reads: "My Grandmother is in the garden. The grandfather has sold the garden to the hunter." Here the red pencil has indicated the paragraph of the law that concerns the dreadful women-traffic. In the third lesson we are confronted by the coarse cynicism of the familiar saying: "Age is no safeguard against foolishness." It reads: —

"The grandfather of your friend and the wife of your gardener are in your cellar." A wild stroke, the traces of which are only lost in the last third of the book, crosses this group of sentences: —

"Our uncle has departed. The true friend of our good uncle has arrived. Our aunt is happy."

Well, I think it is superfluous to point out the corruptness of this seemingly unintentional connection. The German pen that can usually be made to serve at most anything absolutely refuses any addition. But we have only arrived at the third lesson. Further; Lesson 4: —

"The moon is round. The garden-bench is comfortable. Where is thy good sister? My sister and thy cousin are in the garden."

I beg of you, — in the garden by moonlight! But let us go on; let us provide ourselves with the life-preserver of ethical consciousness and dive wholly into the Gallic swamp. The seventh lesson probably intends to paint a scene similar to the preceding one.

"Your brother-in-law loves cherries. The daughter of our teacher loves cherries, too. The orchard of your brother-in-law is large. Our teacher has sold his orchard."

Well, isn't it as plain as $2+2=4$ that the brother-in-law (who by the way, has already in Lesson 6 approached the cousin of the former in a most persistent way) will be able to persuade the teacher's daughter to administer to her love for

cherries in his garden? (O, thou Gallic rogue!) But on: Lesson 13: —

"The captain has departed but my cousin has not departed. Where is thy cousin? My cousin is ill. She is writing a letter. The captain is not."

Then: "Carl has blue eyes. The wife of the neighbor has brown eyes. The child of the neighbor has blue eyes."

Here I purposely refrain from all remarks; first, because my pen refuses, and then, because the meaning of those words will only be brought nearer to the understanding of harmless readers and the harm only increased. But a reflection of blushes, so to speak, is cast by the fifteenth lesson, all criss-crossed by red lines. It begins as follows: "The widow of the hunter has lost her thimble. The soldier and the widow are seeking the thimble. The thimble is under the table. The soldier is bold."

The end of this beautiful lesson is a sentence best characterized by the famous § 183 from the Prussian code of laws, marked in the margin. "Where is the lamp? The lamp is not in the room, but Anton and the niece of the neighbor are in the room. Anton loves the light, but he prefers the darkness."

Likely he has his reasons, this "light-shy" Mr. Anton.

And so it goes on in foot-deep mud of unspeakable corruptness up to the seventy-fifth lesson; with the systematic growth of the vocabulary the scenes, of course, gain in picturesque breadth. The leading feature, however, is frivolity in all its shapes. I took hold of the book with gloves, put on my hat and hastened to my friend to return this beautiful Grammar with a look asking repentingly for forgiveness and expressing great disgust.

The official locked the pedagogical monster into a high desk divided into shelves that seemed expressly for French literature, for I saw on the different shelves the familiar names: Angier, Belot, Claretie, Daudet, etc., down to Zola, above whose shelf was a ticket with death's head, such as the apothecaries use for bottles that contain poison. Those Frenchmen!

As he walked back to his desk, he beckoned to me and said, in his accustomed low tone of voice so well suited to this the sacred judgment court of morals: "It actually makes me feel good to

contrast a German work with that." At the same time he handed me a slender book in a sea-sick cover. The title read "The Most Important of everyday Conversation in French." Let us look more closely at the modest-looking little volume. This author has also divided his book into lessons, but he calls them "meals," and what he serves is not the fermenting poison of French frivolity but the condensed milk of pious thoughts. My eyes fall upon the fifth meal.

The soldier, who with the frivolous Gaul, hunts thimbles under the table, who defiantly leaves cousins in the critical moment "sans adieu," appears here in a purer, brighter light. It reads:—

"The sunrise is beautiful, but the gun of the soldier is more beautiful. The captain praises the bright buttons of the courageous soldier. The grenadier's bottle of polishing is large, but the button-hook of the dragoon is larger.

"The parade is beautiful, but war is more beautiful. The good soldier loves the polishing powder.

"The old general is out riding, the other officers are also out riding. Why do the officers ride? Because they have nothing else to do. Our uncle would ride too, but he is only a merchant. He ought to be ashamed.

"My cousin loves to drill but he prefers war."

My face must immediately have assumed a pleasanter expression. I noticed it in the bright reflection of the censor's face that usually is so officially dignified. He drew my attention to the later meals that were styled "dessert." Here prevailed a freer tone; a nosegay of the fragrant blossoms of conversation smiled at me; what a coy fragrance streamed from them compared to the sulphurous odor that met us from the other book. Here are a few proofs, picked at hazard:—

"Poily (Parrot) has just married. The grandmother catches a thousand butterflies. The humming bird is admitted to the bars. The legs of the architect are enduring."

Here the censor proposed "arms" instead of "legs," a correction that is only fair considering the best of the public. Further:—

"Flies, lungs, and mills have wings. We loved the boats of the farmer. The poet is playing with the dog."

The censor was impatient to hear my opinion.

He interrupted me: "Well, have you found anything improper in there?" I shook my head with a lofty smile: "Nothing that might prevent me from putting this work calmly into the hands of any German woman," I assured him. "How beautiful would our calling be," continued the censor, "one's office-hours could be arranged very differently, if it were n't for those Frenchmen!" . . . I said good-bye, and went home thoughtfully to write down that conversation, which I hope my pretty readers will not take too seriously.

LOCALS.

MR. EDWARD EMERSON, the humorist, assisted by Miss Ames, was here on the evening of Feb. 11. All of his selections received a round of applause, especially a farce, comic songs, and his perfect imitation of various sounds, such as the buzzing of a bee, planing, etc. We were indebted to the Juniors for a very delightful entertainment.

MR. LEROY, under the auspices of the Seniors, gave some exhibitions of "sleight-of-hand" in the gymnasium, Saturday evening, Feb. 18. Although greatly mystified as to whence it came, we each triumphantly carried off a piece of candy for our "*memory book*."

DONNIZETTI'S OPERA, "The Daughter of the Regiment," was given by the Maritana Opera Company, Thursday evening, Feb. 23, under the auspices of the S. D. Society. Scenery was brought out from Boston, and our gymnasium was turned for the time into an opera house. The singing was excellent, while the execution of the manual by the "soldiers of the twentieth" inspired all the girls of the Lasell Battalion with awe and admiration. Among the artists of the company, we noticed Mr. J. C. Bartlett, whose singing we enjoyed so much at the Commencement concert last June.

THE Library Party of Feb. 25 was a grand success. The prize for the best representation of a book was awarded to Helen B. Medsker, who was arrayed as "In Darkest Africa." There were many others worthy of mention; among them, "Black Beauty," "the Brownie," "Josiah and Samantha," "An Old Maid's Paradise," "One Summer," "An Old-Fashioned Girl,"

"Jack and Jill," "Familiar Quotations," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." At the close of the evening, Mr. Shepherd invited us to the dining-room, where a treat in the shape of refreshments awaited us.

BERTHA LILLIBRIDGE has been promoted from a Corporal to Fourth Sergeant of Company C.

THE Natatorium is again opened, and the spring term of lessons in this accomplishment has begun.

MARCH 5th was the first Sunday on which the Episcopalians worshipped in their new edifice, and everyone is delighted with it.

THE Methodist and Congregational churches have united in a series of revival meetings, conducted by Rev. Mr. Davidson, the evangelist. The first meeting was held Sunday, March 5th, and services are to be in progress for two weeks.

REV. MR. DAVIDSON led in chapel on the morning of March 8.

MISS ELIZABETH GORDON and Mrs. Higgins, State Superintendents of the Y. W. C. T. U., gave a talk on temperance work before the girls. At the close over forty girls joined the Somerset Union, and are now wearing the white ribbon badge.

THE girls who attended the Symphony, March 4, had the pleasure of seeing the Princess Kaiulani. She was dressed in pink satin, and wore a dark red cape and red toque trimmed with pink rose buds.

MRS. ADA LANGWORTHY COLLIER.

IN this gifted and successful authoress Lasell is proud to recognize one of her daughters. Mrs. Collier was graduated from the Seminary in 1861. Her father was Lucius H. Langworthy, a gentleman of note and influence in Dubuque, Iowa, where his brilliant daughter was born and reared and yet lives. Her tastes were early seen to tend to literature and the pen, and her graduating thesis was desired for publication in the "Atlantic Monthly," an almost unprecedented honor to be accorded to the production of a school-girl. For reasons of her own, however, she declined to have it printed in the "Atlantic," though it afterward appeared in one of the Newton journals. She

has written since then many stories, novels, essays, poems, etc., which have met with favor and have been eagerly accepted by such journals and magazines as she has chosen to submit them to. The list is a long one, and many of her choicest bits of poetry and prose have appeared under various *nom-de-plumes*; perhaps it will be sufficient to name the poem "Lilith" as her most widely appreciated effort. This has been most favorably criticised by the press and is a beautiful rendering and interpretation of the old legend of Eve's predecessor in Adam's affections, Lilith. Mrs. Collier has a new story almost ready for publication.

[We are indebted to the kindness of a friend for a recent copy of the Dubuque *Herald*, containing a biographical sketch of Mrs. Collier.]

PERSONALS.

FLORENCE HAWES made her *début* in Chicago this winter. She writes of a very gay season, and hopes to visit Auburndale in June.

MANY of the old girls from both the East and the West are planning to be present at Commencement this year. In Chicago a party is being made up to come to Boston at that time, and all who can join it will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity to do so.

MYRNA LAMSON saw Janette Brookmire at a reception given by Laura Brooks, in Chicago, a short time ago. Janette is "out" this winter, and is said to be very popular.

GRACE SHELLABARGER has been spending a pleasant winter at home, and is now in Chicago. She is the only daughter left at home since Marie's marriage and departure for the West, Corinne, her younger sister, being a student in Mrs. Somers's school in Washington, D. C.

BELLE HORTON is also attending the same school. All the girls, they tell us, were present at the inaugural festivities, including the ball.

CARRIE BROWN CASSELL has had a sad blow in the recent loss of her mother. Mrs. Brown had been an invalid for some time, but was apparently improving, and hoped ultimately to be strong again. Her death was sudden, and a great shock. Carrie's little boy is bright and healthy, and a

wellspring of comfort to his mother in her trouble. She has lately heard from Fannie Lamme, who is now in Helena, Mont., and expects her sister to return shortly from the South.

ETTA STAFFORD and the Morgan girls were in Denver last summer. Stella Toynton visited Carrie in the winter, she says.

EDITH ELLIS, we hear, is spending some time in Denver.

WE wonder whether Dr. Pierce knows how much her letters help us, — so cheery and bright, so full of the spirit of thankfulness and trustfulness they are. Here is another one from her. She grows dissipated, really. Just think of her spending the day at a friend's house, and soon after capping the climax by attending a tea-party! Besides that, our old friend, Miss Sheldon, spent a day or so with her in February. The doctor says she goes all about the house (as much of it as is on her floor), dusts, sews, reads, and writes and (though she did n't say this) scatters sunshine for the rest of us. She still gains, she says, though not so rapidly as in the fall, and is looking forward with pleasure to spring airs and scenes, after all this snow shall have disappeared. She sends loving remembrances to all, mentioning especially Mr. Bragdon and his dear mother, who, she has discovered, is now here visiting in Mr. Bragdon's absence

REV. DR. GUNSAULUS, of the Armour Institute, Chicago, has kindly consented to deliver the Commencement address in June.

LASELL SEMINARY has been granted, by the committee on assignment of space in the Woman's Building of the World's Columbian Exposition, a room in that building to be at the Seminary's disposal during the continuance of the Fair. This room is fifty-four feet square, and is made available to Lasell subject to no conditions other than that the rules and regulations of the Woman's Building be not infringed. Lasell girls will find it an additional pleasure in their visit to the Fair to have a place of rendezvous, where they may meet old Lasell friends and combine social pleasure with those of sight-seeing. It is hoped that each one of you will endeavor to make it as pleasant a place to every other Lasell girl as you hope it will be for yourself.

KATHARINE and FANNY WATSON, with their mother, have been visiting friends in Pittsburg, Penn.

DAISY HANMER, of Hartford, is resting after the gayeties of the winter, at her sister's home in Medfield, Mass.

FLORENCE PALMER has been in Brooklyn attending a wedding, at which she was maid of honor.

It was really like old times to have Mrs. Faxon with us again, though she was so sparing of her time that we'd hardly caught the notion that she was actually here before presto! she was gone. Her same dear, cheery, punning old self — and then to have her such a little time! We hope she'll come again soon. Was it Homer or Shakespeare who said, —

"She who calls and goes away
Will surely call another day?"

PASADENA, CAL., boasts quite a colony of Lasell girls, — Nan Brown, Lucile Sampson, Anita Paine, Eva Bond, Edna and Zoë Lowe, are "gathering rosebuds while they may" in that delicious climate. Marie Shellabarger Crowder and her husband are also spending a few weeks in the same place.

AMONG recent visitors at the Seminary were Miss Mabel Cogswell, Miss Carolyn Waters, Miss Marietta Rose, Miss Blanche Busell, Miss Annie E. Mason, Miss Alice M. Beaumont, Miss Alice White, Mrs. Faxon, Mrs. Isaac Milbank, Miss Nellie Taft, Mrs. Ralph Starks (Mary Starks's mother), and Mr. C. W. Cushing, the former principal of Lasell.

MARRIAGES.

MISS MARY KILBURN FISHER to Mr. James Buffington, Feb. 23, 1893, at Fall River, Mass.

DEATHS.

MRS. H. C. BROWN, of Denver, died Feb. 11, at San Diego, Cal., whither she had gone in the hope of being benefited by the climate. Mrs. Brown was the mother of our Carrie Brown, now Mrs. Cassell, with whom we sympathize.

EXCHANGES.

PUPU, dogere, barki, bitum. — *The Review*.

AN oratorical contest is to be held in Chicago on June 30, at which seventy-five colleges will be represented.— *Bowdoin Orient*.

SHE was short, brunette — and pretty,
And I *thought* she smiled at me ;
So, when I had passed the maiden
I looked back,— quite naturally,
But a bit of icy sidewalk
My unwary feet beguiled,
And this time I did not *think* it ;
I *knew* the maiden smiled.

The University Cynic.

THE youngest graduates from Harvard were Cotton Mather, who graduated at the age of 16, Paul Dudley, at the age of 14, and Rev. A. P. Peabody, at 15 — *Bowdoin Orient*.

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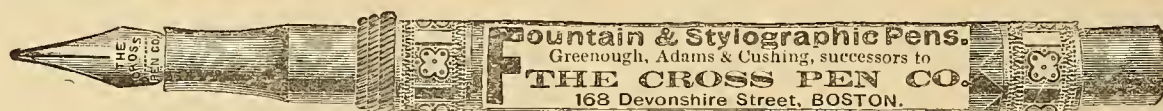
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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THE LEAVES greets the faculty and students of the Seminary at this opening of the spring term. After the recess we return to our work with pleasant memories of our week's vacation, renewed vigor, and a resolve to make this term in the highest sense the best one of the year.

WHEN some thirty girls who remained here during the Easter vacation were going down stairs to breakfast one morning, chatting unconcernedly, perhaps only half awake, and certainly not expecting so pleasant a surprise, whom should they find in the hall but Prof. Bragdon, standing there to say "Good morning" to them! Wednesday afternoon Prof. and Mrs. Bragdon gave an informal reception at their home to these same girls, where they also met Miss Ransom whom they were happy to find had returned from her trip with renewed health.

The girls were much interested in a collection of curios which Prof. Bragdon had collected while in Egypt and Palestine and in listening to his explanations of them. When we saw our Principal in his accustomed place in Chapel next morning, we wondered if he would not seem a little strange to us, and we to him, — perhaps we might have to get acquainted over again, especially those who were "new girls" when he left us. But if we had any such thoughts, we found them to be entirely mistaken ones. We believe he was really here all the time, in thought and interest. He assured us that they had brought the snow storm with them, which would have been here sooner had it not been detained in the Custom House.

Then how natural it did seem when he suddenly began to question us about a lecture upon architecture given the evening before. We made in-

effectual efforts to collect our wits which of course had been somewhat scattered during the gayeties of the past week. It may seem an insignificant thing to ask questions. "Oh, anyone can do that," we say, yet there is a science as well as an art of questioning.

It is said of Dr. Arnold of Rugby that he changed the processes of education common in England up to that time by his art of awakening the intellect of every individual by questioning. At all events, this trying to recall a few important facts of a lecture which we have heard or of giving a little after thought to something we have read, is what will aid us in a habit of retaining knowledge and of being able to recall it quickly when needed.

WE have reason to know that there is much ability among the students for the writing of bright, original articles, and we should all feel enough interest in our paper, as a part of the school, to assist in making it bright and readable.

OUR TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

"SHALL you join the Washington party?" was an oft repeated question during the few last days of our second semester. Parents and friends had arranged for home coming to a great extent and so we sallied forth a moderate party of forty girls to visit our national capital. On the pleasant afternoon of March 30, we were all comfortably bestowed in our Hotel Richmond where a tempting luncheon was in readiness for us.

Our first objective point was a visit to Gen. Logan's interesting home. Our western girls were disappointed to find the occupant of the mansion away but we were allowed to enter the General's elegant library, also a rare apartment filled with famous relics. On our way to this latter place we passed a little alcove wherein we saw a little brass bedstead ornamented with a dozen fancy pillows dainty enough for Titania's couch which looked very enticing to some few maidens who had not slept very soundly the previous night on the Fall River steamer.

At eight o'clock the next morning nine carriages drew up to our hotel entrance and were soon filled with eager tourists. There was no danger of our

being taken for a wedding party. for we had but one gentleman and his costume was that of a professional tourist. We were driven past the Blaine mansion and the homes of the foreign Ambassadors and saw many places of historic interest. Two hours later we took the boat for Mt. Vernon. The day was perfect and the sail down the Potomac one long to be remembered. We duly admired all there was to be seen and felt a becoming patriotic pride although we did not allow sentiment to get the better of us, as one lady did, some few years ago, who was found weeping over the ice house supposing it to be the Mausoleum of the "Father of his Country." The historical photographer met us at Mt. Vernon, pleasantly saying, in a professional tone: "Step right this way ladies, I always take a picture of the Lasell party. The prettiest girls will please come to the front." Now you might suppose we would all rush thither, but so modest and well-behaved were we that it was a matter of great difficulty to get anyone into the front ranks.

Tired as we were upon our return from Mt. Vernon, we soon yielded to the persuasions of our chaperons to visit the Corcoran Art Gallery, where we spent a most enjoyable evening. Pardon the seeming egotism, if we whispered to each other that in the enjoyment of the pictures we recognized some progress of our own in the study of art at Lasell. We also learned that we had not *completed* the study. Saturday morning was devoted to the Washington Monument and, as you will readily surmise, every girl made the dizzy ascent.

The President's reception was next in order. He stood in the door way leading from the East Room into the hall. The most bitter republican could not fail to acknowledge that he greeted us kindly and heartily, making us feel that he rather approved of school-girls. We greatly admired the White House, though I do not remember that any one expressed a desire to preside over it in future years. Mrs. Cleveland had graciously named a day to receive us, but unfortunately it was a later date than our itinerary allowed, and so we lost the opportunity of meeting "the first lady in the land." Of course we went to the Treasury Department, and all of us had the satisfaction of holding in our respective grasp, United States bonds representing one million dollars. The

drive to Arlington was delightful, and in the evening of this busy day Capt. Brooks of the detective service arranged a lecture for our party. Had his words been commonplace, we should certainly have fallen asleep from sheer weariness after our eventful day, but we were all wide awake and deeply interested.

Easter morning dawned bright and beautiful and the several churches were attended by different groups of girls. There was great enthusiasm over the flowers, music, and excellent Easter sermons.

Monday morning we visited the Patent Office, but we will not describe this *too* minutely lest your interest in it may lead you to remain there an undue length of time when you visit Washington. The girls were greatly interested in the Dead Letter Office and its legends. We were shown a letter directed in the following manner: "To my Son. Who has a yoke of red oxen and a railroad runs through his place." Think of the anxious parents whose patience has been put to so severe test waiting to hear from this prosperous son! We did not omit the Pension Office in our rounds of visits, and there we saw the only living relative of George Washington. How tired we were as we mounted the steps of our National Capitol, and how hard we tried to be interested in something the guide told us! We paid the most deferential attention while in the Supreme Court and in the Senate Chamber, although ready to drop down with fatigue. We brought away a very pleasant memory of the bronze doors of the Capitol although at the time, we were reconciled to have them close upon our retreating footsteps.

After a little rest at the hotel, we went out and watched the children roll Easter eggs on the White House lawn. The day was favorable for their diversion and their laughter could be heard at a great distance.

Tuesday, the fourth of April, we bade farewell to beautiful Washington, with its wealth of flowers and velvet lawns, and started for our wintry New England home. A snow storm was ready to receive us as we entered school, but the fires of our patriotism were not extinguished, nor was there any chill in the ardor of our gratitude to Mr. Shepherd, who had so satisfactorily conducted this eighth annual excursion to our American Mecca.

E. W.

A LECTURE ON BIRDS.

ON the evening of March 22, Mrs. Kate Tryon introduced us to some of the New England birds, and by the aid of her perfect reproduction of their notes, and her own well-executed portraits, we became quite intimate acquaintances. She began her study four years ago, and it has added immeasurably to the enjoyment of the spring-time.

As is natural, certain birds prefer certain kinds of trees, and to know these preferences aids materially in the study. The fact that seven eighths of all our bird music comes from the sparrows was a revelation, for we did not dream that those most unwelcome visitors of our parks and gardens were adding in the slightest degree to our happiness.

Many of these little songsters have been immortalized by our poets and authors. Thoreau did not find the sparrows too insignificant to write about, and the crow blackbird has his praises sweetly sung by Lowell. That other beautiful blackbird with the gorgeous red wing, and first cousin to the bobolink, has a strong partisan in Emerson. But the Peabody bird, the white-throated sparrow, amuses us with his quaint song, "Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody," as he contentedly makes his home and haunts among the hills of New Hampshire.

We were sorry to hear it so plainly stated that our dear little robins were simply not in it as solo singers, but the fact that their chorus is unrivalled somewhat redeemed their reputation. Lowell describes the pert little creatures with perfect exactness. "After they have pinched and shaken all the life out of an earthworm, as Italian cooks pound all the spirit out of a steak, and then gulped him, they stand up in honest self-confidence, expand their red waist-coats with the virtuous air of a lobby member, and outface you with an eye that calmly challenges inquiry. 'Do I look like a bird that knows the flavor of raw vermin? I throw myself upon a jury of my peers. Ask any honest robin if he ever ate anything less ascetic than the frugal berry of a juniper, and he will answer that his vow forbids him.'"

Many amusing stories of the king-birds and kites, together with Bryant's and Emerson's loving tributes to the various songsters, made the lecture altogether a charming one.

ON THE ROAD.

THE Cairene newsboy gently asks you if you will have a paper. The Athenian cries his in full New York voice, though in Attic tongue. Big Cairo has no lack of bustle, but it is not in a literary line.

The Athens boys have had a brisk business yesterday and to-day, for a double suicide has stirred the whole town.

The story is quite romantic. A beautiful German girl, lady-in-waiting to the Crown Princess (she is a German, you know), wrote to her parents asking permission to wed a Greek officer, but received a strong refusal.

She wrote to the young man, but got no reply. Again she wrote, but again no response. (The young man was away or sick in the hospital—I hear two stories—and so did not receive her letters.) A third time she wrote, asking him to meet her in the Parthenon and threatening, if he were not there by eleven o'clock, to kill herself. The last letter reached him—all three, indeed—just before eleven. Frantic, he hurried as best he could toward the Acropolis. As he neared it, he saw her standing upon the architrave. He waved his handkerchief, shouted with all his feeble force, but without avail. She did not see or hear him; allowed ten minutes for difference in watches and at 11.10 threw herself upon the classic pave of the western porch. In a half hour she died without recognizing any one. In the afternoon the officer shot himself, and the two were buried to-day, one in the forenoon, the other in the afternoon, and not together. A sad story of a foolish—to say no more—act. I went to the Acropolis this afternoon and a crowd was gathered about the place where she did herself to death. I venture to say more persons have visited that historic and glorious fane in these two days than in two years previous. Crowds were coming and going all the afternoon with eyes only (for the most part) for the blood-stained marble. There will be a new story for guides to tell. It did seem strangely near, that despairing heart and that dreadful death, as we realized that she went up those heavy steps barely twenty-four hours before, with that hard secret in her soul, that fearful purpose in her mind. If she had only had the fear of God there, she could not have done the

deed, and in good time she would have known that hope was not lost, at least, that her lover was faithful.

I have been very idle in my idleness; have not written you since getting to Alexandria. Now I must hurry over some points which I may amplify to you later. We stayed in Alexandria long enough to see Pompey's Pillar, the new lighthouse, which stands where once stood one of the seven wonders of the world, the disused and rather common palace of the late Khedive, which makes a fine show from the harbor near the Pharos, and the old harbors to which Antony and Cæsar came in Roman galleys; the bright dresses and bad eyes of the children, the women going on Thursday in hundreds to the cemeteries to have a good time,—their one outing in the week,—the cold Arabs with their women's gowns blowing about their bare legs, and the tiny shops in the native quarter; and then went on to Cairo where we found delightful quarters in the New Hotel, the best in the city. I think it better than the famous old Shepherd's.

Cairo is the Egyptian Paris, lively, full of song and music, dancing and jollity. Its shops are Egyptian Parisian, and their prices susceptible of more manipulation than those of any city on the globe. One can pay more prices for the same thing than in any city I was ever in. I went for some belt buckles for Mrs. B. Asking price, sixteen francs, then twelve, then ten. I offered eight and came away. Another day the asking price was twelve, but he came to eleven, then nine. I finally bought better at another place for ten. It is a task to buy; makes one tired as a day's hard riding on a fractious donkey. It is no use to say at once what you will give. Even if it be a fair price you will lose it. You must palaver, talk it down, offer less than you mean to give, and argue him to it, and lead him down—or up—to it gradually. Trade is an art, and, like matrimony, not to be lightly entered into—or got out of by any. The Cairene is quiet enough when he has no customer, sleepy, taciturn. But he is not going to lose his chance of a visit when a buyer stops at his feet. Then he becomes very social, brings coffee and a pipe. He entertains you, if you let him, as if you were a calling friend. He wants time to measure you, and he treats his call-

ing with respect and means you shall do the same. For me it is a tiresome job to buy anything, and I generally leave it to the women. I could buy a whole new outfit of furniture for Lasell more easily and quickly than I can get a flag in Cairo. And it is partly travellers' fault that it is so. Some ignorant or foolish persons do pay, before their eye-teeth are cut, what the traders ask, and thus they ask whatever they think they can get, and are not ashamed. One of our fellows paid five francs, because it was asked, for what he ought to have paid less than one. So that trader asks every foreigner five thereafter and feels hurt if he does n't get it.

Hack fare is cheap in Cairo, when you pay what you ought. For fifteen cents one or three persons may be taken anywhere within a mile; for twenty-five cents within three miles; for forty cents, anywhere for an hour. The porters in the hotels in Europe are set for the helping of travellers; in Cairo for their fleecing. They share the profits of carriages, etc., and always tell the traveller too much. Once our porter told me four dollars for a carriage which I went out myself and got for two dollars. A resident would have paid one dollar and a half and it would have been enough. The man in charge of carriages at Shephard's is said to clear five thousand dollars a season on this item alone. Most travellers pay what the porter says is right, rather than take the trouble to find out what is right, and also because they are used to the European porter and his ways. A donkey may be had for any ordinary ride for ten cents or fifteen cents an hour. And the easiest way to get about Cairo is on a donkey — for a man. For a woman there is the trouble of getting a European saddle as none are furnished unless ordered. Cairene women ride man-fashion on men's saddles. The donkey boy is an "institution" of Cairo as the water-girl is of Thebes, and I hope it may be long before either dies out or is shuffled off by change of fashion. For they are the cutest part of a trip and more fun than pyramids.

Some call them a nuisance. I find them amusing and instructive. A donkey boy knows a few English words, is smart as a steel trap, will find out in a minute if you are American or English, and will christen his donkey to suit on the spot;

will be your most faithful friend in the midst of designing natives and will fight for you or your interest as soon as eat. "Of course," said Ali Hassan, in remarking upon the attempt of a trader to cheat Mrs. B. — an attempt which he frustrated with as much earnestness as if she had been, as he called her, his mother, — "of course, he bloody liar, he no sense in he head, of course," and all in a gentle, bland, convincing tone as if that explained the whole thing. "Want a donkey? Me very good donkey (pushing forward a one-eyed, split-eared animal, with his forelegs all in splints and bandages); me carry you very easy. Robinson Crusoe, George Washington, Queen Victoria, Lillie Langtry, what you wish, of course, coming? Coming, gentleman?" then, as you shake your head and try to pass on, he adds, "No? to-mol-low? All right, very good, me come to-mol-low, good-by!" and off he goes with his faithful steed to chew sugar-cane (the boy, not the donkey), till he sees another tourist coming. And so little makes him your friend for life! He runs after your donkey, guides him in and out the mazes of crowded bazaars, carries your parcels, wards off intruders, translates for you, drives sharp bargains for you, holds you on if the way is steep, and after a day of it, if you give him a shilling, he kisses your hand, tells you good-by like a lover, and begs to go with you to-morrow and to America. Alas for the day when advancing civilization pushes aside or spoils the donkey boy of Cairo! He is the one unspoiled bit of that well-spoiled city.

But I was going to give you an itinerary of what we have been doing.

On Jan. 28, we took train to Asyoot, capital of Upper Egypt. The ride is from 8 A. M. to 7 P. M., and is apt to be dusty. This was an exceptionally pleasant day. Next day we boarded the "Khedive" one of Gage's tourist steamers, for the Nile, where we had delightful, clean rooms, excellent fare, the best of attention, and some of the friends whom we had learned to like on The Ems. We reached Luxor Feb. 2, stayed on the boat doing the excursions with the rest until Saturday evening, when Mrs. B. and I went to the hotel while Miss Ransom went with the rest to Assouan and back. In these spare days I went to some places tourists seldom see, about which I will tell you some day.

On Feb. 10, the party reached L. on the return and we took our places again, reaching Cairo Feb. 14. During the whole of this trip Mrs. B.'s eye had given great trouble entirely confining her to her room or boat.

It was now better, the ulcers which came very near destroying the sight were lessening, but the doctor said she must rest it longer. So we put off our trip to Palestine and waited another week in Cairo, until Feb. 22, when we went to Alexandria whence we sailed, Feb. 23, for Joppa, arriving at noon of Feb. 24, and going up to Jerusalem by train Feb. 25, where we drank in sunshine and ozone and history and love for four full days. How sweet it was on Olivet! How calm on Zion.

On Feb. 27, Miss R. and I went on horseback via the (Mohammedan) tomb of Moses to the Dead Sea, bathed, to the Jordan, dipped, to Gilgal and Jericho,—where we slept in a curiously clean country inn kept by two old Russian women. Ask me about it. Next day, to Elisha's Fountain, through Valley of Achor, over the Brook Cherith, up the usual road, past the Good Samaritan's Inn and Apostles' Fountain to Bethany, through it over Mount of Olives, where we lunched with that glorious sight before and behind us. After lunch to Gethsemane, down Valley of the Kedron, past Absalom's pillar, Ophel, St. James Grotto, Zechariah's Tomb, Siloam, Pool of Siloam, Virgin's Fountain, En Rogel, Aceldama (here are the rock-tombs where Ben Hur's mother and sister dwelt when leprous), up Valley of Hinnom, Potter's Field and Gihon to Jaffa Gate. Then took carriage to Bethlehem and back by dinner time. Mr. Floyd says no woman ever did all this in two days, so far as he knows. Of course we would have been glad not to hurry but it was a question of that or not at all with Miss Ransom. She did it well and easily, thanks to Mr. Floyd, who gave her a *good horse*. March 2, back to Joppa, and in afternoon took ship. Reached Port Said next morning early. Up Suez Canal (half way) to Ismailia by noon and to Cairo by four o'clock. From Cairo March 8, reaching Athens March 10. Here I have found an enthusiastic Lasellian in the person of Mrs E. W. King Lasell, sister-in-law of our founder, Edward Lasell, sister of Mrs. Eirene King Goodyear, whose regretted death was noticed in the LEAVES last year.

If I could only have you all over here for three months! I am more than ever of a mind to make a part of every Senior year a *travel time* in Italy and Greece specially, in Europe in general.

DO PLAN TO TRAVEL, GIRLS! It seems as if I ought to be telling you about these wonderful sights at least one half of every day! But what would Miss Carpenter say then, and Miss Packard, and Mr. Rich, and the rest? They would say as you do already that I talked too much. But I'll do more of it when I come. I wish I could stay here three months!

Now for Corinth, Corfu, Rome, Genoa, and home!
C. C. B.

POETRY AND PROSE.

RUSKIN says "Poetry is the suggestion by the imagination of noble grounds for the noble emotions." Some one else has said, "Poetry is the expression of the beautiful by words—the beautiful of the outer and the inner world." While Coleridge tell us that "Poetry is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thought, human passions, emotions, language." But without doubt, many of us have never thought of it as such, our idea of poetry being more in this style,—

"Over the green grass wet with dew
Lightly tripping, a maiden flew.
Eyes alight with the gleam of love
And the golden sunlight fair, above."

Though some, thinking more deeply, might say with Webster, "A metrical composition in which verses consist of certain measures, whether in blank verse or rhyme."

To define prose is far easier, and many of us would define it as the opposite of poetry. But, according to Coleridge, "Poetry is *not* the proper antithesis to prose, but to science; poetry is opposed to science and prose to metre. The proper and immediate object of science is the acquirement or communication of truth, the proper and immediate object of poetry is the communication of pleasure."

Still, others would define prose as the natural language of man. So men differ in their ideas of poetry and prose as well as on other subjects. There are many things which we say are poetical and many more are as truly poems as a verse that rhymes.

It is our good fortune to have a day in June all to ourselves; at this time of the year our thoughts involuntarily turn to nature. Yes, we will enjoy the day by studying her in her beauty. Some one has said and truly, "How June stands illuminated in the calendar; the trees are heavy with leaves; gardens are full of blossoms; the whole atmosphere is laden with perfume and sunshine. Birds sing; insects chirp in the grass. Yellow buttercups stud the green carpet like golden buttons, and red blossoms of clover, like rubies. Through the meadow winds the river, careless, indolent. It seems to love the country, and to be in no haste to reach the sea. Soon the morning hours are gone, high noon is come, and old Sol is in his glory. Still, on through the long beautiful afternoon hours we wander. At each step some new beauty springs to our view. At length, warned by the setting sun, we homeward turn; a late violet in its solitude looks up as if to say, "Take me with you, leave me not here companionless."

Finally,

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight."

Was not this one of the grandest of poems? The three parts of the day, morning, noon, and night, were three glorious verses which went to form the whole, a poem.

But, as the most trying moments of one's life often follow the most happy, so the next day was possibly so full of trials and so perfectly prose that it seemed impossible to find one line of poetry.

Some of us have been fortunate enough to hear, either from a grand chorus or full orchestra, strains of music which seemed divine, "all the feelings of suffering and rejoicing humanity sympathized with and finding a voice in those tones." What a beautiful thought it is that just above the glorious sound of hundreds of voices and instruments one can distinctly hear a melancholy vibration of a single string touched by the finger. So in life, amid the sounds of gladness all around us, distinctly audible to the ear of thought are pulsations of some string of the heart by an insensible hand. This is a poem which comes nearer to perfection

than all others. Every note expresses more than a word, for as oil penetrates where water cannot enter, so song touches the heart where words have no effect. To many it was a lasting joy, a pleasure to think upon; to others it had only the joy of the moment, and the work of life afterwards was prose, dull, perhaps even bitter, where no trace of poetry was ever found.

Longfellow gives us a fine example of the poetry and prose of life when he describes a scene in that most beautiful production, Mozart's "Don Giovanni." He says, "Then came the ballet, drawing its magic net about the soul, and soon from out the mazes of the dance came forth a sylph-like form, her scarf floating behind her as if she were fanning the air with gauze-like wings. Noiseless as a feather or a snow-flake falls did her feet touch the earth. She seemed to float in the air, and the floor bend and wave beneath her as a branch when a bird alights upon it and takes wing again. Loud and rapturous applause follows each lively step." One observer exclaims, "What a noble figure, what grace, what attitudes, how much soul in every gesture! I assure you it has the same effect upon me as a beautiful poem; it *is* a poem; every step is a word, and the whole together a *poem*." As the observer passed out through a narrow, dimly lighted passage way, he heard a vulgar looking fellow say to some persons standing there, "I shall run her six months at Munich and then take her on to Vienna." The observer thought he was speaking of some favorite horse. Alas, he was speaking of his beautiful wife, the ballet dancer! Here was the prose ending of the beautiful poem of which "every step was a word."

As we go forth from our school life, each to our various tasks, doubtless on account of the worries, cares, and perplexities of which every man and woman must have a share, we shall, at times, think life very prosy. Indeed, it is but right that we should have a share, and a large one, of prose or, in other words, severe labor. No one would be so happy were life all poetry, and it would be wrong to try to make it such; but to all who have the least appreciation of what is pure and good and beautiful, do you not think that by a deeper study of the poems of both nature and art we may at least be enabled to find

some vein of poetry, if it be only one line, which may enliven and beautify the prose?

EASTER AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

How comparatively short is the time since Easter has been universally observed in the Christian churches! Only forty-one years ago Rev. Dr. Cushman, a most eloquent Methodist divine of one of the New England churches, preached a sermon on the beauty and reality of Easter, but it is doubtful if any of his congregation, although moved by the pathos and eloquence of his discourse, were led to believe in the actual truth of the matter. How is it to-day?

Probably there is not a sanctuary in New England from the humblest to the grandest which does not observe Easter Sunday. It is a grand and significant change. What was more scandalizing to the minds of our pious forefathers than the thought of beauty combined with religious worship? Even twenty-five years ago Bishop Manto Eastburn, then diocesan of Massachusetts, with all the powers of his mighty will and strong convictions, opposed the use of flowers on Easter Sunday. "The potent natural law of progress has surely never been more happily illustrated than in the religious history of New England during the last quarter of a century; nor is the observance of the great day of resurrection the least among its numerous and beneficent results."

There are some authorities who maintain that the term Easter is derived from the Saxon "Oster," to rise.

Others state that the name was taken from Eoster or Easter, a Saxon goddess whose rites were celebrated at the opening of spring.

Saone thinks that this Saxon Eoster comes from two words, perhaps Phœnecian, which signify "fire." It was anciently the custom to put out all the fires and relight them on Easter morning from the consecrated flint in the temples. An extract taken from the "Festival" printed in 1511 is as follows:

"This day (Easter) is called in many places 'Goddess Sondaye'; ye know well that it is thy manner at this daye to do the fyre out of the hall, and the black Winter brandes and all thynges that is foul with fume and smoke shall be done awaye,

and where the fyre was shall be gayly arayed with fayer flowers, and strewed with grene ryshes all aboute."

In Dr. Drake's works on "Shakespeare and his Times," we are told that the people did, even as they do now in Ireland, rise early to see the sun dance on Easter morning. The Bible says that the valleys and the earth laugh and sing as the expression of their joy.

Way back in 431, Paulinus, the pious Bishop of Nola, thus gave expression to his joy over Easter in the following lines:—

"Sing praises to your gods, ye youths, and pay your holy
vows;
The floor with many flowers strew, the threshold bind
with boughs;
Let Winter breathe a fragrance forth like as the purple
Spring;
Let the young year before the time its floral treasure
bring,
And Nature yield, to this Great Day, herself an offering.

The above verse shows us that the use of flowers on Easter Sunday is an old custom. Easter is a happy season. It seems like the awakening of Earth from her long wintry sleep to new life. The buds begin to show and robins and other songsters make their ever welcome appearance. The earth is full of joy and all seems glad. Easter is the festival of hope. Once more comes the feeling of immortality and the joyful promise of a reunion with our loved and lost.

It has been beautifully expressed in the little verse:

"On life's long, troubled sleep, it's clouded skies,
The morning breaks;
Earth's heavy brooding night of sorrow flies,
And heaven's fair sunrise on his weary eyes
The dreamer wakes!"

C. A. S.

LASELL'S ORCHESTRA.

LASELL has added new lustre this year to her musical reputation by the organizing and training of an orchestra, numbering thus far five members: Miss Blanche Howard, first violin; Miss Olive Holmes and Miss Louise Bull, second violin; Miss Lotta Proctor, viola; Miss Carrie Manning, 'cello.

The orchestra was organized about the first of December, under the direction of Mr. Nowell,

and is included in the membership of the Lasell Instrumental Club, Prof. Hills, director. The Instrumental Club gave, March 20, its second concert for the year, the orchestra giving their first public performance on that occasion, Miss Grace Skinner, an old Lasell girl, and Mr. Nowell, assisting; Miss Skinner, first violin, Mr. Nowell, viola. The girls have done faithful work since their organization, and received hearty applause and many gratifying compliments upon the degree of proficiency attained in so short a time. Lasell is justly proud of them, and hopes to make the orchestra a permanent thing. Miss Skinner's skilful handling of the violin has long been a source of delight to her friends, and on this occasion her mother, also an old Lasell girl, and one whose musical education was received here, played a pianoforte accompaniment to a beautiful violin solo rendered by her daughter.

A PIECE OF COAL.

HAVE you ever taken the trouble to pick up a piece of coal and examine it closely? And if so, have you ever stopped to think what it really is, was, and will be? To some people it is probably a piece of black coal and nothing more. They have a sort of vague idea that it was formed from plants; how or why, they do not care; but they know it is black and liable to soil their fingers, so they drop it and think nothing more about it. But let us see if it has not a history well worth knowing, and more wonderful and beautiful than a fairy tale.

We are able to find out some things in regard to it, without the aid of books.

Examining the lump very closely, we see that it is made up of very fine lines which run close together, like the pages of a book, and that it breaks along these lines much easier than across the other way, and that there is a fine film of charcoal lying in the crack. We already know that coal is chiefly made up of the black carbon, and that it gives heat, light, and certain oils, when burned. In the first place, there are several things which it is important for us to remember: One half of every dry plant is composed of this black carbon, and it also contains certain parts of oxygen and hydrogen gases. The leaves

of a plant retain some of the sunbeams they drink in, and when the decomposition of a plant takes place in water, parts of all these things are retained instead of passing off in the form of various gases as they do when the plant decays.

If we should go into a coal mine, we should find that shale, or hardened clay, forms the roof and floor of the galleries, with the coal lying like a sandwich between. Descending still lower down the shaft we should come to another set of galleries underneath the first, as there are often several beds of coal, one above another, separated by deep beds of clay. In the clay forming the roof are sometimes found impressions of huge plants resembling ferns and reeds, and upon the floor fossil roots are lying about. These, with other things, first led scientists to believe that coal was formed from buried plants. There are many interesting things about a coal mine, but we have seen what we want just now. In order to understand how these plants became coal and were buried for so many ages, we will take an imaginary trip to the Great Dismal Swamp in Virginia. This swamp is an enormous quagmire, forty miles long and twenty-four miles broad, all overgrown with plants and trees. The soil is black, from old dead leaves and roots. It is very soft, so that everything would sink into it if it were not for the trunks of fallen trees and masses of matted ferns and plants which bind it together. If we should dig down for twenty feet, we should find nothing but peat made from plants which have lived and died there in succession for ages. Streams of pure water are constantly oozing into the jungle, and, as they filter through it, all the earth is sifted out, and so the peat is left free from all dirt, while the water and the shade prevent the plants from becoming decomposed by the sun and air.

Supposing this process goes on in the swamp for ages, until gradually the swamp sinks and the sea washes over it, and the streams flowing into it are no longer sifted, but carry dirt and leave it, as in the delta of the Mississippi. The peat bed is pressed down by the sand and clay above, till it forms solid rock, and the coal bed becomes buried deeper and deeper. Then, after long ages, supposing the sea is driven back, the rivers bring down earth again and another bed of clay is

formed. Then a new jungle springs up like the other now buried many hundred feet below, and in the course of time another bed of peat is formed, and ages after in that place there will probably be a coal mine. Now it is known that, at one time the continents resembled the Great Dismal Swamp. They were large, flat, marshy areas, and at times the waters washed over them. The air was warm and moist, which favored a tropical growth, and the coal plants were very large, some of their trunks being forty-nine feet long. They are represented upon the earth by only a few small and insignificant plants. The little club moss is, of all living plants, the one most like the gigantic trees of the coal forests. These trees must have been magnificent in those days, growing thick and tall in the lonely marshes. They had no flowers and there would have been no one to admire them if they had, except a few hideous reptiles which went croaking through the land. There they grew, age after age, with none to admire their beauty and seemingly of no use. One generation of trees died and was buried, only to be succeeded by another, and so on, they grew and died for ages, seemingly of no use whatever. But at last, long after man had been living on the earth, it was found out that this black stone would burn, and from that time coal has been becoming more and more useful. If these plants had not lived their seemingly useless life, where would be the light and heat in our homes? There could be no engines of any kind, and so no manufacturing, and hundreds of things which lend to the comforts and enjoyments of life, we should have to do without. If we are ever tempted to think that we are of no special use in the world, and that life is sometimes dull, there is a lesson for us in the lives of the coal plants. They did not seem of any special use, they only lived and enjoyed the sunshine and did their work and were happy, and now the whole world owes to them much of its civilization.

—♦♦—
In the history examination :

Vainly he racked his cranial store
Seeking to find historic lore.
“ ‘ History repeats itself,’ ” said he,
“ Oh! now repeat thyself to me.”

University Beacon.

THE SHADES OF DEATH.

WITHIN fifteen miles of my home, in Montgomery County, Indiana, is a very romantic place, known by the weird name of “The Shades of Death.”

It is visited every year by thousands of people, many of whom spend the summer there, enjoying the wild scenery, wondrous hills, ravines, and beautiful waterfalls.

It is situated on a stream known as Rock River, or, in the vulgar tongue, “Sugar Creek.”

The water running down the sides of the cliffs has washed out holes of fantastic shape, one of them being known as the “Devil’s Fireplace,” and another resembling a fish’s mouth wide open, fifty or sixty feet below the cliff, beyond man’s reach except by a rope, is inhabited by eagles, and, of course, the name “Eagle’s Nest” has been given it.

One of the branches of Rock River folds itself back, leaving, between the two parts, a narrow wall about fifty feet at the base and one hundred feet in height.

The top of this wall is only five feet across in the widest place.

To stand here and look down into the chasm below is certainly a fearful experience, and it is so dangerous that many attempting it grow nervous and turn back on reaching the narrowest portion.

Just below the “Shades” is the “Silver Cascade,” which is of much interest to the people that visit this romantic place.

A beautiful stream runs in a narrow channel fifty feet deep, worn in solid sandstone, and tumbles in a broad sheet forty feet down in almost a perpendicular bank into Rock River.

This cascade is in a deep cove, whose walls are one hundred feet high, and on the rim of these walls grow the tall pines and oaks, which seem to lock their arms over the deep recess below, where the water sings its endless song to the beautiful ferns and wild flowers on the bank.

Just below the cascade in a very high cliff, only reached by long ladders, is “Buzzard’s Rookery.” Here the buzzards meet and concoct their unsavory plans, settle their family quarrels, and give their grand entertainments.

People near by say that “an Indian pow-wow

of olden days was a harmonical concert, compared with the carousals of this feathered tribe."

Farther down the stream, between two bluffs, is a valley in which a cold spring gushes up, and which is a welcome sight to the weary picnickers who visit this place so often.

To stand in this valley and look up at the tall pines and large ferns, which grow on the very edge of the tall cliffs, is as grand a specimen of nature as can be found in Indiana.

LASELL HEADQUARTERS.

THAT'S what we shall call our room at the Columbian Exposition and that's what we expect to make it and want you to help make it.

First, by letting every Lasellian know there is such a place. If you want some of the circulars, with map of the buildings showing exact location, ask for them. But you will not forget it is in the Woman's Building, in the room for Organizations, second story.

Second, by making it your own headquarters. We shall try to make you feel at home, but we can't make you come. Don't fail to come and register and rest there.

You will find Lasell catalogues, Allerleis, pins (probably a new design — of this more hereafter), LEAVES, badges (get one the first thing and wear in a conspicuous place), besides the Exhibit of Lasell work in which you will be interested.

Let every Lasellian register on the first day she reaches the Exposition her Chicago address and duration of stay.

Use the headquarters for any comfort or help you can get out of it.

N. B. The red mark on the circular sent out is on the wrong end. Our room is in the south end of the Woman's Building. Take the elevator.

LOCALS.

THE Lasell Instrumental Club gave its first concert on Monday, March 20, and it was a decided success. On this evening the Lasell Orchestra made its *début*.

Their first piece was greeted with loud applause which showed how much the girls appreciated it.

The members of the orchestra are: Mr.

Nowell, Misses Skinner, Howard, Olive Holmes, Bull, Proctor, and Manning.

THE Senior class "will not have time" for more than one recitation a week in History of Art after Easter.

WE are glad to welcome Prof. Bragdon home again, after his long absence. It is good to have him among us once more. It is also a pleasure to know that Miss Ransom has fully regained her health, and she will now resume her work at Lasell.

NEW OFFICERS.

Lasellia Club:—

| | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------|
| <i>President</i> | Miss WHITNEY. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | " HOYT. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | " SEIBERLING. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | " GRACE HOLMES. |
| <i>Critic</i> | " MOLLIE TAYLOR. |
| <i>Executive Committee</i> | " CONLIN. |
| | " LATHROP. |
| | " WILSON. |
| <i>Guard</i> | " EMMA PEALE. |

S. D. Society:—

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------|
| <i>President</i> | Miss MEDSKER. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | " HUBBARD. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | " STEPHENSON. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | " COOK. |
| <i>Critic</i> | " WATSON. |
| | " EADS. |
| <i>Executive Committee</i> | " ANDERSON. |
| | " CASE. |
| <i>Ushers</i> | " CADY. |
| | " HOUGHTON. |

THE instrumental and vocal recital given Tuesday, March 28, was attended by a large number of people, and was one of the best concerts given during the year.

Miss Bertha A. Lillibrige did *not* have a caller on April first!

WE are having a new kind of "foreknown" examination, namely, the gymnasium examinations, and these have caused the girls hours of study from their "cards." Some have passed with flying colors and some have been informed that "there are different grades of passing."

ON Saturday evening, March 4, Miss Seiberling and Miss Day entertained a number of their friends at a "Button party" in the S. D. Room. Miss Wilson won the first prize and Miss Rawleigh the booby.

AT four o'clock, Wednesday, March 29, the Lasell Washington party left the Seminary in high spirits and, after a stay of nearly a week, returned as jubilant as when they left. Miss Nutt chaperoned the party this year.

A SERIES of ten lectures on Architecture was begun Wednesday, April 5, which was attended by all of the young women, but the following lectures will be attended only by the Senior class and those Juniors who make Studio work an elective.

SEVERAL of the officers of the Lasell Battalion attended the exhibition drill of the N. H. S. Battalion on Wednesday, March 29, and also remained to see the girls' calisthenic drill which was exceedingly interesting and well executed.

PERSONALS.

THOSE who remember Georgianna Pillsbury (Class of '69) will be interested in knowing that her daughter, Grace Dwinal, is with us this term. Miss Pillsbury is now Mrs. F. Edwin Dwinal, of Mechanic Falls, Me.

MISS CARPENTER has recently received photographs of three lovely Lasell grandchildren. One shows Carrie Brown Cassell's little year-old laddie (the picture was taken in September), standing in a big chair, sturdily grasping its back and looking out at us with all the serious dignity his babyship can command, though a lurking smile threatens to betray itself. They call him Robert Tilton. The other two are likenesses of Louise Richards Pomeroy's little ones, a sweet little maiden, Theodora Louise, two years old in June, and her little brother, Brenton Crane, whose second birthday came last September, both charming pictures of baby life. Why should not *Lasell* have a picture of each of these small people for her Little Rogue's Gallery?

THE SECOND ANNUAL LASELL REUNION.

ON the afternoon of March 15, the second annual reunion of former students and teachers of Lasell, in and near Boston, was held at "The Thorndike," in Boston. There were present a hundred and five, although a number who had expected to be there were prevented from attending by the unfavorableness of the weather and various

unforeseen hindrances. An orchestra was in attendance, but no formal programme of entertainment was attempted, all enjoying themselves in greeting old friends, chatting with them, or forming new acquaintances among the "old girls" present. Miss Carpenter was the guest of honor. Mr. Bragdon was missed from the throng, and many inquiries were made concerning him, whose delight it would have been to be there had it been possible.

At 2 o'clock the doors of the dining-room were thrown open and in a few minutes more all were enjoying the many dainties provided for the occasion. After the repast was over, Mrs. Morrill formerly vocal teacher at the Seminary, favored the assembly with two beautiful songs; then more chat, and the registering of names, and, finally, at about three o'clock, leave was taken, and the reunion was over. It was an exceedingly pleasant occasion, and we trust that the next one will be more fully attended, and that those who were unable to be present at this one will come then, both to get and to give their share of the enjoyment the reunion yields to all participating in it. The guests were received by Mrs. F. G. Merrick, assisted by Mrs. Thayer, of Allston, and Miss Lillian Packard, of Boston. There were present:—

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1854. | 1864. |
| Adelaide C. Hollis. | A. Lizzie Mann. |
| Mary Tucker Nettleton. | 1865. |
| 1856. | Marion Spalding Story. |
| Mary P. Jones. | 1866. |
| Fanny Dewey Bailey. | Mary F. Walworth. |
| Fanny Gray Merrick. | Emma F. Barker. |
| 1857. | 1867. |
| Delia K. Taylor. | Sarah F. Boynton. |
| Emma Sears May. | 1868. |
| Adelaide Sears Gilman. | Olive Bourne Harpin. |
| Flora Drew Sampson. | Fanny B. Coffin. |
| G. Augusta Nickerson. | 1870. |
| Frances O. Davis. | Evalyn P. Warren. |
| 1858. | 1873. |
| Mrs. J. O. Holden. | Lizzie Benyon Bourne. |
| Mary Penniman. | Ella F. Cushing. |
| 1859. | Caroline A. Carpenter, '73- |
| Emily F. Potter. | '93. |
| 1860. | 1874. |
| Martha B. Lucas. | Anita Henry Mirick. |
| 1862. | Alice Libbey Walbridge. |
| Mary E. Mann. | |

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1875. | 1885. |
| Annie B. Kelley Adams. | Nellie Alling Thayer. |
| Marion E. Gilmore. | 1886. |
| 1876. | Anna Merryman. |
| Mary K. Wales. | Marion Pierce Carter. |
| Elizabeth Whipple. | Mary Bigelow. |
| Alice Mayo Hicks. | 1887. |
| 1877. | Rosa Best Pike. |
| Grace Perkins Patillo. | Marguerite M. Waterhouse. |
| Ella M. Fraser. | Lucy Johnson Fiske. |
| 1878. | Sue C. Sparks. |
| Annie Bartlett Shepard. | 1888. |
| 1879. | Inez E. Bragg. |
| Mary Supple. | Bertha A. Simpson. |
| Addie Smith Balcom. | Mary Louise Cole. |
| Irene G. Sanford. | Altha Phelps. |
| 1880. | Mary B. Hathaway. |
| Clementina Butler. | Bessie Sayford Bacon. |
| 1881. | 1889. |
| Laura P. Morrill. | L. Priscilla Parmenter. |
| 1882. | Amy C. Harris. |
| Sarah L. Almy. | Ruby M. Blaisdell. |
| Carrie Wallace Hussey. | 1890. |
| Annie Seeley Springer. | Mary W. Packard. |
| Helen F. Winslow. | Maude E. Mathews. |
| Annie Judson Hannigan. | Elizabeth S. Towle. |
| Annie Bragdon Winslow. | Grace W. Skinner. |
| Minnie A. Nickerson. | Annie Blanche Merrill. |
| Bertha W. Russell. | Emma H. Gass. |
| Leora Haley Marvin. | 1891. |
| 1883. | Blanche Busell. |
| Carolyn C. Waters. | 1892. |
| Bertha L. Childs. | Florence L. Stedman. |
| Lillie M. Packard. | M. Witherbee. |
| Nancy B. Almy. | 1893. |
| 1884. | Katharine Belle Bragdon. |
| Nelly Packard Draper. | |

These, who forgot to make note of their time of attendance at Lasell, we are unable to place correctly, so put them together here. (It will be a favor if they will write us, giving maiden name and date of attendance.)

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| Louise S. Henry. | Mrs. O. C. Livermore. |
| Lelia Nickerson Mason. | Jeannie A. Taft. |
| Mrs. Persa Meriam Dustin. | Mrs. George White. |
| Mrs. W. W. Jackson. | Frances Alzea Whitman. |
| Cornelia W. Jackson. | Miss M. Carlton. |

Now comes a package addressed to Miss M. Lasell Jones, Auburndale, Mass. Seminary for Young Men.

By some oversight no mention has yet been made of Julia Hubbard Kelly's new treasure, her

baby boy, Irwin, born Jan. 15. Alma writes adoringly of him, as one with her love of little folks might be expected to write of so precious an acquisition as the first nephew. Alma herself is well and happy, helping to make sunshine and lighten tasks in the dear home.

HARRIET JOY MARTYN ('86-'87) rejoices in the birth of a little daughter, Joy Delos Martyn, born March 27, 1893. Also Mrs. Harrison O. Eddy (Minnie Jones, of '91) has a small son, Willard Jones Eddy, born March 11, 1893. We congratulate the happy mothers.

We hear, through a friend of hers, that Carita Dole spent the winter in Florida, whither both she and her grandmother went for the sake of their health. Both are improved. A Florida letter for the LEAVES would have been much appreciated. Why did n't Carrie write us one, we wonder.

ADDRESSES.

Minnie Jones (Mrs Harrison O. Eddy), Quinsigamond, Mass.

Harriet Joy (Mrs. R. Delos Martyn), 4450 Berkely Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Louise Hubbard (Mrs. Wilson I. Kelly), 106 S. Front Street, Wheeling, W. Va.

AMONG recent visitors at the Seminary have been Mrs. E. S. Best, mother of Louise and Rosa Best, Miss Lillian K. Potter, Miss Mary Tappan, Miss Ruby Blaisdell, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, Mechanic Falls, Me. (Conference visitors), Rev. and Mrs. C. Parkhurst, Prof. French, of Newbery Seminary, Newbery, Vt., Miss Blanche Busell, Miss Flossie Stedman, Miss Clara Eddy, Miss Grace Griffin, Mrs. Margaret N. Otis and little son Henry, and Miss Luella Clark.

PROF. F. A. HALL (Alice Linscott's husband) made us a very pleasant call on the morning of the 8th inst. Prof. Hall is in Boston for a while, on business connected with Drury College, Springfield, Mo., of whose Preparatory Department he is principal. He reports Alice and the children well. We wish we might have had the pleasure of seeing them also, and trust that he will soon repeat his visit, bringing them with him.

MARRIED.

MISS AGNES FLAVILLA ALDRICH to Mr. Harry Meredith Palmer, March 16, 1893, at McLean, Ill. They will live in McLean. Miss Aldrich was a Lasell girl of '91-'92.

MISS MARY ELIZABETH HAGAR to Mr. Walter Maynard Lyman, April 5, 1893, at Malden, Mass. They will make their home at Malden. Miss Hagar was here in '90-'91.

MISS MABEL ASHLEY to Mr. Henry Baldwin Hollis, April 5, 1893, at Allston, Mass. Miss Ashley studied at Lasell in '89-'90.

DEATH.

WE have just heard of the death of Mr. Wendell R. Curtis, of Savannah, Ga., the brother of our Lucy Curtis, of the class of '80. Mr. Curtis was a highly-educated and genial gentleman, and a valued member of society, holding at the time of his death the important office of city engineer of Savannah, of whose recently-completed water works he had had charge. Our sympathies are with Lucy in this affliction.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

Volume XVIII.

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Number 8.

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BY THE

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Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

It has been said that some of the members of Lasell expressed a desire to have the LEAVES a comic paper; something like the "Harvard Lampoon" would meet their demands. If this wish is not entertained by all, there certainly are none who would not like to have the school paper a bright and interesting one. But in order to obtain such a result there is work to be done, and if each one would only do her best, whatever that may be, and offer that, a delightful unit might be made out of many parts. Let each one try and the result will surely be as pleasing as the "Harvard Lampoon."

It is evidently a girlish trait to be enthusiastic partisans in one cause or another, and yet these same girls very seldom know why they are for or against either side of the question. This has been strongly shown in two instances here at Lasell this winter. First during the election, and second when Mrs. Lucy Stone gave her address here on "Woman Suffrage." Last November the excitement ran high. For several weeks before the presidential election the school was literally divided into two hostile armies, and a girl who "was n't anything," neither Republican nor Democrat, fared indeed hardly. Badges were worn, even the grave Seniors wore pictures of Cleveland or Harrison, as the case might be, pinned in some conspicuous place; in fact, they all acted as if the fate of the nation depended on their efforts. And when election day came and they were actually allowed to vote, I doubt if the presidential candidates themselves were more excited. And then, after all this, not one half, no, not a quarter of them knew why they were on the Democratic or Republican side. If questioned on the subject why they thought the Democratic ticket the better one

or *vice versa*, the answer would nearly always be, "O, papa is a strong upholder of that party."

It is the same way in regard to Woman Suffrage. Here, to be sure, ideas are somewhat clearer, but still there are the violent protesters for or against it who are not quite sure of the reasons for their convictions. It is sad to relate, and still sadder to feel that it applies in a number of cases, that some girls espouse the Suffrage cause because it is the thing to do!

What a relief it is that now and then you come across one who knows what she believes, and better still why she believes it; one that has good strong arguments to back her side with, and who has a clear idea of what she *herself* thinks, leaving her father's or brother's convictions out of the question.

And thanks to the influence here this number is increasing day by day.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

THE editor in her sanctum sits,
An envied person is she;
To the next issue her weary mind flits
And her joys and comforts flee.

"Oh! 't is a nice thing," says the Faculty,
"To be editor of the LEAVES."
The editor never a word says she,
But a gentle sigh she heaves.

Sad, she walketh in the hallways,
Her best friend she doth espy,
Though they 've loved each other always,
Now from her her friend doth fly.

She *begs* copy from a Senior staid
Who's far too full of care;
She *demand*s it from a Freshman maid
Who "really does not dare."

The last day of grace too soon is here
So swiftly the weeks roll round;
The editor's heart grows heavy with fear,
For copy can nowhere be found.

With hope deferred her heart was sore
As wearily the themes she read
They had promised each a page or more
But "It cometh not," she said.

Were not a good rule to remember: Fewer arguments and more work will make us better off?

OUR MUSICAL WINTER.

PLEASURE and profit have been pleasantly mingled at Lasell, in the rare musical treats which the winter has afforded. These, an education in themselves, have been a source of great enjoyment to those interested in music, and have furnished a pleasant recreation from study.

In the beginning of the year, season tickets were obtained for the Symphony concerts, and these have been an unfailing pleasure to all true music lovers. The finely trained orchestra, with its grand overtures, has brought the Boston public at its feet, and the crowds who thronged Music Hall every week during the long winter bore testimony of their appreciation.

The news that Paderewski was to play again in Boston, during the winter, was hailed with joy by the people of that vicinity, and throngs of Lasell girls were among the eager audiences, while he of the long hair manipulated the keys with wondrous skill, and brought forth such divine melody.

The singing of Madame Scalchi and the famous Nordica created much enthusiasm, and was indeed an event of a lifetime, while numberless piano and organ recitals, and other attractions in the musical line, have employed our leisure time.

Nor has the Lasell girl been obliged to seek all her music abroad. The Orphean Club, under the training of Mr. Davis, has furnished some delightful singing, and their rendering of "The Golden City" was indeed creditable.

An instrumental club was formed in school, early in the winter, with Mr. Hills as president, and one of the first concerts of the year was a piano recital, given by Miss Julie Geyer, of New York, under the auspices of the club, and since then one concert and a musical social have been given, entertainment being furnished by the Lasell orchestra and other members of the club.

This organization, being only in its infancy, has made no great achievements as yet, but only time is needed, and the future will show what great things the L. I. C. can do.

With such advantages as Lasell furnishes to its pupils, we cannot but improve, and though any approach toward perfection may seem far in the distance, we can work on doing our best, and

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

VISITING THE GYPSIES.

GYPSIES are interesting to everyone. There is something so fascinating about the way a great procession of them will enter a quiet village on a lovely summer morning from no one knows where, and in a marvellously short time a number of tents will have sprung up like toad-stools. The men may be found smoking and waiting for an opportunity to trade horses, while the women busy themselves about the fire, and stir the contents of a great kettle hung from a stick over the blazing logs, suggesting the pots kept by witches who dwell in black caves. This wandering folk are found scattered through every European land, over the greater part of Asia and North America, and along the coast of Africa. It is not known where they came from but during the thirteenth century great multitudes of them poured into Europe, causing much fear but seldom remaining over thirty days in one place. Some believe they came from Egypt while others identify them with Sanskrit peoples.

We are told "Gypsies formerly had a distinctive costume consisting of a turban-like head dress of many colors, together with a large cloak, worn after the fashion of a toga, over a long, loose under-skirt." The English gypsy woman may be known by her bright silk handkerchief, her curiously plaited hair, her many rings and bead necklace.

No camp is complete without musicians and dances, but the most important personage has always been the fortune-teller. Of course, no one believes what they say, yet nearly every girl is wild to have her fortune told.

One morning last summer, on my way to the post-office, I saw a fine looking young gypsy woman seated on a stone wall, making a charming picture against the green background. She smiled pleasantly and said: "Don't you want your fortune told?" While she displayed her baskets and other wares I examined her costume, which was extremely picturesque, consisting of a wide straw hat which framed her dark oval face, surrounded by black curly hair, and an indescribable gown of red, yellow, and black. The next afternoon, four of us started out to visit the camp which we found in the edge of a wood just outside of the town. We were the only visitors and the gypsies

were very kind in showing us their pets, of which they possessed numbers. We admired the ponies, screamed at the snakes, gave the children a few cents for dancing and playing the violin, and then began the most important part of the day's pleasure. After much talking the gypsy mother agreed to tell us the past, present, and future for a certain sum of money, but she also advised us all to pay her at the same time, adding that the greater the amount of money in her hand the clearer was her vision. We thought this an excellent plan so we each placed a coin in her hand and waited breathlessly for the result. She chose one of our number and took her aside to a corner of the "worm fence," where the old woman seated herself and the girl knelt before her. Then she made several queer motions, closed her eyes a moment, and then referred to her *dukkerin-lil* or fortune-telling book. There is no treasure so much coveted among women gypsies as this book, which is no dime dream book or cheap fortune-teller, but some quaint and ancient little work on chiromancy or magic, garnished with pictures of hands and strange devices. Hers was quite a curiosity, being filled with marvellous illuminated hands, dragons, and other monsters, in vermilion, gold, or silver.

After these preparations she began a low muttering which we could scarcely understand. "You have had a quiet, peaceful life; most of your time has been spent in study, but great events are soon to take place."

Her tone became much lower. "In two years from now you will have left this country never to return. Great sorrows will come before then, but you will not be left to bear them alone. In Philadelphia next Fourth of July, you will meet, under strange circumstances, a very tall, dark, handsome, talented, wealthy, middle-aged Spaniard." At this point her voice became so low that we were able to distinguish only an occasional word, but it seemed intensely interesting and long. While waiting, the rest of us listened to the gypsy-parrot, which told our fortunes imitating his mistress very cleverly. The old woman, after the second, became tired and refused to look at another hand. We argued in vain but she protested and said the silver had no more power and that without more money nothing could be accomplished. An artist,

perhaps, had something to do with the matter, for he was anxious to sketch the camp. At first the gypsy refused to have her picture drawn, as it is supposed to bring bad luck, but upon being presented with a red string which charmed away the evil, she submitted cheerfully.

That afternoon our small party, if no more certain of the coming events, decided to be wiser in the future. But in extenuation of our present folly we recalled the fact that certain legends had floated down to us from our genealogical tree, of great grand-aunts whose destinies had been truthfully foretold by gypsies; that even Sir Roger de Coverley had denounced and then encouraged them by having his fortune told by palmistry. And we had been only moderately fleeced after all.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"IN my own childhood only two incidents of my mother twinkle like rays through the darkness. One is this: We children all came running and dancing out before her from the nursery to the sitting-room one Sabbath morning, and her pleasant voice saying after us, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy, children.'" This reproof was made to a group of lovely children, among whom we see Harriet Beecher. She was just four years old, and it was just about this time the fond mother passed away, in the year 1815, thus bringing the date of Harriet's birth back to 1811, at Litchfield, Conn.

It is said of Mrs. Beecher that her influence upon her four-year-old daughter was strong enough to mould the whole after life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

There was a large family of children. The boys in their later years all became ministers according to their mother's wish. Directly after the mother's death, Harriet was taken by her aunt to Nut Plains where she learned many a hard lesson. As early as this she showed signs of a remarkable memory. she became very fond of reading, but books were very scarce in those days, especially such as would interest little Harriet.

A few years later Mr. Beecher married again, a very lovable woman and a devoted mother to her step-children.

Harriet is about ten years old when sent to Litchfield Academy. Here she begins to write her wonderful essays which cause much comment. Her next change is to the school at Hartford where she remains some time. As she grew older her love for writing developed, and it is said of her, "She was impelled by love, and did what she did, and wrote what she did, under the impulse of love." Her next move was to Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, where she became assistant-principal at her sister Catharine's school.

In 1833, Harriet Beecher first had her attention called to the subject of slavery. She was taking a trip across the river in company with one of the teachers of the Institute. They visited an estate that afterwards figured as that of Col. Shelby's, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She did not say much at the date of the visit, but her vivid pictures of the place afterwards show how everything left a very deep impression on her mind. It was on this estate the young authoress first came into personal contact with the negro slaves of the south.

Eliza Tyler, wife of Prof. Calvin Stowe, was a very dear friend of Harriet Beecher's. Death soon parted Eliza Tyler from all who loved her. Harriet's deep sympathy for the professor gradually ripened into love; this love was reciprocated and not many months elapsed before Harriet Beecher became Mrs. Stowe, wife of Prof. Calvin Stowe.

In 1836, twin daughters were born to the Stowes, which was the beginning of a happy family which steadily increased.

About this time, 1836, the famous reunion of the Beecher family took place. It was the first time the whole family had ever been together.

In 1859, an interesting fact occurred. A colored servant, a fugitive slave, came to work for the professor and his wife. The master of the slave having received a clue to her whereabouts was coming to claim her. Fortunately for the slave Prof. Stowe found it out, and in the dead of the night he carried off the fugitive in a covered wagon to a place of safety. This event leads to the thrilling episode of the fugitive's escape from Tom Loker in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Many hardships press upon the Stowes, ill-health and poverty playing great havoc with them. Mrs. Stowe is obliged to write for support, and

these writings are mostly in the form of short articles for the magazines of the day. Prof. Stowe is obliged to leave his home for a period. During all his absence he encourages his wife in her writings. In one letter he writes, "God has written it in his book that you must be a literary woman, and who are we that we should contend against God?"

Mrs. Stowe was gradually leading up in the course of events to her world-renowned book. During the excitement created by the Fugitive Slave Law, Mrs. E. Beecher wrote to Mrs. Stowe's son saying she had told Hattie (Mrs. Stowe), "If I could use a pen as you can I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is." Mrs. Stowe answered, "I will write something, — I will if I live." This is the origin of that wonderful book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which did so much to awaken the nation in regard to the terrible curse of our country.

It was in the month of February, Harriet Beecher Stowe was seated at communion in the college church at Brunswick. Suddenly, like an unrolling of a picture, the scene of the death of Uncle Tom passed before her mind. Tears streamed down her face and as soon as she could collect her thoughts she went home and sat down to write that touching scene, and thus Uncle Tom was ushered into the world. After Mrs. Stowe had written the passage, she called her family around her, read it to them, and all were too deeply moved to speak for many moments.

It is needless to say Mrs. Stowe was a great enemy to slavery. No wonder that with such a noble heart and such talent she wrote chapter after chapter of this book. The scene of the story is on a cotton plantation. One hundred and fifty thousand copies of the book were sold in the United States alone, and it was translated into every conceivable language. Later a Key was written.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was enough in itself to make Harriet Beecher Stowe famous to the literary world, but she has written many more delightful stories, especially for children. She holds a very high place among literary women, and her influence is felt among all who ever came in contact with her works, or the charming lady herself.

She is still living at Hartford, but alas! the infirmities of age have dimmed the brightness of her mental vision. Her once powerful pen falls from her enfeebled grasp. Listening to music, communing with nature, and the services of her beloved church — these form her peaceful enjoyment in life's solemn evening hours.

As the twenty-ninth day of April drew to a close, we were reminded that the cares of another week were over, and our minds began to wander from our books, — perhaps to count the remaining days until June 15.

It was not, however, with regret that, at the sound of the well-known gong, each member of our *grande famille* hastened to the dining-room to partake of the evening meal. We had just entered into a mood of gayest merriment, not unusual on Saturday evenings, when the sudden bursting forth of music almost prevented communication with even our nearest neighbor.

It was not at all difficult to learn the source, for the club-room doors had in the mean time been thrown open and everywhere was ringing with familiar strains. Even the neighbors were at a loss to know the cause and looked as if they were wondering whether Memorial or some other great day had arrived.

Some of us had noticed that our French sisters had vacated their spacious *salle à manger*, but thought the change might be due to some French custom with which we were unacquainted. The surprise was indeed greater than can be described, and perhaps exceeded that on the evening when the never-to-be-forgotten cooking examination was announced. We all glanced at each other thinking that some mistake had been made, but one look at Miss Blaisdell's happy face revealed the secret, for it had been previously known that she was celebrating her birthday.

To have a full band at Lasell was indeed a rare treat, and we have become so accustomed to content ourselves with each other's company that it seemed almost like encroaching upon women's rights to be invaded by such a multitude of persons in male attire.

Nevertheless we were soon able (perhaps by the aid of "Concentration") too overcome our sur-

prise, and, having been invited to spend our evening in the gymnasium, we could hardly wait for chapel exercises to be over. As the first sound of the music was again heard, every girl who enjoys dancing was on the alert and soon found herself gliding along amid the sweet strains of the waltz. Even those not caring to dance found pleasure in looking on and we were glad to welcome, among our spectators, the mothers of some of the girls.

Most of the costumes were light and pretty and, together with the brilliantly lighted room, formed a very picturesque scene and one worthy of being reproduced by an artist's brush.

The retiring bell was heard only too soon, and each one retired to her own room with a merry heart, feeling that the evening's entertainment was in every way a success, and wishing that the birthday of each member of the Faculty might be celebrated in the same pleasant manner.

LOVE AT LASELL.

Love is a curious article. Have you ever been in love? A favorite occupation of the Lasell girls is falling into this happy medium. But the lovers' lives are made miserable by a certain black haired youngster who has no heart and who interrupts their blissful dreams by popping in at the wrong moment and amuses herself by sending them tin spoons tied together with pink ribbon.

You ask who the lovers are, when we never see a man? Why, bless your dear heart, the girls fall in love with each other. There is our sweet little singer whose clear voice blends so beautifully with the rich alto of her sweetheart. The Crockers seem to be right in it; there is Anna and our elocutionist, Mabel and Bert. To Queen Isabella all the months are dark and gloomy excepting May, while Mabel's favorite month is June. Carrie has gone away back to Bible times and taken Ruth away from Boaz. Alice has a passion for Belles, and Porky's favorite flower is the Daisie. Elizabeth Stephenson likes a warm climate, hence has gone to Southerlands. Nelle's aspirations are not very high as she has chosen a Gardner. Watch your little Miller very closely, Joe, or she may fly away from you, and have her wings singed by a bright Senior. If Louise keeps on she

may reach Beulah land some day. Our fair Appel is in danger of being Pealed. Frances and Anna prefer Steele to gold. Grace Allen dotes on Taylor made dresses. Winnifred is happy when Day is near.

I wonder why Georgie Bell's favorite song is "Home, Sweet Home"; can Grace have anything to do with it?

Helen thinks the most heavenly musical instruments are the Lutes.

Then there are Sara and Clara, Lestra and Minnie, and last but not least comes our Washington belle and New York swell, who declare they are not in love, but if they are not appearances must be deceiving.

T. W. E.

HIS PICTURE.

"I NEVER could understand how you and uncle Harry should have met," said Alice Mitford to her young aunt, as they stood looking into the deep clear eyes of Harry King. The face which looked out at them from its silver frame was that of a boy of nineteen, his frank, almost perfect face, straight eyebrows, firm mouth, and his eyes of deep blue were such that no one could look into them without wondering who this modern Adonis might be.

"Why! my dear," said aunt Florence, "it was the most natural thing in the world."

"Now, tell me once again the story," Alice said in a coaxing tone, which she knew her aunt could not refuse. "I love to hear you tell it, it is so much like one of the strange things I so often read about."

"Well, let me see," her aunt said, as she sat embroidering a white linen tray-cloth; "it was my first year at boarding-school, and while in Marion Hayes's room one afternoon I saw among her pictures one I had never noticed before. As I looked at the face, it seemed to me I had never seen a handsomer one; I asked Marion who the original was, and she said it was a friend of hers who was at that time in college. I became used to standing in front of the picture, and never grew tired of looking into the large blue eyes. The face was one of great intelligence and strength.

Two years later, when I parted from Marion

and my other friends that I had made while at school, to go to the bedside of my sick mother, who, you know, died just after I reached home. I little thought that Harry M. King, whose picture I had so often admired, would be so strangely thrown in my way.

My mother died in April, and the next July found my father and myself in a small and quiet hotel in the White Mountains.

I had met few of the people, as my father was in a very nervous condition, and we were much together.

But one afternoon, about the middle of August, my father was unable to take our customary stroll, so, after leaving directions with John, his attendant, I started out alone. I was a great deal worried about father, and turned off into the side road, through which the stage usually came up. It was time for it to pass; now as I walked along I saw the great vehicle with its four white horses come lumbering up the side of a rather steep hill. The road was narrow, and I stepped aside, just in time to get out of the way of the rearing horses. A white handkerchief fluttering on the ground had frightened them and the stage had given a sudden lurch, and as I looked I saw the only occupant fall from the door. The shock had evidently stunned him, and when I got to his side I saw the blood trickling down from a cut in his forehead. Quickly I tore my handkerchief into strips, sent one of the drivers for some cool spring water, and bound up the poor traveler's head. But it had not taken me all this time to recognize in him my friend's "friend," or the original of the picture.

The driver lifted him in the stage and, getting in myself, we went slowly back to the hotel. After seeing Mr. King, for I was sure it was he, taken to his room, I was called to my father, who had grown worse while I had been away. His condition was such that I left him neither night nor day for nearly two weeks. When I came down on the veranda for the first time after that memorable day, I was greatly surprised to find that Mr. King was still there. I saw a look of recognition pass over his face, but knew that he had never met me, so I was a little disturbed by his manner, but when later Mr. King was introduced to me, he said that he believed he had

seen my picture. I told him that I thought he must be mistaken; he asked me if I had not given my picture to Marion Hayes. I said I had and from the expression on his face I guessed that Marion must have told him how I had admired his."

"The rest," said Aunt Florence, "I will leave for you to imagine."

"But tell me," said Alice, "is this picture with the broken corner the one you first saw?"

"Yes; on my wedding day Marion Hayes sent me this picture."
S. S. S.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

MRS. SHEPHERD.

It is a great wonder to me that so much has been done to make this truly a great *White City*! But while the wonder increases as I go around, it makes me feel the great mistake more that it is as yet so incomplete. We have, as "Lasell," received many compliments, even from the *Press*s, that ours was the only exhibit ready at the dedication of this beautiful Woman's Building last Monday, a week to-day; and though the work progresses and there is, all through, as much ready as one can digest, still the many unoccupied spaces give one a rather depressed feeling. I find very many tourists are here, coming early to get the first glimpses, but the cold weather is disappointing.

The Woman's Board have had some very spirited sessions, at which Mrs. Potter Palmer presided and Mrs. Guil Logan had a prominent place, but I hope by the time our Lasellians take part in these public *discussions* women may learn to do with less sparring, and thus do more effective work. But *our* little space is just as near perfection as it can well be, and receives compliments not a few.

Not a day has passed without a visit from one or more "old girls" and often several friends of those who are at Lasell now or have been years ago.

Dessie Milikin Bevans was the first to claim our notice, followed by Nan Peabody Hall, Edith Gale, Lizzie Whipple, Laura Brooks, and last, this morning, Mattie Fowler, sister to Blanche. Several more matronly ladies came in, who date

their school-days to Prof. Briggs's and Dr. Cushing's reign, and it is delightful to feel they all join heartily in good-fellowship with these days "as even better in Lasell every year." The Comstock girls' aunt and daughter made us a pleasant call, and the aunt and uncle and cousins of Winnie Boss, as well as friends of the Hogg and Stowe girls, and the good faces of Bertha Lillibridge's father and mother cheered us, besides several visitors who "have only heard of our school"!

It was very queer indeed the other day, when a Russian gentleman stepped in and pointing to the guns said, "Not military for the girls?" and when I said, "Yes, and most of them enjoy it," he laughed most heartily, and said, "We could n't do that in our country—not for girls." Saturday, a very polite gentleman walked in and began talking to me, in the most rapid manner, in a tongue wholly unknown by me, and all I could make out was the sound of Spanish words, and the one "Seminario"; he gesticulated strongly to make me write in his tongue what he wanted to know of our "Seminario," but I could only shake my head, as we could n't converse in French or English and, though my niece tried German too, we did not become well acquainted, and he seemed sadly to go away without what he wanted. An Italian lady wrote much of our "new ways," and was pleased to learn "that young women would know much beside books in this country."

A fine band concert was given in the assembly room of this building Saturday, and if summer ever comes one will enjoy much the open air concerts every day.

Just now comes in with beaming face at finding "our Lasell place," Carrie Brown Cassell, who with her husband have come already "to do the Fair," and will be in often.

I assure you, the Fair is already an assured success, a beautiful city of itself; as I learn more, and things become better settled, perhaps I can give you a better idea of all there is to see and learn, and almost take a tour to foreign lands right here.

WOMAN'S BUILDING, COLUMBIA FAIR GROUNDS.
April 8, 1893.

ONE of our day pupils defines a Creole as "that part of a building known as a cornice."

NORDERNEY.

ON the 16th of August, we left Frankfort for Norderney, passing through Hanover, where we changed cars, and reaching Bremen at 10.30 P. M. of the same day. Here we stayed all night. The next morning we were up by four o'clock and left at 5.10 reaching Nordeick some five or six hours later. (We took what is called the "schnellzug," but 'twas the slowest train I was ever on, stopping at all the stations and farmhouses on the way.) From Nordeick to Norderney we went by boat. It is only three quarters of an hour's ride, but I was stupid enough to be seasick. By "narrhmittag" we found ourselves in Norderney, a tiny little island in the North Sea.

Not having been thoughtful enough to write on ahead and engage our rooms, we found it rather hard work to secure rooms, since the hotels were full; by 7.30, however, the thing was accomplished, and an hour later we were sleeping the sleep of the weary.

The first week was spent in going over the island to find out the pretty walks and to see the sights. Then we settled down to the enjoyment of it all.

It takes about six hours' good walking to go around the island, and an hour and a half to walk across it. One end only is inhabited, the other being covered with sand hills. Here is the light-house, not out in the water as is usual with light-houses, but more than half a mile inland.

The strand is the finest I have ever seen, smooth and hard as a floor, with no stones; but the prettiest, dearest little shells imaginable are abundant. At low tide it is more than half a mile wide. In the mornings you see it covered with large, peculiar-looking wicker chairs in which sit people, talking, working, or reading. The chairs may be moved about wherever desirable. Often one sees people sitting on the large stone piers which extend out into the water a distance of a hundred and fifty feet or more. Here they sit and watch the tide coming in. Nearer and nearer it comes until at last they are entirely surrounded by the water.

Between eleven and one is the fashionable bathing-time. The ladies and gentlemen have separate bathing-beaches. Each person has a

bathing-machine, a sort of house upon wheels, which is rolled into the water by the queerest old women. Their costume is something marvellous. It consists of a pair of bright red flannel trousers, reaching about midway between the knees and the ankles; a loose waist, made Mother Hubbard style, and by courtesy supposed to be white, belted in at the waist and hanging full over the hips; and, lastly, a little black shawl tied over the head. These women go into the water with us, and first of all duck us, then, both hands on our shoulders, they keep us sitting till three or four waves have broken over us. This is the programme the first two or three times that we bathe. After that we go in without their help, but must stay in not longer than fifteen minutes. There is another set of women who, with the help of an old bay horse, haul the bathing machines out of the water. Their dress is a dark waist, and full short skirt reaching only to the knees. The gentlemen, too, may not remain in the water any longer than fifteen minutes. Just as they are going in, a sailor takes a bucketful of water and throws it all over them. It must be dreadfully cold! No one can bathe after two.

The afternoons and evenings are spent in playing tennis, ball, in sailing, or listening to the concerts. Every day there are four concerts, and every Saturday night, a ball.

Every day come boats from Hamburg, Bremen, Nordeich, Sylt, and Heliogoland, or did before the cholera became so dreadful. A very close watch was kept, and no passengers were allowed to land excepting from the Bremen and Nordeich boats, for the kaiser's three oldest sons were here nearly a month.

There are many beautiful cottages here and six hotels. One could spend several days very pleasantly in looking around in the curious little shops. Norderney is a very quaint and picturesque little place. From the landing one sees a very pretty picture. It (the island) is crescent-shaped, curving to the left. You look across the snug little harbor made by this curve, and filled with fishing boats, to the light-house with its background of white sand-hills. A little farther to the right, past the hills, is a large windmill, its great red and brown arms seeming to sweep the ground then comes a row of fishermen's cottages, built

of red brick, and having each its strip of garden and trees, making a pretty background. Can you see the picture?

The island is almost surrounded by two dikes and a high sea-wall. Were it not for these the winter storms and high seas might prove too much for this tiny bit of land, and when next the summer came, there would be no Norderney.

LIZZIE DAVIS.

ALAS!

ON March the ninth, of '93,
In class-room 7 sat maidens three,
Who tried to learn Geology.
Alas!

Before each maid three stones there lay;
On paper she must something say
About each one, that very day.
Alas!

Each maiden viewed her three stones o'er,
And frowned a hundred times or more;
Geology each thought a bore!
Alas!

The Prof., whose help they each did need,
To these poor maids did pay no heed,
But did instead a novel read!
Alas!

And when each maid did heave a sigh,
There came a twinkle in his eye,
And on his mouth a smile did lie.
Alas!

He had no pity for that class;
Full often had he told each lass,
Geology she'd never pass!
Alas!

Now, you who seniors hope to be,
And have to choose electives three,
Don't ever choose geology!
Alas!

For if you do you may not pass.
Just take advice from that small lass
Who is a member of that class!
Alas!

E. L. C., '93.

ONLY a month more before the great and wonderful "Allerlei" of the class of '94 will appear in all its glory. Of course it will be much better than any preceding ones, and from vague rumors floating around the halls, it would be well to

array ourselves in our most impenetrable armor of good nature, that we may not be surprised by the most cutting and terrible grinds.

LOCALS.

THE great question in the school at present is "What will be the new Lasell pin?"

SCHOOL begins a week later next September so that all will have a good opportunity of visiting the Columbian Exposition.

ONE of our reverend Seniors has discovered that heat is all that is necessary for the printing of pictures. Merely place them by the radiator, and if the heat is sufficient pictures will be printed in the course of time. As yet she has not been able to get up enough steam.

WE are sorry that Miss Anna Kellogg was obliged to leave school in the early part of May because of ill health.

THE first of the informal recitals of the L. I. C. was held Wednesday evening, April 19, in the gymnasium. Piano solos were beautifully executed by several of the members. The event of the evening was the *début* of the "baby" *ensemble* class which played admirably. Refreshments were served later in the evening.

ON the evening of Thursday, May 4, one of the most delightful receptions ever held at Lasell was given to the Sophomore and Freshman classes. In spite of stormy weather the parlors were well filled.

WHY has Miss Florence Ray's temperature descended so perceptibly of late?

WE learn from a member of the Freshman class that "*faculatatem relinquunt*" means "they left the Faculty behind them."

SIX of the girls enjoyed Mr. Dunham's organ recital at Shawmut Church, Thursday, May 4, very much.

ON April 26, Miss Anna Hanna was called to her home in Jackson, Mich., by the severe illness of her father. Since then we have been glad to learn of his improvement.

WE copy the following description of the Lasell headquarters at the Columbian Exposition from a Minneapolis paper; "In the organization room,

the gorgeous banners of the W. C. T. U. were displayed, but only one section stood complete, that occupied by Lasell Seminary of Auburndale, Mass. The miniature reception room is in white and gold, with hangings of blue silk, while the panelled inside walls are in tints of pink, each panel being emblematic of some branch taught in the Seminary."

ON Monday, May 8, about fifty of the girls went on the first excursion of the year to Salem. Everything was done to make this trip a pleasant one, and all reports prove that the girls had a very enjoyable time. Barges were provided to take them around the town and several Salem gentlemen, friends of Mr. Bragdon, proved most efficient guides. Lunch was eaten in Plummer Hall where the girls had a delightful surprise in being treated to ices, flowers, and *candy* by the ladies of the Essex Institute. The party reached home in time for the welcome dinner, tired, but having had "such a good time."

LAST Saturday evening we were again surprised by the ever welcome strains of music which came from the club-room during dinner. After chapel, which was short, dancing had full sway until eight o'clock when we saw, with regret, the musicians putting their instruments away.

SATURDAY evening, May 6, Misses Taylor and Case gave a geographical party to the new girls, which was a true success. Prizes were won by Miss Margaret Stewart, Miss Daisy Hartson, and Miss Jamie Watson.

TUESDAY evening, April 18, chapel was well filled to hear Mrs. Lucy Stone and others speak on "Woman Suffrage." Mrs. Stone's address about her early life was intensely interesting as well as that of Mr. Blackwell. At the request of the president of the Newton Suffrage Club, several of the gentlemen among the audience spoke a few words, and the meeting closed with a short speech by Mr. Bragdon.

THE Freshman and Sophomore classes held their annual reception in the parlors of the Seminary, Thursday evening, May 4.

The rooms were very tastefully decorated with flowers. The young gentlemen's dressing-room was arranged in yellow by members of the Freshman class.

Miss Carpenter, Mrs. Echford, and Mrs. Latimer received with their usual grace. At 7.30 the young ladies appeared in the parlor, and were soon followed by the gentlemen.

Before nine o'clock the parlors and hall were crowded with merry groups of young people. Harvard was well represented, as well as many of the prominent schools of Boston.

The dining-hall and refreshments were under the auspices of Mrs. Keyes. At ten o'clock the young gentlemen bade their friends good-night. The reception was considered a great success, being pronounced by a number as the finest one ever given at Lasell.

I am sure its walls never enclosed so many young men at one time. A number of those invited have sent word to their friends that they wished the faculty of Lasell would soon give another reception.

PERSONALS.

WE learn from the Burlington *Free Press* of April 20, which was kindly sent us by a friend, that Gertrude Woodbury's was a very pretty wedding indeed. She was married at her home, which was beautiful with flowers and bright with the faces of the friends of bride and groom. Our hearty congratulations to the happy pair, and to those others of the Lasell "Home Circle", our Nan, and Emma Seiberling, whose marriages are elsewhere noticed, but newspaper or other accounts of which have not yet been received.

LIZZIE MAY WHIPPLE writes of a projected European tour to be entered upon this month in company with her brother. They intend taking in the World's Fair first, as all loyal Americans should.

NELLIE ALLING THAYER sends a letter speaking of busy days and happy ones, making the home bright and taking care of her dear little year-old Margaret, whom she calls "the best and sweetest child in the world," and promises as a future Lasell girl. Mr. Bragdon paid her a short visit recently at her home in Brookline, and has elsewhere a little note about her.

SUE BROWN says she frequently sees the Colburn girls; was at Hattie Adamson Thompson's a short

time since, and saw Carrie Foster Stickney a little while during her, Carrie's, wedding journey. She wishes she could see more of the Lasell girls. Why not come to Commencement then? She'd see a goodly number at that time.

GERTRUDE SHERMAN has been busy with her studies, and has, she thinks, kept pace with her class, which she hopes to rejoin in September, planning thus to be graduated with them in '94. She expresses great interest in the Lasell Headquarters at the Fair.

EDITH GALE has assumed the new role of art lecturer, so she writes, having recently given a talk on Byzantine Sculpture, using a stereopticon to illustrate the same. Whatever Edith undertakes to do is, we are sure, well done. She is going to make some of her delicious bread for our Chicago exhibit, and is looking forward to the pleasure of a class reunion at about June 20. Carrie Brown Cassell, she thinks, will then be in Chicago.

ELIZABETH BURNHAM LOW's pleasant home is the richer by a baby boy, who came, her letter tells us, April 7. She is planning to be with us at Commencement, not having missed one, she says, since '84. Good!

HELEN THRESHER has had a successful year at Orangeburg, S. C., where she has been teaching — successful in several ways we should say. The position was a trying one, but her native pluck stood her in good stead and she comes out with flying colors. She mentions that Gov. Claflin and his wife visited the school recently.

JULIA WOLFE tells of her experience during the winter in putting to the test the knowledge of cooking acquired by her Lasell training in that branch, and as her "first loaves had no evil effects upon the family," we suppose the inference is that she was completely successful. Anna Staley made her a short visit while on her way to see Alma Hubbard. A number of the class of '92 are hoping to be together in June at the Fair. Julia's brother has recently been married, and what with his absence and that of her mother and father also, she and her elder sister have found the home a little too quiet for them, and are anticipating the return of the travellers with much pleas-

ure. Una Cole is doing nicely in her studies at Hosmer Hall, St. Louis.

MAUDE OLIVER made us a call, May 5th. She and Mr. W. seem to be getting along well now, and trying to stand as well as they can the trying fact that he goes to Europe this summer and she to the far West.

WE give on another page an interesting letter from Lizzie Davis, descriptive of her stay last summer at Norderney. It has been delayed in getting into print, but will meet with a no less warm welcome from readers of the LEAVES on that account.

MR. BRAGDON saw Grace Skinner and her mother *en route* for the West, recently. This will be their first visit to that part of the country since they left it seven years ago to come north that Grace might finish her studies here. Mrs. Skinner has a sister in Evanston whom they will visit.

NELLIE ALLING THAYER has been putting a theory into practice. She and a friend have, for two years, kept house on the co-operative plan. I don't know much about it, but have asked her to write the details for the LEAVES, and I know many of the young housekeepers will be interested to learn them.

AMONG recent visitors at the Seminary have been Misses Edna Plummer, Daisy Curtis, Allie Coe, Mary Tupper, Maude Matthews, Mrs. James Buffington (Mary Fisher), Miss Jessie Macmillan, Mrs. Horace Willard.

LUCY MCBRIER JARECKI sends us a photograph of herself and beautiful boy, taken when he was six months old, that was ten months ago. We are glad of this addition to our Rogues' Gallery. She writes happily of her good husband, pleasant home, and darling boy; has a good word to say for her old school home, and says she will look up Lasell Headquarters at the Fair when she goes.

ANNIE M. GWINNELL is busy studying vocal music with one of New York's best teachers. She intends beginning the study of Italian in the fall, as a further help to her in her music. Says she saw Corinne Heinsheimer Myers recently. Corinne has two fine children, and intends sending us their pictures. (They ought to be in the

Lasell album at the Fair this minute.) Annie, too, is looking forward with pleasant anticipations to a call at Lasell Headquarters at the Fair.

MAUD SNYDER is getting on nicely and finds life a very pleasant affair. Is expecting a visit this month from Effie Prickett.

BLANCHE WILCOX tells of a very enjoyable visit to Florida. At St. Augustine she met Grace Corre. Blanche is enthusiastic over Florida in general, St. Augustine in particular, and has an especial fondness for that grand hotel there, the Ponce de Leon.

FROM Florence Bailey we learn that she is now in St. Paul, Minn., keeping house for her brother and old auntie, and is quite delighted with her new home. She, too, is studying — Italian, French, Venetian art, and music. She says she saw Lucy McBrier Jarecki and her little son lately, also Stella Toynton, who was then visiting Lucy. Helen Davenport has another little girl.

MABEL ENGLEHART writes from Berlin. She thinks that Lasell Headquarters is a fine thing. "It will enable the family to get together again and talk over 'auld lang syne.'" (So do we.) Mabel has met only two of the Lasell girls since she left school, nearly two years since. These were Marie McDonald and Margaret Coon, who is married now, she says, and is living in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Englehart will join the girls in July; they will travel awhile, and return to America in September. She chats pleasantly of the enjoyment she and Stella have had and are having in their stay at Berlin, and, concluding, sends her love to all of you who remember her.

ADDRESSES.

Mrs. WILLIAM A. BROWNE (Margaret Coon), 3851 Calumet Ave., Chicago.

Miss FLORENCE E. BAILEY, 77 Mackubin St., St. Paul, Minn.

Miss BLANCHE WILCOX, 78 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Mrs. ALEX JARECKI (Lucy McBrier), W. Sixth St., Erie, Pa.

LASELL HEADQUARTERS.

LASELL Headquarters at the Fair must be seen to be appreciated. The space is a nearly triangular one — not quite so, for the front entrance facing the circle must of necessity be an arc of that circle. The enclosure built for this space is woodwork, entirely closed on two sides and almost wholly open on the third, which is occupied by a side entrance fronting the aisle and having on either side two open panels, like windows, of unequal size. The main entrance, as has been said, fronts on the circle. This enclosure is finished in ivory-white, with pink panelling (in the closed sides), and has a dainty ornamentation of festooned vines and flowers picked out with gold; the foliage of the capitals of the columns, as also the egg-and-dart moulding running around the whole, are also touched with gold. On the arch spanning the main entrance we see in gold relieved on a pale blue ground, "Lasell Seminary," and, similarly placed and executed, over the side entrance, "Lasell." Again, above the finishing moulding, so as to be easily seen from without as well as from within, and occupying about the centre of the side opposite the main entrance, we see "Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.," set in ornamental scroll-work of blue and gold. Each of the nine panels of delicate pink is devoted to some one department or feature of the school, the name of such department being placed below the panel in ornamental lettering.

In the centre of the panel is artistically grouped various articles indicative of the department represented, all these articles being in ivory-white. The "cooking" panel, for instance, shows, disposed in a radiating arrangement, the bellows, skimmer, spoons, knives, forks, skewers, and other culinary appliances. It sounds prosaic, but it looks very pretty, I assure you. A luxurious Wilton carpet in soft harmonizing tints covers the floor, and a sofa, table, chairs, etc., designed especially with reference to their use here, furnish the charming little apartment. The two entrances and the open panels are draped with pale blue silk. The columns mentioned above support the arch of the main entrance. Now, can you that haven't seen it picture it to yourselves? Go to Chicago and see it. It's worth the trip. They told Mr. Shepherd that its delicate beauty would

surpass any other similar structure in the Woman's Building, in which it has its place.

Who is going to be there to take care of the interests of the Lasell girls who will be continually coming and going? Well, just now the plan stands thus:

MAY. — Mrs. Shepherd and Miss Jessie Macmillan.

JUNE. — Miss Ransom.

JULY. — Mrs. Shepherd and Miss Falley.

AUGUST. — Miss Emma Genn.

SEPTEMBER. — Miss Bertha Morrison,

OCTOBER. — Uncertain as yet.

The prospective breadmakers, so far, are Misses Edith Gale, Julia Wolfe, Emma White.

TO LASELL MOTHERS.

ALL you Lasell girls who have n't sent me the pictures of your babies are going to be sorry for it now, for you will lose the chance of showing them to all the Lasell world at Chicago.

The "grandchildren" have all gone in their two albums to the Lasell Headquarters, and are on exhibition there. Don't you wish you had sent yours?

C. C. B.

ENGAGED.

MISS HELEN THRESHER to Mr. JOS. C. HARTZELL, of Orangeburg, S. C.

MARRIED.

MISS GERTRUDE FRANCES WOODBURY to Mr. George McClellan Powers, Wednesday, April 19, at Burlington, Vt. Mr. and Mrs. Powers will live in Morrisville, Vt. She was a student here in '89-'90.

MISS ANNIE SMITH PEABODY to Mr. William Albert Hall, Tuesday, April 25, at Madisonville, Ohio. They will make their home in Auburndale, Mass. Miss Peabody was at Lasell from '85 to '91.

MISS EMMA SEIBERLING to Mr. Charles J. Butler, Wednesday, April 26, at Kokomo, Ind. They will live in Marion, Ind. Miss Seiberling studied here in '83-'84.

DEATHS.

GEORGE HARTLEY LE HURAY died at his home in Summit, N. J., on Tuesday, April 25, of

pneumonia. Mr. Le Huray was the father of our Louise Le Huray ('79-'81), with whom and the family we sincerely sympathize.

CHARLES A. EBERSOLE, of Avondale, Ohio, died at his home, on April 1, of typhoid fever. Mr. Ebersole was the brother of our friends, Carrie and Mary Ebersole (here early in the '80's), and we extend to them our warmest sympathy in their sad bereavement.

EXCHANGES.

THE requirements for admission to Cornell have been raised.

TOKIO, Japan, is probably the largest university city in the world. It has about seventy thousand students within its walls during school time.

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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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HEARTY thanks are due to those who, notwithstanding the short time, confusion of packing, and hurry of departure, have contributed to make this month's LEAVES an interesting one; but what can be said to those who "promised and then fulfilled not?" Better never make promises than to do so and break them. The LEAVES wishes you all a very happy summer, and may no one's conscience trouble her.

FOR some time last winter Miss Shinn instructed us how to repeat certain sentences, and among them, was one:

"Joy! Joy! My task is done,
The gates are open and home is won."

or words to that effect. At the time we did not see what good it would do us, but now we are glad to know how to say this very appropriate sentence with proper expression.

Just think of this being the end of school for this year! Where has the time flown? It seems as if it were but two or three months since last September when we came, and now the day, which has been in many minds for so long a time, the fourteenth of June, has come and gone. One more school year has past, it is gone, and vanished forever, carrying the good and bad with it, never to return. Has it been what you hoped it would be last fall? Have you accomplished all you intended to, and been all you hoped to be? In short have you "been your best?" These are questions which each girl can answer only for herself, and let us hope the answers are more than satisfactory.

How varied this year has been to the different ones. The little Preps. have thought of the four years ahead of them; while the grave (?) seniors

considered only the long span of time left behind, and the mighty diploma awaiting them in June.

We wonder which are the most to be envied, those who have their good old school days still ahead of them, or those who have studied until they can study no more and are ready to air their well acquired knowledge. Are not the former the more privileged characters? For great cares and responsibilities have not yet come to most of them, they know what is before them, while those who stand on the threshold of a new existence little know what untried experiences await them.

Truly the class motto of '93, "Not finished, but begun," well expresses the condition of every school girl. Here, we are only fitting ourselves for what is to come, our missions in life are but faintly sketched out, our work is but begun.

When we shall think back on this year, how much better will we be able to appreciate the good times we have had, and even the duties which now appear irksome will perhaps then seem but trifles to us. If we could only understand and recognize our blessings while they are with us, and not wait until after years to do so, how much more contented we should be! But we are all sure we have enjoyed ourselves this year, and who can blame us for being quite ready to pack up and go home? Three months vacation, and then back to work again with renewed vigor, for we must keep the old rhyme in mind:

"All play and no work makes Jack a mere toy,
All work and no play makes him a dull boy."

PRINCETON students will hereafter be placed on their honor during examinations. The faculty have decided not to allow any professor or overseer to be present. But the students will be required to sign at the end of their papers: "I pledge my honor, as a gentleman, that during this examination I have neither given nor received assistance."

WOULDST thou be blessed?
Ah, choose to be a blessing;
Wouldst thou be loved?
Nay, rather choose to love;
The cup which thou to other lips art pressing
Thy solace sweet will prove.

Wouldst thou be great?
Oh, stoop to lift the lowly;
Wouldst thou be heard?
Learn first to listen well;
Dost thou aspire to service high and holy?
Some sad heart's grief dispel.

Oak and Ivy Leaf.

THE DRILL.

AMONG the more important features of the closing exercises of the year, was the annual prize drill which took place May 22.

In previous years the drill has been held in the Gymnasium, but as this is a century of progression, our soldiers ought certainly to be among the leaders, not only in military matters but in other things as well.

So the Gymnasium, which had served its purpose during the cooler weather, gave way to nature's surroundings. Owing to the rain several days previous, followed by warm, sunny days, the lawn never looked more beautiful, nor the trees more abounding in various tints of foliage. On the hill adjoining the drill grounds, which seems to have been there for this special purpose, a platform was erected for the spectators. All the west end of the building and Prof. Bragdon's house were elaborately decorated with the three company colors; red, representing Company A; Nile green, Company B; and last, but not least, yellow for Company C.

The girls were busy all that morning beautifying the grounds. It was quite alarming to see them on chairs, step ladders, etc., fixing every thing just so; but what won't a good soldier do to be loyal? Each girl tried to outdo the other; however, high praise is due to all.

At three o'clock every one was waiting anxiously to see which color would be victorious, even the girls who had never before shown the faintest sign of enthusiasm over military affairs, were, on this day, quite excited.

After Company B, which opened the program for the afternoon, had drilled, Company C tried their luck, then Company A followed. The judges watched closely the manœuvres of all, and said it was a very close contest. The individual prize drill came next in which forty took part; after the third round there remained five of the best drillers. The agility and steadiness with which the manual was executed deserved hearty applause. The sword squad did splendidly under the leadership of Helen Medsker as acting major. The dress parade brought the drill to a close. At last the exciting time had come for the awarding of the prizes. After the parade was formed one of the judges made a brief speech, then

presented the banner to Company A. Sergt. Florence Ray won the first individual prize and Sergt. Grace Loud the second. Honorable mention was given to Sergt. Julia Hogg, Corporal Blanche Howard, and private Helen Holden.

Amid the great applause of appreciative audience the battalion disbanded.

S. D. BANQUET.

ON the evening of the 8th of June the S. D. Society gave their annual banquet which was an unusually successful affair. As the guests arrived one by one, they were received in the parlors by the president of the club, Miss Medsker, and Miss Case. An orchestra was stationed at the end of the hall, and played many sweet strains during the social hour. A feature of the evening was the first appearance of the S. D. Glee Club under the direction of Prof. Davis. Several songs, each one announced by Miss Taylor, were rendered, and afforded the guests much pleasure. At nine o'clock the doors of the banquet room were thrown open and all found their way to the festal board. At each place was a dainty menu card of cream paper, embossed with fleur-de-lis and tied with red ribbon. The seniors gathered around the table in the centre of the hall, which was very tastefully decorated with flowers and smilax. A curtain of smilax hung between the club-room and the banquet hall, concealing the orchestra, the pillars were wound with daisy chains and each guest found a bunch of "jacks" at her place. After all had participated of the "bounties" Miss Anderson arose to fulfil her duty of toast-mistress, which she did most successfully. Responses, which were listened to with great interest by all, were given by the following:—

| | |
|----------------------------|----------------|
| <i>President's Address</i> | MISS MEDSKER. |
| <i>Response</i> | MISS GARDNER. |
| <i>Old Girls</i> | MISS BRAGDON. |
| <i>Seniors</i> | MISS RICHARDS. |
| <i>New Girls</i> | MISS CASEBOLT. |
| <i>Lasellia Club</i> | MISS ARNOLD. |

LASELLIA BANQUET.

IN honor of the class of '93, the Lasellia Club gave their banquet June 9, which will long be remembered as one of the most beautiful and en-

joyable festivities of the year. The guests were received in the parlors by Misses Whitney, Grace, Holmes and Tulleys. An orchestra, stationed in the adjoining music room, played during the whole evening, adding much to the guests' enjoyment.

After a few moments of social gathering, the way was led to the gymnasium, where a delightful and unique surprise awaited all. A pantomime was given by members of the club, being presented in song by Miss Tulleys. The whole entertainment was decidedly a novel and charming one, and testifies to the originality of the members of the Lasellia Club.

At the appointed hour, adjournment was made to the banquet hall, where the most enjoyable part of the evening was spent. The room was very tastefully and beautifully decorated, and the lovely flowers formed a suitable background for the delicately dressed girls.

In the centre of the hall was a group of potted plants, around which the tables were arranged. The senior table was draped with smilax and in the centre was a large bowl of Jacqueminot roses. The posts were decorated with strings of daisies and smilax, and the orchestra was in the adjoining room separated by a portiere of daisies and smilax.

The toasts which followed were very bright and witty, and were much appreciated by the attentive listeners.

President's address, Miss Whitney; Mistress of Toasts, Miss Partridge; Our Class, Miss Noble; Lasell at the World's Fair, Mr. Rich; S. D. Society, Miss Pennell; Lasellias of the nineteenth century, Miss Hoyt.

The mistress of toasts was charming; when is she otherwise?

THE COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

WE knew we should hear fine music that evening, the evening of the 7th of June, when with program in hand we found our way to the Gymnasium, and took a survey of the room. On one side the students filled almost all the seats, and on the other were numerous friends from outside, who, knowing that Lasell's commencement concert meant nothing less than a musical treat of the best sort, were too wise to stay away. The

platform at the end of the room was bright with the cheery faces of the members of the Orphean Club, who wore their prettiest gowns on this occasion, while Mr. Hills, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Nowell gave the needed element of dignity and balance. The orchestra was inclined to be a little coquettish, and filed in later, amid sundry hand-clappings of enthusiastic friends, to whom the music of violin and 'cello is dear. And we were not disappointed in our expectations. Everyone said 'twas the best concert Lasell ever gave, and we call that high praise. The pianoforte pieces were rendered with spirit and skill, the choruses were never better, and as "In Venice the Golden" rang through the room we wondered how they could be content to simply sing thro' to the end of that exquisite melody and stop, it seemed made to be sung and re-sung, over and over again. Then to listen when the delicious sweetness of the violin swept away all memory of anything other than its own perfect harmony, and the orchestra flooded the room with music! How they clapped! And justly. Voice, piano, and orchestra were at their best, and the programme, though of unusual length, seemed all too short. For the benefit of those who might like to know what it was, we give the programme in full:—

CHORUS. The Bird *Rubenstein*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANOFORTE QUARTETTE. Waltz in A Flat *Moszkowski*
MISSES A. CROCKER, ARNOLD, M. MILLER, AND WARREN.

SONG. Heaven Hath Shed a Tear *Kücken*
MISS SIMPSON. (Violin Obligato by Mr. Nowell).

ORCHESTRA. { *a.* Songs Without Words } *Mendelssohn*
 { *b.* Serenade }
First Violins, MISSES HOWARD AND HOLMES.
Second Violins, MISSES WINSLOW AND BULL.
Violas, MISS PROCTOR AND MR. NOWELL.
'Cello, MISS MANNING.

SONG. Like to Like *Denza*
MISS WHITE.

PIANOFORTE. Capriccio in E Major *Bennett*
MISS APPEL.

(Accompaniment arranged and played for the first time by Mr. Hills.)

SONG. Hush *Dolores*
MISS THOMPSON.

CHORUS. A Streamlet Full of Flowers *Caracciolo*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANOFORTE. Romanza from D Minor Concerto *Mozart*
MISS CASE.

(Accompanied by Miss A. Crocker and the Orchestra.)

CHORUS. Spanish Lullaby *Operti*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

VIOLIN. Slumber Song *Hauser*
MISS O. HOLMES.

PIANOFORTE QUARTETTE. Overture, Sakuntala *Goldmark*
MISSES HIBBERD, APPEL, BRAGDON AND RICHARDS.
(Vocalion Accompaniment by Mr. Hills.)

SONG. CAVATINA. Oh, What Mystery Here! *Gounod*
(From Cinque-Mars.)
MISS TULLEYS.

VIOLIN DUET. Berceuse. Galop *Jacoby*
MISS HOWARD AND MR. NOWELL.

CHORUS. Venetian Boat Song *Blumenthal*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

THE day was a perfect one although warm, and the Congregational church was filled with the girls and friends. The school went to church in the regular order: Faculty, Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen and Specials. The church was beautifully decorated with roses and palms, and the class banner hung above the pulpit. Professor Olin Curtis, D. D., president of the Boston School of Theology, delivered the baccalaureate sermon, which was most helpful and interesting.

The text was taken from Acts xvii., 23: "For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve."

Dr. Curtis began by saying that these words suggested the subject of loyalty to him, and that he wanted to show several definite things with this theme.

(1). What loyalty is in the deep nature; (2). The relations of loyalty to service, and at last how it all culminates in loyalty to Christ our Lord. "The nature of loyalty," he said "is brought out in part by the common definition of the word loyalty, which means to have fidelity to a superior; but the expression of St. Paul is more profound than that definition: "Whose I am." This is a sentence which tells us the secret of the apostle's loyal life. At the bottom of loyalty there is an appreciation of grand things; as the appreciation of a great character, a noble deed in history, or a masterly work in fiction, is a real movement toward loyalty. This first noble movement may, of course, not last, and one may acquire only a dilettante appreciation of artistic genius; but this is neither normal nor necessary. The

natural influence of any great book, unless it be filled with vile maxims or a false philosophy, is to arouse those thoughts and emotions upon which loyalty is based. But we must have genuine humility to appreciate any grand thing, therefore we must get rid of all egotism, and must plainly understand that there are innumerable things larger and more important than we ourselves are. This does not mean that we should have no just estimate of our own powers, for it is not lack of confidence which prepares the way for loyalty, but that humility which looks eagerly, sympathetically at all the grand things outside of the world of self-interest. To be loyal we must give ourselves to that which is grand enough to own us. In a few words the main thing is this: "Be just what God made you to be, be all you can be naturally, and then have a noble character and be loyal to your highest convictions."

In conclusion Dr. Curtis addressed the members of the graduating class as follows:—

"Let me commend to you all, personal loyalty to Jesus Christ, the only begotten son of God. Find the majesty there is in him. See, feel, your duty in relation to him; Take him as your master, your saviour, your God. Commit your whole being in solemn irrevocable allegiance unto him. Serve him as best you can. Be all you can be. Get the richest, finest culture you can acquire, then go out in loyal service in a small place or a large place, with the applause of man, or without it. Do your best in a loving, loyal service of your Lord. Then whatever may come, or whatever may go, he will make your lives worth the living. All things will take on for you somewhat of his own glory. If trials come, if your little boat is tossed about like that of Paul, and neither sun nor stars in many days appear, still you will not be left alone; for there shall stand by you in the tempest, the angel of the Lord, whose you are and whom you serve."

CLASS NIGHT.

FLAGS and gay drapery of red and yellow bunting, flowers and the silken banner of the class of '93, made the gymnasium attractive on Monday evening, and 'long before the time set for the beginning of the exercises the room began

to fill. The temperature was far more conducive to comfort than on the same occasion a year ago, and when the "observed o' all observers," the thirteen stars of Lasell's bright banner of girls, came in, they found a crowded hall, and walked between double rows of would-be listeners to their wit and wisdom. With fans held up, presumably to screen their blushes from the gaze of the curious, they came in, a blaze of scarlet and gold; for bursting into bloom in the ever-memorable Columbian year, they laid aside the usual modest black, and displayed in red gowns and gold-tasselled red cap the Spanish colors, and claimed as their own, the prize of originality. They began their entertainment by singing their class song, the composition of the class poet, Miss Eva Couch. The music was a medley, arranged by Miss Nellie Richards, and the unexpected transition "from grave to gay, from lively to severe" in the melodies was indeed very amusing. The song, and particularly the concluding lines, were well received by the audience, who applauded heartily its ringing close. Miss Flora Gardner, the president of the class, then delivered the address of welcome, recounting some remarks of a disparaging nature which had from time to time been enviously made of them, and which, perhaps, might have somewhat dampened the ardor of a less buoyant class, and one less convinced of its own intrinsic worth; but these remarks Miss Gardner attributed to the love of malicious slanders, rather than to that of truth, on the part of those who uttered them. Having established the fact that the class of '93 was by all odds the brightest, best, and altogether the most winsome class Lasell ever sent forth, she yielded the floor to the secretary, Miss Davis, who called the roll. Each girl responded to her name with some apt and witty quotation, except the class baby, who responded in a shrill little "here" to the amusement of all.

The "presentation orator," Miss Harriet Noble gave away sundry gifts to teachers and school-mates, seasoning these gifts as she bestowed them, with the pungent spice of her own saucy little speeches, not infrequently leaving the recipient somewhat dazed, and quite uncertain as to whether gifts thus tendered were wholly desirable. A debate followed on the respective merits of

Boston and of Auburndale as desirable locations for Lasell Seminary, Miss Jessie Jaskill and Miss Esther Scouller being the disputants.

"Our Advertiser," Miss Clara Eads, had many a funny "want" to make known, and some laughable, undesirable things to dispose of, one of which "a family horse, sound and kind, etc.," was immediately recognized as dear, old, long-suffering, seminary "Dick."

"What The Years Have Brought" was told in verse by Miss Eva Couch, and was followed by stereoptican illustrations of "What The Years Will Bring," with explanatory remarks by Miss Nellie Davis. Miss Arnold, Miss Symms and Miss Pennell rendered several pianoforte selections with effect.

Miss Nellie Richards gave an earnest and thoughtful good-bye for the class, given elsewhere in this issue, and the rest of the exercises were given on the lawn. These were the unveiling of the class monument, a rounded boulder placed near the pathway on the lawn at the foot of the slope; and the auctioning off of a basketful of articles of different sizes, natures, and values, which had in time past wrought woe for this red-gowned thirteen, or proved as balm to its aching breast. This closed the program for the evening, but there was for some time afterwards a feast of social enjoyment on the brilliantly illuminated grounds, even the little sprinkle of rain failing to spoil the fun. Altogether, we congratulate '93 upon its successful Class Night.

THE SENIOR RECEPTION.

ON Tuesday evening the reception tendered to the seniors by Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon took place. Fortunately the friends of Lasell were not daunted by the rain, and the parlors were soon filled to overflowing. The drawing room, teachers' parlor and music room were all thrown open and were festooned with smilax, while a profusion of roses filled the air with their fragrance. The seniors assisted Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon in receiving, and with their beautiful gowns and sweet faces made an attractive picture. The orchestra, half hidden among the palms at the end of the long hall, discoursed its sweetest music, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

At nine o'clock the guests were escorted to the dining hall where a collation was served by the juniors. The tables were arranged in the centre of the room, and handsomely decorated with ferns, roses and carnations. The seniors did not enter the room until the guests had been served, but when they did appear, made a beautiful picture in their handsome gowns. After the refreshments, the guests returned to the parlors, but ere the clock had sounded the hour of midnight, the guests had taken their leave, and "silence reigned in bower and hall." G. R.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

FROWNING skies ushered in our long-awaited commencement day, and disconsolate faces were turned time and again to the windows to catch, if might be, some gleam of hope that sunshine would at last prevail over storm, but rain fell almost up to the hour of starting for the church, 10.45 A. M. After that, however, the skies restrained their tears and the day, though not bright with sunlight, was a happy and enjoyable one.

At the time appointed the school passed in procession to the church as usual, and were soon in their places awaiting the opening of the exercises. The church, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, was full, and presented, with its throng of eager and interested faces, its lovely floral decorations, long line of white-robed seniors, and strains of sweet music, a decided contrast to the scene without. After the orchestra had concluded its first selection, the opening prayer was offered by Rev. T. Bishop, of Auburndale. Another musical selection preceded the address to the graduating class by Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D. D., of Chicago. Dr. Gunsaulus spoke of the power and value of scholarship as an aid to man's discovery of himself. He showed how all that was best and mightiest, truest and most potent for good, purest and most exalted, most practical and most ideal, was due to *scholarship*, to the deep, strong thought of the student, and the resolute action that grows from such thinking. All the gifts of science and of art to man come, and can only come as the result of scholarship, and all these varied gifts are but the sum total of man's successive steps in the development of his spiritual self, "the finding of his soul." The attainment of the highest and no-

blest ideal is but the complete development of man's finer self, to which more and more the grosser part of his nature must become subordinated. To this lordship of the higher part over the lower, and the ever-increasing expansion and enriching of this higher nature, scholarship directly tends; hence scholarship exalts and protects, furthers and makes practicable the ideal, and one should make their ideals not a dream but a reality, all the while feeling sure that dreams can and should become realities. Life thus idealized, and having become grand, mighty, deep, broad and full, man finds himself and his true place in God's great plan of the universe.

After the conclusion of the address was more music, then the presentation of the diplomas by Mr. Bragdon, who spoke briefly to the class, pointing out that their school training should be to them not an end but a means, — a means of getting quickly and easily without waste of time and energy into those places for which they were best fitted, and of finding the work which they were most capable of performing well. As an illustration of his idea Mr. Bragdon mentioned the military drill, which is of use to the soldier only as an effective aid to reach that place where he is most needed in the front of battle.

Congratulations and flowers were showered upon the happy graduates, and afterwards the school and almost all the assembled company went to the seminary, it being the custom at Lasell to invite its friends to luncheon on Commencement Day, when the house is thrown open to all, and a pleasant afternoon of social enjoyment follows the formalities of the church exercises. On this particular day the lawn was too wet to be available as a lunching place, and recourse was had to the dining-room, where the guests were served quickly and well by the students, who proved fully equal to the demands made upon them, and were complimented upon the deftness and ease with which they did their unwonted work.

At two o'clock the meeting of the Alumnæ Association was held. Owing to various circumstances the attendance this year was unusually small. Officers for the ensuing year were elected, and the plan of having the public exercises of the body consist wholly of exercises by the alumnæ themselves, was discussed, and referred to a com-

mittee for consideration. Mrs. Nellie Packard Draper presided, and in a brief address explained why the usual literary exercises were on this occasion omitted. The meeting was not long continued, as there were so few present, and of these, several were obliged to hasten away. Before adjournment, however, Miss Blaisdell reported some renovation of old class pictures, daguerreotypes, that had recently been done, and read extracts from a letter concerning them. A list of the alumnæ present will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Friends lingered long in the halls, and it was late in the afternoon before the last guest went away. Despite the unfavorable weather, the day was a pleasant success.

The callers at the seminary previous to commencement week included Misses Minnie and Edith Ward, Miss Grace Robinson, Miss Irene G. Sanford, Miss Jessie Benton, Miss Lucy Curtis, Misses Mabel and Margaret Morse, Mrs. Bernard Merriam (Lillie Fuller), and Miss Eloise Keith.

Among commencement visitors were Miss Delia Davis, Miss Kate Hamilton, Mrs. Will Hall (Nan Peabody), Miss Amy Hall, Miss Alma Hubbard, Miss Helen Thresher, Miss Myrna Lamson, Miss Bessie Williams, Miss Vinnie Rose, Miss May Rice, Miss Mabel Lord, Miss Bessie Phelps, Miss Emily Rowe, Miss Amelia Davis, Miss Ethel Anderson, Miss Lucy Pinney, Miss Belle Horton, Miss Mary Supple, Miss Ida Phillips, Miss Flossie Stedman, Miss Florence Palmer, Miss Daisy Winsor, Miss Alice Holmes, Miss Emma Choate, Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Noble, Mr. and Mrs. Symns, Mrs. Eads, Mr. and Mrs. Short, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Casebolt, Mrs. Johnson (Bessie's mother), Mr. Johnson (Grace's father), Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Bond, Mr. and Mrs. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Davis and family, Miss Ewing, and Mrs. Scouller.

There were present commencement day, of the Alumnæ the following: —

Charlotte A. K. Bancroft, Flora Drew Sanipson, Adelaide Sears Gilman, Martha B. Lucas, Caroline Hills Leeds, Rosella Perkins Cook, Evalyn P. Warren, Ella Richardson Cushing,

Marion E. Gilmore, Grace Perkins Pattillo, Ida M. Phillips, Sarah Corey Bray, Nellie Packard Draper, Sallie Head, Bertha A. Simpson, Mary W. Packard, Jessie A. Benton, Sara Harvey McChesney, Nan Peabody Hall, Helen H. Thresher, Susan Richards, Sarah Winsor.

GOOD-BYE.

TO-NIGHT is class night, the last one in which we, the class of '93, shall ever share as students. To-night places us all on a level, there is no distinction of class, for we are all parting for a time, in some cases it will be longer, in some shorter, from the place which we have unconsciously called *home* so many times.

When we first came the years looked many and long before we should be free to seek new paths, but have they been long? No one will ever know how often discouragement has come and difficulties have arisen seemingly insurmountable, and how frequent were the times we declared in righteous indignation, we just would n't stand it! But stand it we did, concluding in our wisdom "to maken vertue of necessity."

And so the years have passed and we are all on the threshold of a new and untried existence, yet we do not wish to be sad in our leave-taking. The world is full of promise; it will be more or less so to us all as we make it. We may say with the preacher, "Thus endeth the first lesson," for that is all our school life is, and now full of new aims and resolutions we go to verify our motto, "Not finished, but begun." How much this probably means to all of us! We may not fulfil the expectations of our sage, the prophet,—all may not be stars in the brilliant firmament of woman's sphere to-day, but may not each one carry with her the sweet light of her gracious presence and influence? Will not each one bring to perfection all the possibilities which are only just awakened or which lie dormant in her nature, ready to spring into a gloriously rich fruitage?

Classmates, let us begin in earnest to make our lives grandly noble, to be women whom our Alma Mater may be glad to call her children through all the coming years. Women who shall begin in this preparatory school a life worthy to be finished in that sublime eternity, which the human mind cannot bound.

Mr. Bragdon, our principal and *friend*, you who have had us on your heart, whether with us or separated by miles of continent or ocean, who have been to us all that is implied in teacher and counsellor, to you it is hard to say our last word. We realize how often we must have pained you by our perversity and waywardness, but may we not hope that we are forgiven? We thank you for the ever ready interest shown in our welfare, and for all your efforts to make us womanly women. To you the class of '93 says the good old Anglo-Saxon word, Good-bye.

Miss Carpenter, we cannot express in words all that rises from our hearts to say to you. In every sense of the word you have been a Guardian Angel to us; always near, shielding and guiding, giving new courage by a look or gesture, yet not sparing reproof when needed; in all things shedding an influence so uplifting that we can only say, "we are better for having learned of you." To our Guardian Angel we say, "God be with you."

Mrs. Eckford and teachers all: How well you know us. How thoroughly you have learned our possibilities and — impossibilities. All the failures, all the breaking of rules, all our little ruses and explanations, are as a printed book to you, but we hope the book is closed and forever sealed. We were rather an undutiful class, but we humbly beg for pardon. We thank you for your kind forbearance, Mrs. Eckford, — the requests that we made were many and sometimes tedious, we fear; we thank you, teachers, for your patience. The lessons that you taught were not all lost. The ground was not so sterile as it seemed, and a beautiful harvest cannot but crown such noble efforts. To you, the class of '93 bids farewell.

Dear fellow students:— It will not be long before you will stand as near the close of your school life as we do. Do not be in haste to cut it short, for the end is very near at best. Life will be the sweeter for every grain of added knowledge, and although you may long for liberty and contact with the bright world, don't rush into it before you are ready. We have shared our fun together, we have sympathized in the sorrows which have visited our hearts, we have been companions alike in good fortune and failure, and now we must part for a while. What can we wish you? There is nothing that we do not hope for you. May suc-

cess attend your every step and every endeavor. Let us re-echo the message that floated over the stormy seas from distant Egypt and made our hearts wondrously tender.— “Be your best, girls.” Success cannot but wait upon you then. To you the class of '93 says that sweet word Aufwieder-sehn.

Dear Lasell, our adopted mother : — Many are the happy days recorded in our memories which you have given to us ; under your roof many sorrows and trials have come to us, but the joys outweigh them ; the pleasant recollections only throng our minds to-night, and the aspirations which have been born in our hearts through your unwearied guidance. May you be to countless others what you have proven to us.

To you the class of '93 lovingly says :—

“Fare thee well ! and if forever,
Still forever, fare thee well.”

Friends : We thank you for your patience.

“What is said, is said,—
Would it were worthier !
Farewell ! a word that
Must be, and hath been —
A sound which makes us linger,
Yet — farewell.”

LASELL AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

JESSIE MACMILLAN had charge of the Lasell exhibit the latter weeks of May. When the Sunday opening was ordered, she put a bar across the door and left it to itself. She reports some things she overheard from passers by.

One lady said that this was the best arrangement, for the space given, that she ever saw. Another said, “Best thing in the house so far.” A gentleman remarked, “Just like Massachusetts—place of brains and school-houses.” The foreign gentlemen, she says, seem overwhelmed with the progress made by women in this country.

The Evanston Press says that Lasell, Hellmuth College and two others, were “the only spaces that looked ready in the Woman's Building.”

Mrs. Bishop Harris said “the Lasell was the nicest, and best represented what was intended, of any thing in Woman's Building.

One lady who has attended three World's Fairs abroad, said she “never saw so beautiful and compact an exhibit. It draws all eyes.”

Miss Ransom has been in charge this month and writes chatty letters about the comings and goings, and the doings generally. We quote extracts.

Minnie Strickland's sister called this morning and wrote a letter on our paper to Minnie. Said she thought our room was the prettiest in the building. . . .

“Mrs. Morrill, Kitty's mother, called. Kitty is not coming, but is going to send us a picture of her five-year-old boy for the album. The pictures of the grandchildren are the most attractive things in the room.

“Mary Waterhouse stopped only long enough to register. She looks just as she did when at school ; attended the Lasell Reunion in February, but saw very few there that she knew.

“Katharine and Fannie Watson called only long enough to register, but they are to be here all summer, and will call often.

“Marie Shellabarger with her husband, also Grace, with their father, mother, and sister were here. Marie has had typhoid fever lately but is well now. Marie says she wouldn't give up what she knows about swimming for anything. She likes it even better than dancing.

“All the girls are loyal to Lasell, and perfectly delighted with the Headquarters.

“I think this (Lasell Headquarters) is the nicest thing Lasell ever did for the girls ; and I assure you they appreciate it.

“Someone told me Edith Sidway has a little boy four months old.

“A friend of Emma Hackett's says she is studying to be a nurse, in the Cook Hospital here.

“I am busy a great part of the time answering the questions of one or other of the old girls, or their father, mother, sister, brother, or friend. I am glad I know so many of the girls ; it is a great pleasure to me to see them.

“Last night I stayed on the ground, until ten, with five young ladies from this room. They displayed very fine fireworks on the lake in honor of the Princess of Spain, who arrived the day before. She was on the grounds all that day and I had a splendid chance to see her. She is very nice looking, *and wore a short dress* while other ladies in the party wore long ones.

“Clara Bowen called : she is much stouter than when at school.

"Lucie Simon and Janette Brookmire came with Laura Brooks, whom they are visiting. They were delighted with the room; wanted to know everything about the school and everyone there; asked when Mr. Bragdon was coming, and were much interested in looking over the register, taking several addresses that they might make appointments to meet the girls here.

"Bertha Clapp came in with a friend. She, also, took some addresses, and says they are going to have a little reunion. She was bridesmaid for the Fairleigh girls, who had a double wedding a short time ago.

"Jessie met May Adamson not long since, who, she says, has been travelling ever since she left school.

"Laura Pew, P. Parmenter and Bess Harwood are all married, she tells me, though I suppose you know this already."

From Gertrude Sherman comes also some interesting Fair chat. While in Chicago Gertrude met May Collins, just on from Toledo. She spent, too, some time with Dorothy Chapman. Gertrude says she's "glad the Lasell exhibit is not with that of the women's colleges in the Woman's Building. They are so very much crowded."

One lady says: "The Lasell Boudoir is the gem of the Woman's Building."

In addition to the "old girls" mentioned last month, the following have registered at the World's Fair:—

Jeanne L. Gardner.
Allie Gardner (Mrs. Ernest J. Rogers).
Charlotte E. Ellis (Mrs. C. E. Danforth).
Charlena Tidd (Mrs. T. Lamson).
Carrie Bourne.
Lillie Fuller (Mrs. Bernard Merriam).
Arline Northam.
M. E. Peatfield.
M. R. Sturgis.
Mamie Colson (Mrs. M. C. Curtis).
Nina M. Burr.
Bertha Morrisson.
Altha Phelps.
Georgia Hatch (Mrs. Morris M. Jones).
Lucie B. Sampson.
Delia Davis.
Edith R. Ward.
Susanne L. Rowe.
Helen Russell.
Edith N. Anderson.
Elizabeth Eddy.
Alice G. Donallan.
Dorothy Chapman.
Blanch Henlin (Mrs. W. W. Robinson).
Jessie Flint.

Elizabeth Winslow.
Anna J. Beach.
Hattie May Church (Mrs. Cassius C. Cottle).
Sarah Ransom (Mrs. J. R. Hazelet).
Hattie Sheldon (Mrs. H. F. Skinner).
Harriet Woodcock (Mrs. D. C. DeWolf).
May Rice.
Katherine Mills.
—— — (Mrs. A. L. Finney).
Lillie R. Potter.
Clementina Butler.
Jessie Wilson.
Ida M. Kessinger.
Louise Knill.
Nellie F. Riggs (Mrs. T. B. Ferguson).
Grace Skinner.
Minnie Ward.
Alvena M. Baker (Mrs. J. F. R. Foss).
Etta E. Reynolds (Mrs. W. A. Taylor).
Anna D. Parsons.
Fannie M. Thornton (Mrs. T. H. Brown).
Emma Thornton.
Emily Fairbanks (Mrs. C. L. Goodell).
Anna Staley.
Mary F. Colby (Mrs. A. C. Walworth).
Helen A. Whittier.
Kathryn Prescott.
Helen Underwood.
Martha Ransom.
Gertrude Sherman.
May Edna Towle.
Jessie M. Ball.
Nellie Kidder (Mrs. L. W. Cutler).
Sallie C. King.
May E. Collins.
Irene G. Sanford.
Grace E. Loud.
Ura L. Kelley.
Lillie Albright (Mrs. Lillie Almy).
Laura Conger (Mrs. Laura Lendrum).
Lucie Simon.
Janette Brookmire.
Elma G. Metcalf (Mrs. S. E. Farnham).
Elouise Morrison.
Jessie Bybee.
Lucia Jacobs (Mrs. Titus B. Meigs).
Jessie A. Roper.
Jessie M. Baxter (Mrs. F. B. Black).
Annie Bragdon (Mrs. Arthur Winslow).
Nancy E. Boyce.
Annie Payson Call.
Jessie Vilas.
Hattie F. Williams (Mrs. Wilson).
Helen Gilbert.
M. M. Ames (Mrs. James Tucker).
Charlotte Mallory.
Alice Cole.
Una Cole.
Katharine C. Watson.
Josephine Tichenor.
Bertha A. Clapp.
Clara Bowen.
Annie H. Seeley (Mrs. M. P. Springer).
Maude E. Haller.
H. A. Dickenson.
Cora W. Soper.
Marguerite Waterhouse.
Marie Shellabarger (Mrs. A. L. Crowder).
Grace Shellabarger.
Fanny A. Watson.
Mary Wilcox.
Sue M. Stearns.
Dora H. Jackson.
M. E. Putnam.

Julia Matteson (Mrs. B. F. Ray).
 Rena Day (Mrs. A. W. Fulton).
 Je-sie B. Reece.
 Lu C. Orrell (Mrs. A. J. Eddy).
 M. Alice Platt.
 Myrna Lamson.
 Julia C. Ryan.
 Edna G. Burdick.
 Virginia W. Champian (Mrs. E. W. Foster).
 Katherine Morgan.
 Mary L. Merrill.
 Fannie L. Baker (Mrs. Fannie L. Bonner).
 Evelyn B. Parker (Mrs. H. L. Wheatley).
 Mrs. J. W. Lasell.
 Mrs. D. A. Lincoln (teacher of cooking at Lasell).
 Maud C. Snyder.
 Effie M. Prickett.
 Eva Bragdon (Mrs. Eva B. Judd).
 Eva Morgan.
 Abbie Hartwell.
 Florence Hartwell.
 Helen Fitch (Mrs. J. B. Eldredge).
 Mabel C. Falley.
 Mary B. Williams.
 Kate E. Norman.
 Eva Bond.
 Annie Mitchell (Mrs. E. R. Martin).
 Anna Kellogg.
 Emma C. Hackett.
 Mary Hazlewood.
 Dadie C. Slavens.
 Marie S. Warren (Mrs. H. R. Hayden).
 Nellie Brown (Mrs. C. L. Shattuck).
 Hattie Van Cise (Mrs. D. L. Youngs).
 Belle Bragdon.
 Gracia Barnhart.
 May E. Colburn.
 Alice Jefferds.
 Mrs. A. P. Butterworth.
 Annie K. Clark.
 Lucy H. Roberts.
 Anna M. Marbold (Mrs. Wernsing).
 Annie Gwinnell.
 Julia Wolfe.
 Mary Creswell.
 Mary Heffelfinger.
 Ruth V. Sankey.
 Frances Davenport.
 Anna Reed (Mrs. H. W. Wilkinson).
 Daisy Hanmer.
 Maude Beaumont.

Up to June 20, 211 have registered.

OUR CLASS ADVERTISER.

"MEN want but little here below, nor want that little long." This we think will be finely demonstrated if you will but listen to a few of the wants that we desire to bring before you.

WANTED.

CHIEF laughers to appreciate all the jokes and brilliant productions of the Senior's Commencement week. Applicants must possess good lungs. Good salaries guaranteed.

WANTED.

HELP to sweep rooms on Mondays. Applicants not expected to have the pernicious habit

of sweeping under the bed. Applicants should apply on Monday mornings in the Lasell corridors.

WANTED.

"THE Coming Man." All correspondence should be directed to the Seniors.

FOR SALE.

A GOOD reliable family horse, age uncertain, but not under twenty years. Warranted not to run away. Apply to the "Lasell Stable" for further information.

FRANCIS HOLMES desires a few pupils in vocal music. All the latest songs taught. Splendid testimonials from "Lasell girls."

WANTED.

GREASE, warranted to do good work, to liven up the axles of the Hub.

Now's your chance to make additions to your library. Thirteen sets of Lübke's History of Art, entirely new. Never have been used. *Lose no time*, but apply at once to the Seniors.

WANTED.

A CHAPERONE of sedate years, to escort a *rich* young man and young lady to the theatre.

WANTED.

FOR Boston — The next World's Fair.

MISS LONGFELLOW desires a few pupils in History of Art. *Time is limited*, but great advantages offered.

WANTED.

YOUNG ladies to pose, who can summon a sweet smile warranted to last after posing an hour and a half. Apply to Henry Orne Ryder.

FOR points on the best way of direct disobedience apply to the Seniors.

WANTED.

SOME one to cut all the choice bits from the papers sent to Lasell.

MRS. LATIMER has a grand stock of essays, sermons and letters, written by bright pupils which she will gladly dispose of. Anyone desiring to cultivate his style and extend his acquaintance with maiden efforts should apply at once. Come early to avoid the rush.

WANTED.

AN opera house in Auburndale.

LOST.

A BOTTLE of "*sham-pain*" on the way to Miss Nutt's office Sunday morning after chapel. Finder please return to Sara Bond.

WANTED.

By an Eastern girl, an Eastern yarn to correspond in magnitude to one from the Wild West.

GREAT discount sale of alcohol lamps and high-heeled shoes by Mrs. Eckford.

WANTED.

A SUITABLE receptacle in which to keep *meditation* hour.

LOST.

FOUR pounds. Anyone finding above named article will please return to A. Skinney, as it is required for immediate use.

DR. NUTT'S Pills — unprecedented success in healing headache, backache, neuralgia, rheumatism and all diseases flesh is heir to. Numerous testimonials from "Lasell girls."

WANTED.

MEN for the Senior's reception. Great inducements in the way of refreshments and charming company offered. References required as to the ability of the applicants to care for five or six young ladies at once. Applicants must be free from the habit of putting their hands in their pockets.

CLARA EAD'S — CLASS NIGHT.

LOCALS.

AFTER a long debate and much discussion in chapel, the school pin or rather pins have been decided upon. As the girls could not agree upon one design it was thought best to have the two, the flag and the shield. Both are of gold and pale blue enamel, and by this time these little pins are carrying Lasell's fame and name all over the wide country.

WEDNESDAY, May 17, a few of the girls went into the Technology drill in Mechanics Hall. The individual drill was reported as being very exciting and the dress parade well done.

ON the evening of May 14, Mr. Bragdon gave a very interesting talk in the Methodist church on "Jericho."

THE gymnasium was closed on May 13 with an exhibition by the girls of their achievements gained in the year's work. The invitations were general, and the gymnasium walls were lined with spectators at the appointed time. The exercises comprised march and free movements, dumb-bell exercises, wand drill, vaulting bar, running high jump, rope and ladder climbing, club swinging,

fancy steps and swinging exercises. Miss McDuffee won great applause in the running jump, clearing four feet with ease. One felt, indeed, like flying to watch Miss Shepherd on the rings, and Miss Casebolt's climbing the rope was a difficult feat well accomplished. Everyone enjoyed the exercises heartily, apparently, the performers as well as the spectators. After the room was somewhat cleared, Mr. Rich, ever ready with his camera, took several pictures of the girls in their different attitudes.

THE course of physiology lectures which began in the fall ended a few weeks ago, and all who were in Dr. Latham's class are rejoiced over the omission of the customary examination.

ON Monday, May 21, the annual prize drill took place on the lawn instead of in the gymnasium, as in former years. The drilling was excellent and the spectators were very enthusiastic in their applause. During the drill both guests and girls were refreshed by lemonade, and everyone heartily enjoyed the afternoon. Nearly all the girls have obtained dainty souvenirs of the day in the form of several pictures Mr. Rich took of the grounds, the sword squad, etc. Further particulars of the drill are to be found elsewhere in this month's LEAVES.

A LARGE party of girls went to Plymouth under the guidance of Mr. Bragdon, Monday, May 15. They had a long day of it, leaving here about eight o'clock, and not reaching home until six. The usual places were visited and lunch was eaten on Burial Hill where all enjoyed the lovely view of the ocean. Plymouth Rock was duly looked at and stood upon, each girl trying to imagine herself transported back to 1620. A party of them went to call on Dr. Pierce and found her as bright and cheery as ever. A letter which was since received from her told how much she enjoyed the visit, as *we* all certainly did.

THIS month Mr. Ryder took a number of the studio pupils to the Art Museum, where the work of the art classes at the Museum was on exhibition. They chanced by good luck to meet an artist friend of Mr. Ryder's who entertained the girls with an interesting talk on Japanese art. Many who had hardly ever given the Japanese productions a thought came home enthusiastic

over the queer vases, pictures and carvings made by this far-away people.

SUNDAY, June 4, a large number of girls attended church in Boston, some going to the Church of the Advent and the rest to Trinity.

MISS MABEL CASE had the honor this month of sending two remarkably fine loaves of bread to the Lasell headquarters at Chicago, where they will be on exhibition. These two loaves are splendid examples of what can be done in the line of practical cooking here at Lasell.

THE annual excursion to Wellesley College and Hunnewell's occurred June 5. The party was divided, thirty girls going with Mr. Rich in the morning, and an equal number in the afternoon with Mr. Bragdon. The college buildings and grounds were visited with much interest, and Hunnewell's beautiful gardens and greenhouses were fully appreciated. Barges took the girls there, and brought them back, and the ride, in spite of the heat, was an enjoyable one to all.

ONE of the important entertainments of this month was the recital given by the elocution pupils on the evening of May 31, under the direction of Miss Shinn. The chapel was well filled with girls and guests, a few outside friends being present. The recitations were very good and were delivered with much fire and feeling. Miss Louise Zschetzsche rendered her piece, "The First Settlers Story" with much expression and pathos, and Miss Louise Whitney was obliged by the repeated applause to give an encore, which closed a most pleasant evening.

The following was the programme : —

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| <i>How To Do It</i> | MISS GRACE SNYDER. |
| <i>Bingen on the Rhine</i> | MISS FOWLER. |
| <i>A Roman Legend</i> | MISS HUBBARD. |
| <i>Going Somewhere</i> | MISS ALLEN. |
| <i>Lorraine</i> | MISS FITCH. |
| <i>Driving Home the Cows</i> | MISS CADY. |
| <i>The Swan's Nest</i> | MISS RICHMOND. |
| <i>The First Settler's Story</i> | MISS ZSCHETZSCHE. |
| <i>Mother and Poet</i> | MISS M. CROCKER. |
| <i>Timothy's Quest</i> | MISS WHITNEY. |

BREAD making has absorbed several girls' minds lately, for the week before last the loaves for the prize were made. Very tempting looking they were, white and light, and hard it must have been for the judges to decide which were the two best

loaves. The result was kept a secret until Commencement Day, when Mr. Bragdon presented Miss White with the first prize, and Miss Louise Whitney with the second.

ABOUT twenty went to Newtonville Saturday afternoon, June 10, to witness the annual drill.

The evening of the same day, Miss Packard and Miss Eckford took a party of girls to the Wellesley Float. Those who had friends to meet them at the station at Wellesley walked up, while the rest rode. The Float had begun when the party reached Waban Lake, but they were in time to enjoy the pretty songs as these floated across the water, and the fine illuminations. They returned on the ten o'clock train, all declaring that Wellesley was lovely, but that they had much rather be at Lasell.

THE graduating exercises this week have been of unusual interest, and can be briefly enumerated as follows : —

Commencement Concert, June 7. S. D. Banquet, June 8. Lasellia Banquet, June 9. Baccalaureate Sermon, by Prof. Olin Curtis, D. D., June 11. Class Night, June 12. Reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon for the Seniors, June 13. Commencement day exercises, with an address by Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, June 14, and Alumnæ meeting, June 14.

ONE pleasant day this month the school gathered together on the front piazza to have the school picture taken. Fritz from Newton took three views of the entire school which were all very satisfactory. After this the S. D. Society had a picture of all its members taken.

AT last the much talked of Allerlei made its appearance the 9th of June and fully met all the expectations of the eager workers. The juniors have a right to be proud of this dainty book bound in white and gold, and which contains many spicy jokes and witty sayings. May we always remember the illustrious Allerlei of the class of '94.

SUNDAY evening, June 11, the last vesper service of the year was held under the direction of Prof. Davis.

MR. FOLSOM, through whose help we have some of our most beautiful paintings, not only loves pictures, but enjoys music and never fails to hear

our concerts. For recreation he cultivates roses and strawberries, and some of the finest berries we ever saw, came from him, with the dew still on them, to Mrs. Bragdon's table. Our thanks were duly rendered as we greatly enjoyed the luscious fruit.

MONDAY, June 12, Mr. Davis of Chicago, gave a luncheon at the Vendome, in Boston, to the members of the senior class, in honor of his daughter, Miss Nellie Davis. The table decorations were red and gold, the class colors, a basket of red carnations with '93 in yellow being at each corner of the table, while a large basket of carnations formed the centre piece. At each place was a bouquet of red carnations and a menu of red satin with gold lettering. Music was furnished by the Mandolin Club during the whole luncheon, which was a very enjoyable affair.

GYMNASIUM STATISTICS.

AVERAGE gain in strength this year about ninety-seven pounds.

Average gain in strength last year about one hundred and five pounds.

Four new girls lost this year in strength.

Sixteen old girls lost this year in strength.

Four new girls lost last year in strength.

Four old girls lost last year in strength.

Greatest individual gain in strength this year, Miss Healy, one hundred and nineteen pounds less than Miss Chapman who took the prize last year, eleven pounds in advance of Miss Taft who took the prize the year before.

Next greatest gain in strength, Miss Hartson.

Strongest girl in school, Miss Shepherd.

Second strongest girl in school, Miss Wiggin.

Heaviest weight one hundred forty-eight and one-half pounds, Miss Morraw.

Lightest weight seventy-nine and one quarter pounds, Miss Shannon.

Largest lung capacity, two hundred and twenty-five cubic inches, Miss H. Noble.

Greatest strength in back two hundred eighty-six and six tenths pounds, Misses Shepherd and Wiggin.

Strongest chest, one hundred three and four tenths pounds, Miss Shepherd.

Greatest strength of forearm, each, seventy-two and eight tenths, Miss Casebolt.

Tallest, sixty-nine and one half inches, Miss Eads.

Shortest, fifty-five and three quarters inches, Miss Stone.

Twenty-three annex girls gain two hundred twenty-four and nine tenths pounds more than twenty-three house girls.

PERSONALS.

LASELL has thus far sent out three of her daughters to teach swimming, Miss Bertie Burr, Miss Ballintine and Mrs. Arthur Winslow, all of whom are efficient instructors.

WHAT's the matter with the alphabet in Missouri? The S's have it, it seems, for all our pupils from that State hail from towns or cities whose names begin with S: St. Joseph, St. Louis, Salem, Sedalia, Springfield.

LIZZIE MCKEOWN PORTER (1877), sends us a beautiful photograph of a chubby little fellow whom she calls William Damon Porter, aged four months when the picture was taken. Aren't there more of you who have not yet sent us pictures of your babies?

DAISY EARLE says she is feeling the better for her vacation, but misses Lasell and her classes.

SARAH BURRILL is to make some bread for our Chicago exhibit. Florence Wyman and she exchanged visits some months ago, and the latter saw Nell White in Bangor several times. She says, "we had a regular Lasell review."

JOSEPHINE BOGART writes of her prospective trip to Chicago, when she shall be able to leave her father, whom she is nursing through some trouble with his eyes.

"ONE of Lasell's old friends," Anna Marbold Wernsing, writes of her two little lads, aged seven and one respectively, and sends their pictures. She, too, has had to play nurse, as others of the big Lasell family do occasionally, and was evidently a skilful one, nursing her dear ones back to health again. She mentions having had a second European trip since her first with a Lasell party some years ago.

A LETTER from Lucy Roberts always receives warm welcome. This one tells that Marie Shelabarger Crowder, and Dessie Millikin Bevans are both at home again and that "it seems like old times once more." Lucy is well and enjoying life in her own home at present.

FROM Susie Baker comes an invitation to the closing exercises of the Presbyterian School for girls in Muskogee, Indian Territory, in which Susie is one of the faculty. We wish Susie all success, and would like to hear from her oftener.

ALMA HUBBARD sends a breezy little note to precede her own arrival in person at the seminary. She has the Fair in view for the summer, or a part of it, and looks forward to meeting many Lasell friends there. "Good luck to Lasell in all things and always" is her closing wish to us,—for which let us bow our thanks, Alma.

ANNA STALEY, will bake, if not brew, for Lasell's honor this summer, promising us two of her lovely loaves for the exhibit. When she wrote she was visiting Alma Hubbard, and expected to make a little stay with Addie Commins towards the end of the month (May), "and then on to Chicago."

WE are glad to hear from Anna Hanna that her father's recovery is no longer considered doubtful.

GRACE HUNTINGTON in a pleasant letter recently received, speaks of her mother's serious attack of pneumonia last winter, through which Grace nursed her, and then was ill herself for several weeks from the anxiety and overstrain. She tells about her visit to Sadie Hollingsworth, at whose wedding she was bridesmaid, and afterward to Helena Pfau, then at Chicago, where she saw Jennie Gardner, called on Edith Gale, lunched with Helen Gilbert, and spent a most delightful time generally in that city. Grace plans for Chicago, but not very definitely as yet.

WORD comes from Virginia Stowe about a capsizing that might have resulted in her being left sisterless had not Willie used to such good advantage Lasell's swimming tank, and Miss Ransom's instruction. Willie and her father were out on the bay in a sail-boat, the sail-rope of which, becoming entangled just as a squall came up, could not be managed, and the boat overturned, throwing the two out into twenty-five feet of water, and Willie about ten feet off from her father. Mr. Stowe says that had she not known how to swim she would inevitably have drowned before he could have reached her, since he was hindered from promptly giving aid by being entangled in the sail-rope. Willie's ease and grace in swimming wins her many compliments upon her skill, Virginia says. [This

is a pretty practical demonstration of the value of a knowledge of swimming, is n't it, girls?]

ALICE DUNSMORE VAN HARLINGEN says, she's going to the Fair, and had planned a class reunion there, but finds to her disappointment that some members of the class will not attend probably [We think that a class reunion at Chicago would be the very thing. If duties press so that letters must be put off, a little face to face chat would knit the old bands closer. Perhaps after all, it may be found practicable.]

FRANCES TUPPER sends us word of herself from her home in Erie, Pa. She speaks of the great suffering and loss occasioned in that region by the spring floods, and of her own personal pursuits and pastimes. Her music occupies much of her time, she practices three hours a day and takes lessons of a very skilled and successful teacher. Frances speaks enthusiastically of the pleasant May walks in search of wild flowers, entertaining Hawthorne readings, and prospective sailing parties in the near future. She enjoyed Mrs. Shepherd's letter about the Fair very much, and intends to see for herself that pretty booth that all are admiring so heartily.

LILA WARREN writes that during a call on a friend at Pratt Institute, she met a Miss Davis who said she was at Lasell in '82, and inquired for Miss Carpenter, Miss Blaisdell and Mr. Bragdon. She was studying kindergarten at the institute. This is Mary Brownell Davis of Providence.

MARRIED.

MISS CORNELIA WILLIAMS, of Des Moines, Ia., to Mr. Woods Hutchinson, on Monday, May 15. Miss Williams was a student at Lasell in '84-'86.

MISS MARY LILLIAN UPTON, of Roxbury, Mass., to Dr. Shailer E. Lawton, of Brattleboro, Vt., on Thursday, June 1. They will make Brattleboro their home. Miss Upton studied here in '85-'86.

MISS MARY LOUISE COLE to Mr. LLEWELLYN DAVENPORT SEAYER, on Wednesday, June 14, at Roxbury, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Seaver will live in Roxbury. She studied here in '91-'92.

MISS INEZ EUDORA BRAGG to Mr. Arthur Henry Johnson, on Wednesday, June 14, at Charlestown, Mass. Miss Bragg was a student here in '87-'88.

MISS FRANCES ELIZABETH HILL, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., to Mr. Frank Henry Richardson, on Thursday, June 1. Mr. Richardson is the artist, several of whose delightful canvases adorn our walls.

MISS ADELINE ELOISE KEITH to Mr. Harry Judson Simpson, Wednesday, June 15, 1893, at Sagamore, Mass. Miss Keith was here in '84-'86. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson will live in Boston.

MISS CAROLINE BENNETT COBURN to Mr. Louis Mumford Briggs, Thursday, June 22, 1893, at Weston, Mass. Miss Coburn was at Lasell in '86-87.

ADDRESSES.

MRS. S. E. LAWTON (Mary L. Upton), Brattleboro, Vt.

MRS. LLEWELLYN DAVENPORT SEAVER (Mary Louise Cole), 4 Homestead St., Roxbury, Mass.

ENGAGED.

MISS EMILY D. ROWE to Mr. FREDERICK SMITH CHAPIN.

DEATH.

We are grieved to learn, through a note from her brother, of the death of our former pupil, Sue Flather, of Nashua, N. H., on Wednesday, May 17. Typhoid fever was the cause.

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THE FOLLOWING REGISTERED AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

From June 20 to September 1.

| | | | |
|--|---|---|--|
| Julia E. Hogg. | Florence E. Huse (Mrs. Leverett F. Englesby). | Georgie Bell Davis. | Grace Havens (Mrs. F. B. Brown). |
| Bertha A. Lillibridge. | Alice D. Packer (Mrs. Henry McKinstry). | Abbie F. Goodale. | Clara F. Eddy. |
| M. Marie Higby (Mrs. A. L. Gutterson). | Maud Evans (Mrs. W. A. Croysdale). | Edna Dice. | Grace Durfee. |
| Helen S. Scott (Mrs. John B. Dougan). | Louise Woodman (Mrs. G. S. Houghton). | May Kline. | Florence S. Durfee. |
| Bessie M. Pennell. | Edith A. Barry (Mrs. H. W. Brinckerhoff). | Sara Hitchcock. | Clara E. Comstock. |
| Elizabeth Ewing. | Martha B. Stone. | Rebecca Perley Page (Mrs. Rebecca Perley Reed). | Ella Stedman (Mrs. G. M. Frank, Jr. |
| Effie Symns. | Frances S. Foster. | Anna F. Vage (Anna F. Butler). | Alice Noble. |
| Nellie Bubbs. | Jessie H. Hill. | Nannie C. Wood (Mrs. W. K. Leonard). | Ada Dunaway. |
| Rachel P. Allen. | Clara A. Roesing. | Mary S. Fairleigh (Mrs. R. M. Davis). | Dasie A. Hartson. |
| Flora Gardner. | Sara Bond. | Margaret Stewart. | Bess C. Shepherd. |
| Lucy S. Pinney. | Elizabeth Winslow. | Anna Walston. | L. Mabel Sawyer. |
| Lizzie Kiser (Mrs. W. M. Irwin). | Nellie B. Ferguson (Mrs. S. M. Conant). | Anna M. Thompson. | Bessie D. Comstock. |
| Nellie H. Packard (Mrs. Joseph R. Draper). | Eleanor Young (Mrs. F. T. Hord). | Louise H. Richardson. | Laura Comstock. |
| Lillian M. Packard. | Anna Crocker. | L. Kate Bidwell. | Helen W. Cooke. |
| Mary W. Packard. | Mattie Slavens (Mrs. H. W. Immke). | Olive Holmes. | Mollie St. John Taylor. |
| Maudie Stone. | Fanny Wiswall. | Bertha Merryman. | Hattie S. Batchelder (Mrs. W. F. Spooner). |
| Mary Manning (Mrs. J. B. Badgley). | E. M. Carpenter. | Anna Christie. | Carolyn Gilman. |
| Nettie M. Libbey (Mrs. Chas. K. Fulton). | Fanny Fairchild. | Carrie Balch (Mrs. George Harvey). | Alice Cuyler (Mrs. W. A. Hendricks). |
| Alice M. Hane. | Sue Miles (Mrs. E. A. Kinsey). | Prof. and Mrs. J. C. Cassedy. | Helen M. Sheldon. |
| Mary D. Loomis. | Edith A. Ellis. | Flora Drew (Mrs. Flora Drew Sampson). | Fannie D. Coutts. |
| Mae A. Burr. | Lella Ninde. | M. Lucile Ray. | Clara Simpson. |
| Florence E. Anthony (Mrs. E. E. Patton). | Susie Griggs (Mrs. N. L. Wilson). | Marie Meigs. | Addie H. Commins. |
| Annie Blanche Merrill. | Blanche Jones (Mrs. George E. Haskell). | Elizabeth Frost. | Caroline Carpenter. |
| Marion Gunnison. | Jeannette Kiser. | Lida Brooks (Mrs. Harry Ressler). | Mary Bigelow. |
| Susanne S. Baker. | Maymie L. Binford. | Jess J. Johnson. | Laura Wescott. |
| Jennie Brown. | Annie Webb. | Meldon Smith. | Mabel Ashley (Mrs. H. B. Hollis). |
| Alice Ward (Mrs. N. Thomas). | Beulah Hough. | Annie L. Gage (Mrs. C. E. Booth). | Sara D. Townsend. |
| Lillie Hathaway (Mrs. Robert D. Muir). | Anna Miller. | Mary G. Beckwith. | Sophronia T. White. |
| Isabella Coburn. | Gertrude Simpson. | Louise Hawley (Mrs. J. H. Sanders). | Madeleine Meegan. |
| Ella Race. | Mamie Wood. | Flora Joannes. | Harriet Joy (Mrs. R. Delos Martin). |
| Winnie B. Ewing (Mrs. Nat. Coffin). | Carrie E. Hinckley. | Belle Anderson. | Susan M. Stearns. |
| Daisy Curtis. | Mary Haven (Mrs. W. P. Thirkield). | Julia Ryan. | Florence E. Anthony (Mrs. E. E. Patton). |
| Lucie McBrier (Mrs. Alex. Jarecki). | Nellie Canfield (Mrs. Chas. C. Cunningham). | M. Alice Coe. | M. Isabel Webster. |
| Mary K. Fisher (Mrs. James Buffington). | Elizabeth McEchron. | Lilla M. Briggs. | Katherine Forsyth (Mrs. Edwin M. Herr). |
| Gertrude Gleason. | Louise Zschetzsche. | Florence Dow. | June Hoyt. |
| Mattie Deardorff. | Harriet G. Scott. | Ava E. Lowe (Mrs. C. H. Stinson). | Greta Stearns. |
| Lena M. Thayer. | Ella Gregory (Mrs. E. G. Painter). | Sallie A. Jacobus. | Martina Grubbs (Mrs. Lafon Riker). |
| Florence M. Silloway. | Luella Dadman (Mrs. J. M. Brooks). | Louise C. Fibley (Mrs. Lyman J. Dann). | Virginia Curry (Mrs. G. R. Henderson). |
| Mary E. Warren (Mrs. W. D. McIlvaine). | Nellie G. Davis. | Adele Roth. | Martha Prentice. |
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| Caroline L. Steele. | | Frances Thomas. | Emma Peale. |
| | | Allie B. Brooks. | Ella Peale. |
| | | Ella M. Eddy. | Florence Cronise. |
| | | | Susan A. McCord. |

| | | | |
|--|--|--|--|
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| Jenny Smith (Mrs. G. H. Rankin). | Grace Richards. | Helen R. Heywood (Mrs. A. M. Greenwood). | Eva L. Dye (Mrs. Louise Decker). |
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| Adelaide Harding. | Louise P. Bailey. | Clara L. White. | Bess E. Brown. |
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| Josephine Bogart. | Frances W. Barbour. | Elizabeth Harwood (Mrs. Alfred Fones). | Marion G. Beal (Mrs. J. O. Holden.) |
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| Hattie C. Morse. | Bessie S. Latimer. | Gertrude C. Fowler (Mrs. H. W. Fowler). | Florence A. G. Shiff. |
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| | Mary Sheldon (Mrs. Luther B. Fry). | | Geo. M. Steele, Dr. |
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| | | | Lida D. Curtis (Mrs. W. D. Bass). |

From May 1 to October 1, 633 have registered.

LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

Volume XIX.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., OCTOBER, 1893.

Number 1.

LASELL LEAVES.

Published Monthly, during the School Year,

BY THE

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OF

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A NEW year has begun, and we are launched forth upon a new phase of existence, knowing not what is to befall us in these coming months. Is it a wonder that there are some who dread it? At the beginning, studies which we have hitherto considered as mere trifles, loom up before us as huge mountains; and restrictions are more terrible in these beautiful autumnal months. Can you wonder that we have at times a tinge of "indigo blue?" But as a cheering thought amid this darkness, have we not Mr. Bragdon's oft-repeated admonition, "Take it easy?" Don't worry, if things will get tangled up in your brain comfort yourself with the remembrance that, although we seem to have forgotten so much, we have "digged" over; those seemingly lost facts are only waiting in our mind for the proper time to assert themselves. And if we also keep in mind the message Mr. Bragdon sent us last year: "Be your best, girls," and act upon it, no one can find reason to complain.

ALTHOUGH it was partly on account of the Columbian Exposition that Mr. Bragdon postponed the opening of school until a week later than the usual time, yet it was also to avoid the storm which always seems to arrive here about the 16th of September every year. For several years the first sight which has greeted the eyes of the new girls has been steady rain, rain. For one who is feeling a little depressed, rain and sleet are not the most cheering things imaginable, so our principal, with his usual kind thoughtfulness, decided to make a change in our calendar. And sure enough the storm was avoided, and Auburndale, all sunshine and glorious color, was looking her best to greet the new girls. There are always plenty of new girls at the beginning

of every fall term, but this year there is a larger number than usual. Indeed, as we looked around the chapel, there seemed few old faces present, and it was all so strange and new. There are, indeed, many changes; those we expected to see here have not come; there is one face we miss, but that one we shall never see again; she has gone to that divine school, so much better than all earthly ones.

WE have hardly recovered from our excitement and astonishment caused by the entrance of the Seniors into Chapel on the morning of the 21st. Indeed, although we did not express our astonishment as plainly as Mr. Bragdon, possibly we felt as much. Speaking of the Seniors, it has been noticed that they are always the first to leave the dining-room. Is it possible they are existing merely on brain food?

THE time of acquaintanceship this season seems to have been shortened, for never at this time has there been a better understanding between old and new; this is undoubtedly due to the lack of homesickness among the new pupils, the less conservative spirit of the old students, and especially to the general feeling of friendship so clearly seen at the first reception. The last year's students welcome the new pupils and extend greetings, knowing that the friendships formed will not fail to bring both new and old that influence which tends toward all that is good and true and beautiful.

LIFE'S SURPRISES.

AGAIN and again the reading public is surprised by the appearance of some new light, either in literature or in science; generally speaking, the surprise of the author or investigator is far greater than that of the public, when after years of ceaseless labor and discouragement he suddenly finds himself on the top round of the ladder of success, like the misanthropic Byron who awoke one morning to find himself famous.

This is not the experience of here and there a solitary individual inspired by a consuming ambition, but also that of a whole body of inconspicuous workers who have suddenly achieved long-hoped-for results. Gentle reader, this means our Senior Class! After three years of ceaseless

toil, with its constant gloomy conviction that "Life is one demd horrid grind," the Juniors of '93 awoke on the morning of Sept. 21, and—presto, change! they were Seniors, numbering over twenty, and with all the sudden investiture of dignity, responsibility, and peculiar privileges so dear to a Senior's heart. That honor of all honors, reserved seats near the chapel rostrum, was at once conferred upon them. This exalted place "gives people opportunity to look at them six days in the week to see what they mean to do on the seventh."

There was an ill-concealed attempt upon this memorable occasion to repress all self consciousness, yet the bland smiles of satisfied ambition and the deepening color betrayed unusual emotion as each maiden rustled into her place in the regulation "Call" method, and then turned to see how her nearest and dearest neighbor adjusted herself to the new surroundings. It was a fact that the dignified faculty seemed bewildered and dazed at such an array of youthful aspirants for diplomas; even Principal Bragdon could hardly refrain from downright laughter when he saw his "little girls" occupying seats too wide and "too high" for them. It was even rumored that the Seniors thought the very seats seemed taken aback and were a trifle shaky, and that the sober text books did upon that day play fantastic tricks; that the "Evidences" glared derisively upon them; that "Mathematical Astronomy" revealed a wealth of stellar and mundane distributions not lawful to describe; while from "History of Art" came a lurid glow more terrible than Doré's representations of the Inferno.

Talk of secret society initiations? We verily believe they are tame, indeed, compared to the launching of a new *Senior Class*.

OUR WALKS.

How fortunate that Aubundale looks her loveliest when school commences, for every sight impresses the new girl favorably or unfavorably; and if the snow were on the ground when she came, who knows how long she would stay. But amid such charming scenery who could have unpleasant thoughts when out of doors, and during these beautiful fall months we are indoors little

indeed, for no one can tell how closely Jack Frost will keep us in later.

So for the benefit of the new girls and perhaps for a few old ones, too, I am going to describe some of the prettiest walks around here in order that they may be leisurely and carefully explored. Lasell girls are not famed for their love of long walks, but I venture to say more of that exercise would be indulged in if they only knew what they were missing.

First of all, the river is a magnet which draws us all to its mossy banks, and the number of walks along its shady side is innumerable. Who does not know the little path leading from Weston bridge to the Newton boat-house, in full view of the "Charles" with all its pretty curves. Then down by the "Haunted House" (which is quite harmless.) If you climb up the little hill behind the house you have a lovely view and can follow the river for quite a distance. Or take the road over Weston bridge, turn to the right on the little cart path and follow that until you come to the Lower Falls, a turn to the right brings you back on the main road to Auburndale. Norumbega tower is on the first road to the right branching off from the Weston road, and the tower really repays a walk there. The road is delightfully shady, with frequent glimpses of the river, and when the goal is reached a lovely view is to be had from the top of the tower. Leaving the river the walks are just as varied and interesting. Waban woods are really lovely, and it is surprising how few girls know of their existence. There is a little rippling, babbling brook there, which is all a brook should be; but don't try to cross it on loose stones. Take the advice of one who did, and afterwards wished she had looked around for something more substantial. But beside the treacherous brook there are lovely birch trees, and as to the photographs that can be taken there, they are simply innumerable. But I have forgotten to say how you reach this leafy bower. Pass the hotel, turn to the left, up the first street, cross a small pond where there is a good substantial little bridge, and *vous y êtes*.

The Newton Lower Falls road is pretty but apt to be hot and dusty. The ridge behind what was the first annex is delightful and if you cross the

railroad track you come to the coolest spot here. A little spring comes up from the ground, the big trees exclude all heat, the ground is covered with ferns (in spring there is a carpet of violets), and there is always a breeze no matter how hot it is. If you wish pure country, there are the Waltham and Concord roads, which are not as cool and shady as might be, but along which quantities of golden rod and wayside flowers may be gathered.

One could spend hours enumerating the pretty places around here, but is there not some saying about the joy of discovery being greater than that of possession?

Of course I have not mentioned the most attractive promenades, such as the one down Main Street, here in Auburndale, with frequent stops. Then the road to West Newton would be truly delightful if we were not stopped when it begins to be interesting. Oh, when will forbidden fruit cease to be the sweetest and best!

THE IMPROVEMENTS.

How little do the new girls this year realize their advantages over the new girls of former years!

They have entered upon a Lasell, that well nigh perfect from the beginning, has now reached its ideal of comfort and elegance.

These improvements are not confined to the interior alone; but begin at the main entrance, even beyond this.

The first surprise for the old girls, upon once more viewing their old school home is the addition of a porte-cochère which covers the drive-way extending to the sloping terrace beyond.

Then turning to enter the building they may observe that the door which closed upon them in June is now replaced by one of grander proportions, on either side of which are colonial windows of art glass.

The entire building, trunk-room included, is lighted with electricity, which will be still more perfect than now, when the electric plant at the Seminary has been completed. The time-honored organ has been removed from the chapel and in its stead is a handsome fire-place, with an exquisite white and gold mantel, above which hangs an immense oil painting by Richardson.

The porch outside the chapel has been made a covered passageway to the gymnasium, so hereafter the classes reciting in the chapel will not need to practice concentration, as this room is no longer a thoroughfare.

But the crowning glory of Lasell is surely the dining-room. It certainly deserves the reputation of the "handsomest dining-hall in any school in New England." The decorations are green, white, and gold and are most tastefully carried out. The frieze which is two feet wide, is in relief, of an ornamental wreath design, lightly touched with gold. The dado is cream colored embossed leatherette paper and side walls are of a brocade of Florentine design in delicate shades of green. The woodwork is white, enamelled, and the ceiling is decorated with water-color in buff and green. There is a beautiful stairway in cream and white enamel, finished throughout in panel-work. On the landing, half way down is a balcony seat, where a fine view of the dining-room can be obtained. Altogether Lasell is much improved. Is it indeed, possible or desirable to make it any better?

LOCALS.

THURSDAY night, Sept. 21, Col. Sprague gave his noted lecture on "Shakespeare, and How to Account for Him," before the pupils. The lecture was very interesting, and the speaker held the attention of all, because of his finely modulated voice and his easy flow of English. The greatest compliment we can give him is to say that, although the girls were unusually tired because of unpacking their trunks and getting settled, still no one wished to have him close his interesting discourse.

ALICE HOUGHTON was delayed a few days at the opening of the term to attend the wedding of her sister.

MARTHA STONE in a letter from Omaha writes of meeting Anna Staley and Maud Beaumont in Chicago.

EACH Saturday at 1.30, the scholars are to be benefited by some lecture or talk.

SATURDAY, Sept. 23, Dr. Mara L. Pratt gave a lecture on physiology which was instructive as

well as entertaining; the following week our new preceptress, Mrs. Strong, gave us some of her ideas of girls and their training, which lecture only added to our already great admiration for her.

A LOVELY surprise was given by the school on the first Saturday night of this year. A reception is generally given by the old girls to the new; but this year Mr. Bragdon gave out invitations to those living near here, and so added to the usual charm. Four Seniors, Misses Medsker, Anderson, Carrie Johnson, and Mollie Taylor, received with Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon. A slight rain detained some outsiders from partaking of Prof. Bragdon's hospitality; but those that came will never regret it as the school and girls both showed to an advantage. The lower floor was open for guests, and so groups were seen in the parlor and chapel talking, while the girls laughed and danced in the gymnasium. Refreshments were served in the dining-hall. Soon after all retired well pleased with this first reception.

IN the absence of a club room the Lasellia Club is permitted to meet in the elegant and well-equipped studio. Its members hope at no distant day to see a tasteful building erected upon the Seminary grounds which will be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

LASELL has such a fascinating way of instructing and at the same time pleasing its pupils; and so both at fall and spring, excursions are made to noted places near here. The most delightful of these trips is that to Concord, but a fine day has so much to do with this pleasure that Prof. Bragdon thought best to postpone this trip for one week. This disappointed many girls, both old and new, but when they can take the trip, they will see that the excursion could not be taken except on a charming day. Nantasket is one of the pleasantest of the fall excursions from Lasell. This year the trip would have been as delightful as usual except for a drizzling rain which dampened for a short time the *spirits* of the girls as well as they themselves. But as Lasell girls always find a bright side to everything (especially when Prof. Bragdon is around), they soon overcame such a slight obstacle, and all declared they had a lovely day. In the afternoon of the same day they were to

have gone to Bunker Hill, but the weather preventing, that excursion was put off until Oct. 3, when a party of about twenty-five visited the monument and navy yard, two ever interesting things.

NEW girl at Lasell book store (thinking this store a branch of Jordan, Marsh & Co.): "Please give me eight yards of baby blue ribbon." Strange to say it was not delivered.

THE following is an example of one of the Seniors' brilliancy in a Bible lesson: "Was Lot Noah's wife?"

"THE man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

If this be true Lasell is to be congratulated, as in the music classes, chapel exercises, Orphean Club, in fact in every possible place, the girls this year seem more musical than usual, and bring with them not only brave but singing hearts.

The officers for the coming year of the two clubs are as follows:—

THE LASELLIA CLUB.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|---|---|---|---|---------------------|
| <i>President</i> | . | . | . | . | MOLLIE TAYLOR. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | . | . | . | . | MARY TULLEYS. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | . | . | . | . | GRETA STEARNS. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | . | . | . | . | RUTH SEIBERLING. |
| <i>Critic</i> | . | . | . | . | ANNA CUSHING. |
| <i>Guard</i> | . | . | . | . | ANNA KELLOGG. |
| <i>Executive Committee.</i> | | | | | ELLEN CHASE. |
| | | | | | WINIFRED CONLIN. |
| | | | | | JOSEPHINE CHANDLER. |

THE S. D. SOCIETY.

| | | | | | |
|----------------------------|---|---|---|---|-------------------|
| <i>President</i> | . | . | . | . | HELEN MEDSKER. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | . | . | . | . | MABEL CASE. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | . | . | . | . | CARRIE STEELE. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | . | . | . | . | JULIA ANDERSON. |
| <i>Critic</i> | . | . | . | . | CARRIE GILMAN. |
| <i>Ushers</i> | | | | | MARGARET STEWART. |
| | | | | | JESSIE JOHNSON. |
| | | | | | BELLE BRAGDON. |
| <i>Executive Committee</i> | | | | | ALICE ANDREESON. |
| | | | | | GRACE ALLEN. |

CONCORD at last, and how delighted the girls are. A pleasanter day could not be expected, and four barges of happier faces could not be found anywhere. When the Lasell girls go on an outing, they go with heart and soul, just as they enter into their studying. At 8.30, Monday, Oct. 9, the Concord girls were piled into their barges, wraps, lunches and all. Mr. Rich and Miss Allen were chaperones, and certainly more interesting chaperones could never be desired. All was not fun, as nearly every one had some historical fact or anecdote to tell, and so the time passed only too

quickly. An hour at Concord only gave an appetite for a longer sojourn there, but the time was precious and so again a move was made. On the way home a stop was made at Lexington, when after noting the facts of interest, both girls and horses were refreshed. At five Lasell was reached again and seemed very welcome, although one and all decided they wished to take the same trip next week, and knew they would not be so tired again.

A GENTLEMAN who came to place a daughter in school on Tuesday, Sept. 19, was shown into the students' parlor, and we take the liberty of reproducing his remarks. He seemed such a good-natured man we know he will forgive us:

"You say this is the way the room looks all the time? nothing bagged up? Good, that is sensible. Furniture too good to be used I have always declared is an unmitigated nuisance. Chairs and sofas in pinafores, mirrors in muslin, a druggeted carpet, a hearth-rug wrong side out, and chandelier in a blue gauze sack seen by rays of light that struggle edgeways through the slits in the shutters, and exhaling that peculiar brown holland fragrance which belongs to high-toned drawing-rooms in summer days! This is to me one of the most cheerless, dispiriting spectacles of domestic life. I would about as soon be ushered into a vault as into such an apartment. Nothing can be more chilling to the feelings. What possible pleasure can there be in possessing a species of property that is invisible to the owner of it three hundred and fifty days out of every three hundred and sixty-five? Give me furniture that is made for wear, tables upon which a man can bring down his fist with emphasis without shattering timber; chairs that you can lean back in without crushing gossamer or hand-painted scarfs; sofas that you can lie down upon—in short, give us *comfort*; let us wear things out. It is provoking to see easy chairs, sofas, and carpets preserved for years without spot or blemish, while the wrinkles are multiplying in the face, and the grey hairs on the head of the proprietor. And you say these magnificent pictures are not tied up in muslin? Well, I am glad, for pictures are educating forces, and I'm bound to say there's a deal of common sense in Lasell."

ANNEX RECEPTION.

THE new and old girls in the main building received a very pleasant surprise Thursday morning, when Miss Carpenter read Mrs. Winslow's kind invitation for Saturday afternoon.

Evening class receptions are not rare occurrences at Lasell, but a reception in the afternoon, and one open to all, from preparatives to post-graduates, has been heretofore an unknown event.

Our first glance out of doors, Saturday morning, was a disappointing one. "What a disagreeable day for the reception," was the thought uppermost in each mind. But our old friend, the sun, had not forgotten us. Just before three o'clock he broke forth in all his glory and hurried the now scattering clouds out of sight in a short time, making the afternoon seem more than usually bright and cheerful by its contrast with the morning.

Hardly had the last stroke of three died away before a party of girls started down the driveway and towards the Annex, each wearing her most dignified manner and looking her sweetest, as did all the girls, in fact, although each one had declared that she did not have a "*thing* fit to wear."

Others followed, and soon the short distance from the main building to the Annex assumed quite a holiday appearance, with its many gay little parties going and coming.

We were given a cordial greeting at the door by Miss Lewis and Miss Newland, and then passed on into the pretty parlor to pay our respects to Mrs. Winslow and the three young women receiving with her, Miss Hammond, Miss Wilson and Miss Solari. After a few moment's conversation with them, we moved away to make room for others, and later found our way into the dining room. Here the exquisite taste of our hostess was displayed by the daintily arranged chocolate table, and the courtesy of her young assistants, by the ease and grace with which we were served.

The whole house was open to us, and we went up stairs to take a peep into the pretty airy rooms where the twenty young women, who are to make their homes there for the next eight months, will

do the most of their studying. The rooms have been much improved during the summer. They are freshly papered and painted, and with the bright carpets and pretty simple furniture, look so dainty and cheery, that it seems as if the occupants could not be other than happy. As one of the girls expressed it, "It is so *homey*."

Indeed, a great many of us feel that instead of the Annex girls being poor unfortunates, as we have before considered them, they are not at all in need of our sympathy, but are rather to be envied in possessing so pleasant a home.

So quickly did the time pass, that it was five o'clock before we knew it, and we hurried down to bid our hostess good-by.

Mrs. Winslow assured us that she was very proud of her family, and we left with many cordial invitations to "come again." J. W. A. '94.

PERSONALS.

IT has been noticed that all who have had the chance of visiting the White City are very enthusiastic, and Lasell seems to have been well represented. Many unexpected and pleasant meetings have taken place either on the grounds or in Lasell's dainty booth.

ALICE WHITE has been elected to fill the position of teacher of mathematics in Jones Seminary, All Healing Springs, North Carolina. She assumes her new duties about Oct. 1.

REV. E. W. VIRGIN of South Framingham in a note to Mr. Bragdon speaks in the highest terms of the new stereopticon lecture of Miss Elizabeth Merriam. Lasell must hear it some day.

ETTA AND DELLA FOWLER have a sister at Lasell this year. Nothing commends Lasell more than the fact that such a large number of "old girls" persuade their younger sisters to enter our school. Etta Fowler has been studying music for two years.

INEZ BRAGG JOHNSON, writes happily of her new life and her own little home at 23 Bellevue Avenue, North Cambridge, Mass.

MYRA GAGE is attending Tilton Seminary. We are all glad that she has recovered from her severe illness.

EVA BOND is having a gay season in Toledo.

DR. GRACE A. PRESTON, a former teacher at Lasell, and later physician at Smith College, has a year of absence which she plans to spend in Colorado. We trust she may gain a much-needed rest after her successful but laborious duties. Our Colorado girls will welcome her.

ALICE LINSOTT HALL writes from Springfield, Mo., of busy commencement days, and mentions that her husband has given up the principalship of the school to take a Greek professorship.

AN interesting circular in regard to the "Institute for "Girls in Spain" presents the urgent need for funds to carry on the work of erecting a suitable school building. This appeals to Lasell students not only because it forwards the education of young women, but because it is the home and pet plan of their friend and neighbor, Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick.

DR. STEELE, of Nashville, preached the commencement sermon at Millsaps College last June. A glowing account is in the Nashville paper.

LAWYER MARY A. GREENE, who gave the last series of law lectures at Lasell, has made two trips to Chicago this season, once to deliver a lecture in the Woman's Building and a second time to address the Congress of Jurisprudence and Law Reform.

MISS ANNA BARROWS, our teacher of cooking, will give more time than usual to lecture engagements this winter. She is successful wherever she goes.

THE "Golden Era," a California publication, prints a glowing account of the "Red Mountain Ranch" owned in part by F. F. Adams, father of May Adams, '91-'92.

MRS. KATE VAN HUSAN, Kittie Morrill, here in 1878, writes from Detroit, Mich., that her son, Marshall Wells Van Husan, three months old, is rather young for so long a trip, otherwise she would like to come to Lasell. Our new pupil, Emily Warner, calls Kittie "Aunt Kate."

FROM Eva Bragdon Judd, comes a neat little pamphlet telling of her Englewood school of shorthand, of which she is principal. Mrs. Judd was graduated from Lasell in '77.

A LETTER from Mae Burr tells of being busy with Bertie. She expects Anna Crocker in October and is to take three studies at the University of Nebraska.

JULIA WOLFE thinks the Lasell spoon the prettiest of her collection. She is delighted with the accounts she has read and heard of the "improvements", and sends congratulations to the old time sophomores who are now gracing the Senior seats. She then asks if we have heard of Dessie Millikin Bevans' little girl Dorothy, now two months old, of whom the Class of '92 are so proud. She expects to see Sade Burrill in the West this fall.

CARRIE VAN SICKLE writes of a pleasant visit she had this summer with Clara Simpson, where she also saw Bessie Phelps and Louise Seybolt. Carrie is to be at home this winter, at 791 West End Avenue, New York, and expects to take lessons in French, history, literature, and music.

AN old Lasell girl in giving an account of her life in a New York convent says, "All the girls wear black dresses, made alike, very much like the drill uniform at Lasell, and we cannot wear any jewelry. We rise at ten minutes of six, go to mass at six-thirty, and have breakfast at half-past seven. From eight to nine everyone studies in the study hall, and it is very hard to learn a number of lessons in one hour, but it has to be done. From nine to ten-thirty, we have classes. Recitations continue until dinner, at twelve, with one half hour for exercise before and after dinner. Then at one-thirty, we write a composition which must be finished at two, and until three-thirty sewing is taught. Two sisters then pass around large trays of buns and fancy cakes. Then more exercise and study and a French recitation brings us up to supper at six-thirty. After supper there is instruction which is the same as the Bible classes on Thursday, at Lasell. Recreation until quarter past eight, then night prayers, and forming in dormitory line, we go two by two upstairs. Lights are out at nine. The alcoves are very tiny, just large enough to turn around in. The examinations are very hard, for besides being written they are oral before all the nuns at the end of the school year. Prizes are given those who have done the best in their studies. Oh, yes,

they say a prayer before and after each class. The fare is very plain ; and after each meal a tin pan of hot water (very often cold) is passed from plate to plate, and we wash our knives and forks then fold them up in our napkins.

"No one is allowed to go to her alcove all day, even those having private rooms must obey this rule.

"I greatly miss the freedom of Lasell, for a teacher is with us always."

EDITH TAYLOR is enjoying home life this autumn.

ELIZABETH FLEMING is continuing her music at her home.

MAISY WIGGIN has called this year, and finds the Lasell improvements as beautiful as the rest of us do.

DAISY CURTIS is still at Northampton at school.

MABEL ENGLEHART writes of her delight at finding the Lasell headquarters at the Fair so beautiful ; and says she is going to try to pay Lasell a visit next June.

CLARA EADS, a last June's graduate, seems to have forgotten already the role she assumed last year of a "grave and reverend Senior," for she says she has been learning to ride a Columbian wheel. She has broken no bones as yet. On her way home from Lasell she visited Wilbraham, New York, and Ashland.

JANETTE BROOKMIRE made an unexpected call here to-day.

EDNA DICE again sends best wishes and longs for Lasell.

ANNA MITCHELL MARTIN, '87, writes cheerfully from her home 634 Garfield Avenue, Kansas City, Mo. Miss Martin is the aunt of our Anna May Dickson. She mentions a visit from Carrie Foster Stickney.

SADE HOLLINGSWORTH THOMPSON and Grace Huntington met at the Fair. How much such a meeting reminds one of years gone by.

MABLE CASE, by special permission, has gone to Chicago to see the glorious display from all the world.

MISS EMILY ROWE has gone to Europe for a year's travel.

SOME of our girls were entertained beautifully at Margaret Coon Browne's home, while attending the Fair.

LOUISE BULL is to travel through the West this winter.

BESSIE PRESCOTT was married the eleventh of this month. The best wishes of Lasell are with her.

MISS FLORENCE MANN is attending school in Cincinnati.

DAISÉ SHRYOCK was seen by Nan Peabody Hall at the Fair.

FAN BARBOUR has been visiting her aunt at Evanston and attending the Fair. After leaving Lasell, she has had opportunities for study in Philadelphia, and her voice is more beautiful than ever.

ETHA PEARCE is to spend the winter with an aunt in New York.

KIT SEIBERLING has been visiting in Pennsylvania, New York, and Boston. She has spent a few days with her sister Ruth at Lasell. She went directly to Chicago from here.

MAME SEIBERLING MANTON had a delightful trip with her husband to the Fair and the far West.

ALMENA SEAGRAVE is trying to impart that knowledge to others which was imparted to her while here, so she has accepted a position as a teacher at her home. We hope to welcome her sister here next year.

WE have all been pleased to have Clifford Warnock so long with us. Her sister will remain, but will not be the only one to miss Clifford when she leaves us.

NAN PEABODY HALL comes to cheer us and tell us of a lovely trip to the West and the World's Fair, which she has enjoyed this summer.

MISSSES ELLA EDDY and MARTHA DEARDORFF are attending Miss Cady's school in New Haven.

LAURA BROOKS is visiting Janette Brookmire.

LOTTIE EDDY's engagement is announced.

JESSIE LAW, '88, is this year a senior at the University of Nebraska.

BERTHA HARRIS ARMINGTON is at home at 199 Lexington Avenue, Providence, R. I. She is anticipating a visit from Laura Place.

✓ SUE BAKER writes from her new mission field, "twenty-five miles from the nearest railroad station and twelve miles from the post office." She has organized a mission school also a Sunday school for her new friends, the "Choctaws." In spite of the fact that there has been a "shooting scrape" at her very door, she seems full of courage. Among other plans she wants to have a Christmas tree. Here is a chance for the ex-members of the missionary society. Clothing or presents of any kind would be very gladly received. Address Miss Susanne S. Baker, Tomaha, Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory. ✓

HELEN CLEVELAND sends a letter full of kind words for her Lasell friends, from her home 1600 Downing Avenue, Denver, Col.

EDITH PARTRIDGE has had a lovely summer in Europe, but has returned, and will come to see us soon.

FLORENCE KAHN makes her début in Cincinnati this winter.

ALMA HUBBARD is keeping house, and finds her Lasell training very useful.

EMMA KENNEDY still continues her music. Emma hopes to be here next June for Commencement.

VINNIE ROSE has had, during the past summer, some of her Lasell friends with her; among them were Mabel Lord and Emma Kennedy.

HARRIET LEWIS has entertained some of her Lasell friends this summer at her charming home in Urbana.

MAE HEALEY was seen at the World's Fair. She has also been to Alaska.

MADELEINE MEEGAN sends from her new school a letter of longing for Lasell.

IDA SHORT and Esther Scouller are having a gay season at home, but still think of Lasell with tender interest.

CARRIE FISHER MELLEN sends a tiny card bearing the name of Albert Fisher Mellen, July 23, 1893. Our congratulations.

OUR trio seems incomplete without Jo Steele.

WE quote the following from a Decatur paper: "Ella Race, of Decatur, is a musician of rare ability, and had it been a question of livelihood with her, there is no doubt that she would have won a wide reputation as a singer. She studied near Boston where special care was given to her vocal training; her pure, powerful voice being cultivated to its utmost range in a school which aims at thoroughness rather than shallow brilliancy." *That is Lasell.*

PROF. T. S. C. LOWE, who has won a great success as the "projector, builder, and presiding genius of the Mount Lowe Railway, Cal.," has five daughters who are LASELL girls. We are proud of him as well as his girls, and wife.

DR. HELEN PIERCE sends a letter of greeting at the opening of the term, and speaks of an improvement in health, a fact which her many friends will be glad to note.

GRACE STEBBINS (84-85), called with Mabel Hutchinson this summer. Grace has spent much time abroad in recent years, and it is hinted that she will grace an English home next winter.

LIZZIE DAVIS writes from Florence, Italy, that she is enjoying thoroughly the art and music of the "Lily of the Amo." She expects to return to America this fall.

MR. BRAGDON met Nellie Taft in the Boston & Albany station this summer. She was looking well and happy. She said, "I wish I was coming back to Lasell."

CHARLOTTE WHITE is to spend the winter studying in France.

JUNE HOYT longs for the East and Lasell, but finds her surroundings in Olympia as lovely as ever.

GERTRUDE GLEASON is continuing her organ music, and is to be congratulated on her success.

WE quote from a recent Monday edition of an Evansville daily, "Mrs. Ben Griffith Thompson (Sade Hollingsworth) sang the offertory. Mrs. Thompson's selection was adapted to her voice, itself of singular beauty, richness and purity." We endorse the judgment.

CALLERS during summer vacation : —

MISS HELEN LORING.
 MR. AND MRS. HARRY PENNELL.
 MISS EDITH WARD.
 MRS. WARD.
 MISS ELIZABETH MERRIAM.
 MISS BERTHA SIMPSON.
 MISS MAUD E. L. STONE.
 MRS. E. S. BEST, Rosa's mother.
 MISS LILLA RICHARDSON.
 MISS SUE BROWN AND FRIENDS.
 MR. AND MRS. C. W. CUSHING.
 MR. AND MRS. CARL CUSHING.
 MR. FRED CUSHING.
 MISS GRACE STEBBINS.
 MISS MABEL HUTCHINSON.
 MRS. HARLEY E. FOLSOM (Jennie Darling).
 MRS. F. H. BRIGGS (Ada Langley).
 MRS. E. A. GILSON (Clara Conant, a student here in 1861).
 MISS BLANCHE ELLIS.
 MISS FLINT, (a daughter of Hannah Harding who was here in 1861).
 MISS EDITH GALE.
 MISS MAY MERRILL.
 MISS CLIFFORD WARNOCK.
 MISS SUSIE RICHARDS.
 MISS EVA MORGAN.
 MISS NELLIE RICHARDS.
 MRS. J. R. DRAPER (Nellie Packard).
 MISS MARY PACKARD.
 MR. SIMPSON (Ida's brother).
 MISS MOLLIE LATHROP.
 MISS EVELYN MASON.
 MISSES MARGARET AND MABEL MORSE.
 PROF. HOMER B. SPRAGUE, who lectured here so successfully a few years ago.

Our friends sometimes speak of the good quality of our food supplies.

When it is known that our coffee is from the Shapleigh Coffee Co., of Broad Street, Boston, and of the very best Java brand only, it is not strange that we are so often asked, — "Where do you get it?"

HIS LETTER.

"DEAR FATHER:

Please excuse," he wrote,
 "The hurried shortness of this note,
 But studies so demand attention
 That I have barely time to mention
 That I am well, and add that I
 Lack funds; please send me some. Good-bye.
 Your loving son."

He signed his name,
 And hastened to — the foot-ball game.

Harvard Lampoon.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES BY THE SUCCESSIVE CUSTODIANS OF LASELL HEADQUARTERS.

MABEL FALLEY'S REPORT, JULY 1-15.

THE first two weeks of July brought many visitors, some old girls, some new, and a few who have not yet entered the school, but hope to find a place there some time. Of course many parents and friends came with the girls, and when one adds those who stopped to make inquiries and casual callers, the total is a large number of visitors daily. There was a group of admiring spectators before the doors most of the time. Every one who passed had about the same comments to make: "Isn't it sweet!" "How perfectly lovely!" "See this dainty little room!" and so on. It became very amusing to hear how one after another used the same expressions, blissfully unconscious of the fact that he (or she) was repeating what every one who had gone before had said.

Some of the hottest and most trying days of the summer came during these two weeks, which of course affected the number of callers more or less, though not so much as might have been expected, for on more than one sultry, stifling day several new names were registered.

Among the callers was Miss Briggs, daughter of one of the first principals and one of the very few who have honored the school by being born in it. Dearly as we may love our Alma Mater, not many of us can say with this lady that she is really our own and not an adopted mother.

Among the teachers who found their way to the headquarters, were Mr. and Mrs. Cassedy, now, at the head of Norfolk College for Women, Virginia, Miss Tappan who was there in 1880-82, Miss Sheldon, Miss Carpenter and Miss Roth. Many seemed disappointed at not finding Prof. Bragdon in the city.

On the whole the two weeks of playing hostess in our little blue and white parlor were decidedly pleasant, and form an experience which one would be glad to repeat when the next World's Fair comes to Chicago.

MRS. SHEPHERD'S REPORT, JULY 15-31.

SINCE I left the fair the middle of May the "Room for Organizations" had indeed changed its appearance, for now the spaces were filled

with banners and decorations which made it very bright and attractive.

We found Mabel Falley, the custodian of our "Rendezvous," presiding with dignity and a very pleasant welcome — which I am sure had made Lasellians feel at home. My first day was one of enjoying "the enchantment of a fairy land," but on the 17th I was greeted with the merry voices of many old girls, usually asking first for Mr. Bragdon, then for Miss Carpenter, whom they found so near, though seldom "in", so busy was she with the Educational Congress and the Fair "between times." Some of the girls decided the only way they could see her was to propose an hour, and she kept the "tryst" and made them feel their coming to the Fair was worth much to them. To one of them I owe my first sensations on the Intramural Railroad and a good luncheon and visit in the Casino. Each day new arrivals made that day seem better than the last, in enjoying their pleasure in "our pretty space" registering and looking over to see "who's here now?" and making appointments for a meeting which could not have been without our booth in such a crowded city.

It gave no small gratification also, that those who had been many years away appreciated with a genuine home feeling, the having such a place in which to renew the friendships of school-days. Often the married one's first query was, "Where are the grand-children? I want to show you mine." It was remarkable to see how in touch with all that is going on now the girls feel, and also how they keep up the whereabouts of so many, and of things going on outside.

One of them brought in a dainty lace handkerchief, just bought from Madame Mariotti who in the Italian exhibit had charge of the queen's laces besides those for sale wrought by peasant girls. I was interested soon afterward to hear how Madame M. was deposed from the secretariat of the commission by Countess di Borzza, who had once been her bosom friend, but could not let her be on the "Commission" because "Madame acts as an employee."

Florence Cronise said we would find her in the busy street of Cairo, and I am sure it will not seem as foreign as it looks, to find there "one of us" when we go to see its sights.

Other girls were employed in the farm house on the "Midway," where I was assured I would find a good New England dinner, and proved it true.

It was a real treat, each day, to see quietly passing our booth a face that was said to be "one of the sweetest on the white roads," that of Susan B. Anthony. What made its restfulness and peace? Perhaps that in the years through which she has struggled, women *have* come to a foothold, or "a busy life that brings a contentment!" She was entertained by Mrs. Mary Wright Sewell, a school-mate of the old days in N. W. Female College, who has with her husband established a pleasant house for the season and where they are "At home" to their friends every Wednesday evening. I was sorry that I could not avail myself of her invitation to meet there the many notables who fill their parlors, for those who can enjoy the social side of this great World's Fair find in it an inestimable pleasure; but only once did I indulge, when Miss Carpenter and I escorted each other to a reception of the lady managers to Mrs. President Palmer and Col. Fred and Mrs. Fred Grant, and though the rooms were filled with the *élite*, foreign and American, I wished heartily, all the girls could have seen how simplicity in dress ruled, especially in the ladies receiving — elegant and simple — as though what one could say, was more than how one could be dressed!

The two weeks in July had been warm in temperature, but the beautiful lake cooled even that to comfort, especially in the evenings, when the illuminations of the lagoon and Wooded Island and Court of Honor made me feel that nowhere else could such a scene be enjoyed. This came to me with peculiar beauty upon the evening of July 31, — just before giving into the care of the next custodian, the dear little meeting-place of so *many old and new Lasell girls*.

MISS GENN'S REPORT, AUG. 1 TO SEPT. 1.

THE month of August spent in a large city would not, ordinarily, promise any great pleasure or comfort, but in that wonderful "white city," which at the present time is our national pride, we found unfailing sources of delight, and so many things to enjoy, that verily our cup was filled to overflowing.

How could a month spent at the "Lasell Booth" in such lovely surroundings, be otherwise ! To enumerate the various occurrences which helped to make our sojourn there so happy, would leave no room for the many little items which rounded out the whole to the most charming proportions, and which could hardly be described in common or uncommon words. Each day brought some dear and welcome face of our Lasell family to its pretty home in the Woman's Building, and many precious bits of reminiscence and news of general interest helped to bring back most happy recollections of a well-remembered past.

The pride which seemed to possess each girl as she walked into the "Headquarters" at the Fair and invited parents, friends or sweetheart to "come right in," or escorted her husband so patronizingly into Lasell Boudoir, was quite refreshing, and showed how well appreciated has been the Columbian endeavor of Lasell. Continued expressions of delight and praise for the booth itself have come spontaneously all day long.

Bear with me while I recall a few of them, even if you choose to call them "gushing." "This is the most charming spot in the Woman's Building." "Well, isn't this the dearest dearie little room, so delicate and artistic?" "Does n't that look like pure, sweet, young girls." "How sweet and dainty!" One little petted child cried for her papa to buy this booth to take home for her dolls to live in. A group of enthusiastic maidens exclaim "What exquisite taste is displayed in this space." "Is n't this a perfect little Paradise?" "The Lasell exhibit is certainly a great credit to Lasell ; its field of labor is so artistically expressed in the various designs on the panels." "One might know that Lasell was a New England school; Massachusetts is a great place for education." Others declare this little space for Lasell a good advertisement, which it surely is, as the demand for catalogues seems undiminished day by day.

Could anything more be done to make Lasellians welcome at Chicago we are sure Mr. Bragdon would not fail you. He has gone there now to greet you with his own voice and hand.

THE girls say "The Seminary is getting to be so fanatically sanitary that it even boils the water to swim in."

IN MEMORIAM.

LIZZIE SHINN ENTERED INTO LIFE ETERNAL
OCT. 13, 1892.

So soon are gone bright Summer's hours !
So soon comes Autumn's chilling blast !
E'en now amid our rose-twined bowers
The withered leaves fall thick and fast.

Soon flee the warblers from the woods,
And, through the leaflets dead and sear
And deep untrodden solitudes,
Swells the low requiem of the year.

Yet not for these alone we sigh :
Spring will the withered flowers renew,
The birds will carol merrily,
Heaven smile serenely blue.

But when the icy hand is laid
In silence on the pulseless heart,
When life's last flickerings fade
And life's last hues depart,

Shall Spring's warm hour, or Summer's breath,
Or blushing morn, or eventide,
Bring from the gloomy gates of death
The loved ones to our side ?

The eye that mirrored hope and truth,
The music of the kindly tone,
The joyous laugh, the smile of youth,
The hand that clasped our own, —
All slumbering in the silent dust.
Alas for human love and trust.

And she the well beloved of yore
Heeds not where light or darkness falls
Her footsteps bend the flowers no more
Nor echo through these halls.

Come, silent thought, when day is o'er
And twilight shadows gather fast,
Come, to the weary heart, restore
Long treasured memories of the past ;
And o'er the sorrowing spirit shed
The hallowed presence of the dead.

And as we muse with tear-dimmed eyes
Faith looks the grave's dark portals through
And lo ! a gleam of Paradise
Lights up our lonely paths anew.

MARRIED.

IN Painesville, Ohio, June 19, Annie L. Gage
to Mr. Charles E. Booth. At home, Painesville,
Ohio.

IN Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 31, Helen H. Thresher
to Prof. J. C. Hartzell, Jr., of Claffin Univer-
sity. At home, after Oct. 1, Orangeburg, S. C.

AT Knoxville, Tenn., Tuesday, Oct. 3, Mary Hood to W. B. Gillispie. The new home will be at Bristol, Tenn.

IN Cromwell, Conn., Sept. 6, Susan C. Hallock to Mr. William P. Couch. At home after Nov. 1, 56 West Locust Street, Dubuque, Iowa.

IN Manchester, N. H., Oct. 4, Mabel A. Williams to Mr. Herbert D. Pickering. At home after Nov. 20, Andover Street, Lowell, Mass.

NELLIE E. OSGOOD to Mr. Frederick L. Card, Wednesday evening, Oct. 18, at Somerville, Mass.

IN Decatur, Ill., Oct. 11, Moseeta I. Stafford to Mr. Walter C. Vaughan. At home after Nov. 15, 28 Irving Street, Cambridge, Mass.

IN Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 6, Mary Hazlewood to Mr. Lauren N. Rennick. Present address, 123 Monroe Street, Grand Rapids.

GONE FORWARD.

AMID the sunshine of the vacation season several homes dear to Lasell have been shadowed by the clouds of affliction.

One of the pretty suburban homes of Chicago was left desolate in August, by the death of Katherine Forsyth Herr, wife of Mr. E. M. Herr. After three years of happy married life her work is done. She was at Lasell in '81-'82, and is remembered by those who knew her in her school days as a delightful friend.

MRS. MYRTLE GREENE HARVEY, of Auburndale died at her former home, Decatur, Ill., during a visit the past summer. Mrs. Harvey had been ill for some time but her friends did not think she was to leave them so soon. Our sympathies are with them.

THE news of the death of Mr. E. G. Wallace, has reached us. We share the sorrow with his three daughters, Carrie, Mrs. Chas. E. Hussey, '82, Miss Annie Wallace, '83, and Josie, Mrs. Robert V. Sweet, '88.

By some oversight the death of Mrs. J. C. Oswald on March 25, was not noted in an earlier edition. Mrs. Oswald, the mother of Bertha and Emma, was an ideal wife and mother. She will be missed by all who knew her.

THE death of Mr. Jacob Fibley, father of Grace and Lou came Sept. 18. Mr. Fibley was one of the best-known citizens of Marion, and was influential in business and church circles.

A SAD little note from Frances Davenport brings the announcement of the sudden death of her mother, which occurred at her home in Elkhart, Ind., Sept. 8. Frances was at Lasell in '91-'92. We wish we could do more than extend our deep sympathy to her in this great affliction.

THE death of Mrs. Lydia C. Morrisson, grandmother of Bertha Morrisson and of Lestra Hibbard Morrisson, occurred July 7. Mrs. Morrisson was widely known for her kind and philanthropic spirit.

MABELLE BARNARD.

AMID the delights of vacation days, and while messages of friendly greeting came to Lasell, describing the unusual joys of a summer in 1893, there came one August day the following sad and unexpected message:—

Died, in Hartford, on the morning of August 18, at the residence of her parents, Mabelle Agnes Barnard, aged twenty years.

Mr. Bragdon went at once to Hartford to sympathize with the bereaved parents, and was present at the impressive funeral services conducted by Mabelle's pastor, the Rev. J. H. Twichell, of the Congregational Church. In a room embowered with roses was placed the casket covered with cream silk plush, and upon a pillow of exquisite flowers, reposed the beloved and only child, in the calm beauty of her final sleep. Very sincere was the universal sorrow when the funeral cortege reached Cedar Hill Cemetery, and the last sad rites were ended.

Our friend and schoolmate had a large circle of devoted friends, both in Hartford and in Lasell, who deeply mourn her untimely death, and lament that a life which promised so much of usefulness and happiness should have failed to reach its complete fulfilment.

We recall her so vividly as she sat in Chapel with radiant countenance, and find it difficult to realize that we shall see her there no more, and

that upon Commencement Day we shall not welcome her within our halls.

We would place *our* names upon the long, long list of those who have expressed deepest sympathy for the heart-broken parents.

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC
NOVELTIES IN

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The finest and most extensive line in Boston. DOWN PILLOWS (in white) ready for covering. PILLOWS and QUILTS made and covered to order. . . .

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If YOU DESIRE TO PURCHASE A

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Complimentary Gift*

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MONTH, WE WOULD
BE PLEASED TO SHOW
YOU OUR

SUPERB COLLECTION

OF SUITABLE ARTICLES
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Original Designs for Entire and Complete Interiors a Speciality.

Frescoing and Painting,
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Fine Woodwork,
Mantels, Furniture, Carpets,
Wall Papers, Drapery, Upholstery,
Tiles and Parquet Flooring.

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Lasell's World's Fair Case and Lasell's Dining Room and Stair Case are Specimens of our Designing and Workmanship.

LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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LASELL LEAVES.

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BY THE

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Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

GIRLS, where has the time flown? Seven weeks since school commenced, and who can realize that the first term of study is nearly over? We have all been so busy we have had no time to count the days as each one has flown past us, bringing with it cares and pleasures. But despite the many duties of a student life, we have found time, day by day, to watch the ever-varying beauty of our autumn landscapes. We are assured by accurate observers that the scarlet of the maples has not been so intensely bright this year as in 1892, that the marvellous atmospheric effect has been wanting, which Shelley has described as,

"Like a vaporous Amethyst
Or an air, dissolvèd star."

But we have found the light as beautiful as ever, and the death of summer has been amid beauties innumerable. With the falling leaves many lives have been suddenly cut off; losses which can never be replaced. In the musical world, Gounod and Tschaikowsky have been taken away leaving their grand works as fitting monuments to keep their memories ever fresh in the hearts of music-loving people. Another death which was a great surprise in its suddenness was the assassination of Mayor Harrison, of Chicago. This event put the whole city in mourning and the last two days at the Exposition, instead of happiness and grandeur, were turned, by the madman's bullet, into days of gloom and grief. Instead of the wonderful ceremonies which had been planned for the day, the simple lowering of the flag at sunset was the only token that the most phenomenal international exhibit was over. When one thinks of the changes wrought there in the few weeks since the close, who cannot but involuntarily wish so much splendor and beauty could remain undisturbed. If we were to revisit now those

places where we lingered so willingly, would we be able to recognize them? Think of that German exhibit being torn down; those bronze horses descending reluctantly, no doubt, from their lofty position, the dainty French dresses, which are so fearfully and wonderfully made, being packed in cases and shipped back to Worth and Redfern; all these things seem hardly possible when we recall the perfect display we saw there such a short time since. But worst of all, can you picture the buildings of the White City crumbling away, slowly sinking into nothingness, disappearing from sight forever; in fact, from the White City it has become the Vanishing City.

It is hard to believe that all the shimmering whiteness of these structures is so perishable that if the hand of man did not soon remove them, time would certainly and quickly do its work. And it all looked so durable! Can we not learn a vital lesson from this? That the objects which appear most dazzling are often those which will stand the least wear, that it is not the girl who makes the most show and seems to be the most brilliant and versatile that wears well in the long run, but the one who is genuinely endowed in mind and heart, — whose aims and purposes are lofty and who seeks approbation rather than admiration. A contributor to the last month's "Atlantic" wrote: "I hope and believe that I shall live to see the time when a man will blush to say a clever thing." This may seem queer, but are there not many people in this world who are continually trying to show their cleverness, while the dull, serious, and plodding ones can outdo the clever by prolonged and united effort. As one of our daily papers, commenting upon this "Atlantic" article, says: "The great fault with clever people is this: 'They do not help us to get forward, there is nothing to get out of them.'"

THE following statistics give us a good idea what a success and what a stupendous undertaking the Columbian exposition was. To those who have not happened to see these figures they may be interesting. Nearly \$30,000,000 were expended upon buildings and grounds, changing a vast swamp into a Garden of Eden. To give us a clearer conception of the financial

success comparison is useful. Twenty-eight million admission fees were paid to see the great fair in Paris, 1889. The sum total of paid admissions in Chicago was 21,000,000. But the cost of a ticket was twenty cents in Paris, while it was half a dollar for all in Chicago. The largest single day's attendance in Paris, was under 400,000. In Chicago it was 750,000 souls. To the enormous sum, \$21,000,000, expended on preparation work, must be added the millions expended upon government and state buildings, so that the aggregate reached about \$30,000,000. To repay this would have been impossible if the returns of Oct. 9, had not been so enormous; when the entire indebtedness was cancelled and all construction and current expenses paid. Excepting the financial panic, everything has helped to prosperity. Finer weather could not have been expected — rarely a rainy day, and hardly a hot one in all the summer. Not only has the Fair been a stupendous success, but has benefited not only Chicago but the whole country to a great extent.

UN POÈME PAR MOIS.

LE SOLEIL D'HIVER.

I.

En hiver la terre pleure;
Le soleil froid, pâle et doux,
Vient tard, et part de bonne heure,
Ennuyé du rendez-vous.

II.

Leurs idylles sont moroses,
Soleil! aimons! Essayons.
O terre, où donc sont tes roses?
Astre, où donc sont tes rayons?

III.

Il prend un prétexte, grêle,
Vent, nuage noir ou blanc,
Et dit: — c'est la nuit, ma belle! —
Et la fait en s'en allant;

IV.

Comme un amant qui retire
Chaque jour son cœur du nœud,
Et, ne sachant plus que dire,
S'en va le plus tôt qu'il peut.

VICTOR HUGO.

OUR LATIN CLASS IN VIRGIL.

"WE are seven!" Yes, eight, counting our honored teacher. Every morning with the exception of Tuesday, the eleven o'clock bell finds us wending our way, or rather elbowing it, toward room number two, through a goodly crowd of Lasell's one hundred and fifty girls who are also waiting in the same hall for a summons to go and delight their teachers with brilliant recitations. Frequently, we are detained a few minutes in order to allow the very large class, which has been reciting the previous hour, to pass out.

We get settled at last, five on the front seat, and two on the second from the front, for you must know we are so interested in our translating, that we scorn to occupy the back seats; and another *little* reason I suppose, is, that if we take up our positions in the rear the room looks deserted.

The lesson usually begins with the scanning of the advance translation, and oh, what a time some of us have, or rather did have, for now most of us are able to make the little feet trip along quite smoothly.

Miss F. was very cautious at first, and carefully gave an even accent to every syllable in the line, to avoid all mistakes. Speaking of mistakes the same young lady on first acquaintance with the great lord of Olympus, familiarly called him Joe.

Miss M. has been agonizing over "*Arma virumque cano*," etc., but I think most of us if awakened in the middle of the night or even at 6.45 A. M. could immediately repeat those seven lines, and actually be thinking of something else at the same time.

Occasionally we differ in our translations. Miss L——e's idea of the meaning of the line "*Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago coniungis*" was "But the very image of her husband came into her troubled sleep." Miss L——d differed, and thought it ought to read "But the unburied ghost of her husband visited her in her sleep." At last Miss A. came to the rescue of the poor ghost and let *inhumati* modify *coniungis*.

It is really wonderful to look back and see how much more sedate and scholarly we have grown since we took on the title of junior. My mind wanders back to our humble sophomore

days when a certain quartette of young ladies used to study their Latin lessons together. If I remember correctly, we, oh no, they, would study say five minutes, and then an intermission of ten minutes would follow. Frequently these intermissions were made very interesting as well as instructive by recitations by Miss T. I call to mind one now, entitled "*Little Johnny Tells a Story*," which gave quite an insight into natural history, and the thoughts and feelings of domestic animals.

One evening Miss T. entertained them with some of her graceful dancing, and they must have expressed their pleasure quite audibly; for Mrs E. gently knocked on the door and inquired what was the matter. Well, as I said before, such proceedings are a thing of the past, it may possibly be, because two of those four young ladies are taking French this year in place of Latin; but who knows, there are so many mysteries in this world; and besides the Junior Latin class will so soon leap into Senior studies that it has no time to spend on intermissions and trivialities.

G. E. L.

A TRIP TO SHAKER TOWN.

COMPARATIVELY few people know much about the Shakers, and possibly it will not be amiss if I attempt to describe a visit, made during the summer to a Shaker community in Canterbury, N. H.

First it may be well to say a word as to the belief of this peculiar sect.

The Shakers were formerly united with the Quakers, and termed themselves the "United Band of Believers in Christ's Second Coming." They afterwards became separated from the Quakers, and changed their views to a considerable extent. The Shakers of to-day oppose the idea of marriage and dwell in communities by themselves, believing that they are "the elect of God."

Their mode of worship is peculiar as in it they exercise both body and soul. They believe themselves to be frequently under the immediate influence of spirit agency, both of angels and of the departed members of their own fraternity who have advanced further than those still in the

body, in the work of resurrection or redemption from the generative nature and order.

They have a ministry composed of two brethren and two sisters, whose oversight extends from one to three or four societies; also each family in every society has four elders, two brethren, and two sisters who have charge of the family, while the temporalities of each family are cared for by two deacons and two deaconesses.

It was with a decided feeling of curiosity, I must confess, that our little party set out one bright September afternoon, to pay a visit to the Shakers, and after a drive of several hours over the hills, with their beautiful scenery, we at length arrived at our destination.

The community was composed of three families, the one which we visited being called the "Church Family," from the fact of their nearness to the church. Our carriage drew up before a long, white, two story building with a narrow platform along the front. At the end of this porch (if it could be dignified by that name), was another very small platform, raised at a considerable distance above the other, and reached by a flight of narrow steps. This, we were informed, was for the women to alight upon when they dismounted from the wagons in which they had been carried to church, for it would be considered, among them, a breach of etiquette for a man to assist a woman in descending from her carriage.

We entered the house, which seemed to be official headquarters, and were shown into the office, a room faultlessly neat, with its yellow painted floor, and white curtains, ironed in stiff plaits, and draped back over a hook at one side of the window. Rows of drawers, one above the other, occupied one side of the room, while a large table and a few chairs made up the simple furniture. After waiting here for a few moments, a pretty young Shakeress in her gown of gray, with quaint little cap and bonnet, entered, and professed herself willing to show us about.

First we were conducted to their store, for the Shakers always expect their visitors to patronize them. All sorts of knick-knacks, such as needle-books, pen-wipers, emerys, feather fans, and carved work were here displayed, together with the delicious sugared nuts, which the Shakers alone know so well how to prepare. After we had

bought what we wished, we were turned over to one of the brethren, who, upon the receipt of a slight compensation, agreed to take us through the buildings.

First we visited the barns, with their lofts of fragrant hay, and watched the cows come in. We noticed that they were all of the same color, black and white, and the "brother" told us that the Shakers kept wholly the Holstein herd of cattle. The barns were quite as neat as the house, and bore evidence of indefatigable labor on the part of some one.

Next we visited the school-house, where the same order and cleanliness prevailed, and where was every convenience for teaching "the young idea;" thence we went to the work-shops, where all kinds of work were done, from carpentering and printing to organ making. On our way, we had speculated as to the daily life of the Shakers, and the youngest member of our party stated it as her opinion that Shakers never smiled, but her theory was quite put to flight by our jovial host, who laughed and joked incessantly as he showed us the different points of interest.

He took us to the kitchen, where the appetizing odor of food was quite tantalizing, and the dairies with their golden rolls of butter were equally interesting.

The laundry showed every modern labor-saving contrivance, and each woman seemed to have a particular part to do. The work is divided equally among the Shakers; the men performing the outdoor work and mechanical labor, while the women do the housework. The dining-room was pleasant, and we were interested to learn that the men and women never ate together. The houses had long corridors, the men occupying one side of the building, and the women the other.

The Shakers have considerable tracts of land which they cultivate, and their life seems a very peaceful and happy one, for they are devoted to their work and their religion.

The time had sped so fast during our sight-seeing that we were obliged to forego the pleasure of a longer stay, and prepare to wend our way homeward. The old Shaker bade us a friendly good-bye, and we drove out of Shaker village much enlightened as to the life of that peculiar but kindly people.

A RUN WEST

A few days to see my mother and the Lasell Booth and the dear old girls, who are much more to me than the booth. I spent from one to three or four hours each day at our little room and teased Jessie Vilas, who was in charge in her dignified way, and Bertha Morrisson, who was often there during October, though her term in charge was September. I cannot tell how much I enjoyed seeing my girls, both of yore and of recent time, and I knew them at sight,—all but one.

What memories the dear faces called up! How pleasantly and beautifully they have matured! With what pride did some show me their husbands and children!

More than ever was I determined to persevere in trying to fit my girls for homes, their rightful kingdoms! No one who has tried to make a home told me that she was sorry I taught her cooking, or that it was obligatory, but many thanked me for it. In this space I can only mention names of those I saw: Florence Huse and her two bright boys, Rosa Best, Blanch Ford and her Josiah, Blanche Sage and her "man," Minnie Strickland, Edith Flint, Edith Andrews and her "lord," Sallie King, Ada Marsh, Ida Phillips, Mary (not Mae any longer, please!) Stafford, Mabel Englehart (and her?) Blanche Merrill, Flora, Allie and Helen Gardner, Lucy Pinney, May Rice, Nora Westheimer, Virginia Prickett, Jessie Hill, Ella and Emma Peale, Bertha Hammond, Grace Keiler, the sister of Maggie and Leah Coutts, Alma Hubbard, Mrs. Farnum, mother of Josie, Anna Marbold, Mrs. Lincoln, Gertrude Reynolds, Nora and Elva Gibson (Nora is pretty near it!) Delia Davis, Frances Lamme, Nellie Brown, Lida Brooks and her husband, and dear boy, Emma Russell, Lina Jones, (same old Lina) Lucy Roberts, Hattie Peck, Louise Bull, Anna Kellogg, Margaret Cook, who is now on the self-governed list, Mary Wilson, Hattie Clark, Mary Hanson, Gertrude Penfield, Jessie Reece, and Helen Gilbert.

We were also pleased to meet Miss Beulah Strong, our Mrs. Strong's daughter, who was doing the Fair with a half-dozen bright girls from the school in Bowling Green, Ky., where she is a valued teacher; also our good neighbors, Mrs. Miller and Frank, who stayed too short a time;

and Mrs. Dyer, our hostess three years ago in Kobe, Japan, and a friend of Misses Webb and Hough, of Jackson, Mich.

Have I left out any? If so, it is not because I did not enjoy seeing her, but because I was so busy seeing that I forgot to jot down the name, and just now it slips me (just as a lesson does which you know perfectly, but can't recall just at the moment you want it!) but will come to me in my memories of those happy days and faces!

You know some of these have other names, but the old ones come to me first and you will know them best by them.

I slipped up to St. Paul and saw Minnie Ransom and her two sturdy boys, and Elizabeth Hance, as courteous and as dear as ever, Annie Kirkwood, who has not had a very good summer but is now better, Mr. and Mrs. Lillibridge, cordial and solid in the esteem of that great church, of whose fine new building Mr. L. was largely the creator, our dear little Ella Wassemer, just back from Berlin with her brave boy, who was asleep and so imperceptible. I tried to see other Minneapolis girls, but some were "out" and I was not able to go over on two days I had set for them.

I ran down to Cincinnati, and reveled three short days in the haunts of my first teaching life and the dear friends who have been stanch and true all these years, the Dymonds, the Thornes, the Ebersoles, the Wells, the Manns and others. Here saw Carrie Ebersole on her first public appearance with the dear little boy, two weeks old, whose head is covered with black hair, Mary Ebersole, her beautiful new home and her darling baby girl who let me carry her, Florence Mann who is in Cincinnati University, Florence Wells, who teaches the young bodies how to gymnasticate in the public schools. I tried to find Florence Kahn and Maude Stone, and Mrs. Peabody, but missed them by railroad delays.

I saw the delightful homes of Else Doepke and Helen Cooke, met Mrs. Doepke and Aunt Lucy, and Mr. Cooke, an old friend Mrs. Mears and her daughter, an old pupil, who kept up Cin's reputation for hospitality, Dr. and Mrs. Hartzell who are well pleased with the new daughter Lasell has given them in Helen Thresher; tried to find Mr. Gano, Alice Beesley's guardian, a prominent man in Cincinnati business circles; had a charming hour with

our Alice House, '83, whose reputation as a writer is fast becoming fame (I have an idea of asking her to teach *Journalism* here, what think, girls?) and her gracious mother.

We found Grace Corre Harvey and her baby boy in her Avondale home, and she was very nice to us. Sue Miles Kinsey in Mt. Auburn is the glad mother of a second child, too young to receive us, so we sent our love, and the Ebersoles surprised us with Lizzie Atwater Sterrett's winning face at the door of her own house on the same street with Mary E., and last but not least, little Matie Bugbee, whom I used to give Latin A. B. C., in Cincinnati, fairly confounded me with two daughters, grown taller than she is, of whom I'd not be ashamed even in a Lasell crowd. I could not believe the years had gone so fast.

C. C. B.

OUR CASTLES IN SPAIN.

I.

FAR over the sea is a fairy land,
Where the skies are always blue;
Where the sun ever shines o'er the golden strand,
In whose forests roam the fairy band,
And where blossom flowers of brightest hue.
'Tis the beautiful country of Spain, you know,
Where we all in fancy so often go.

2.

The rain ne'er falls is this country fair,
And chilly winds ne'er blow.
Soft zephyrs fan the balmy air,
Waving palms hide the sun's hot glare.
Winter ne'er comes, there is never snow
In the beautiful country of Spain, you know,
Where we so often in fancy go.

3.

The air with songs of birds is fraught,
Birds with bright plumage gay.
Nothing is sold, there is nothing bought,
For with fairies's gifts one wants for naught,
And all are happy the livelong day
In the beautiful country of Spain, you know,
Where we all in fancy so often go.

4.

From each flower a diamond reflects the sun,
And silver pavements gleam.
'Twixt mossy banks the streamlets run.
Everyone's work is always done,
And life is a happy, dazzling dream
In the beautiful country of Spain, you know,
Where we all in fancy so often go.

5.

Splendid castles there are in Spain
All built of purest gold;
Their marble halls with gems inlaid.
Midst flowers and fountains one fain would remain,
Where silken couches to rest unfold,
In the beautiful country of Spain, you know,
Where we all in fancy so often go.

6.

Each castle a valorous knight doth claim
In wealth and virtues fair.
And Cupid, that elf of time-honored fame,
Shoots his arrows exactly the same
For Love is not wanting there,
In the beautiful country of Spain, you know,
Where we all in fancy so often go.

7.

Dear loved friends our happiness share,
And life is a whirl of pleasure,
Joys untold e'er banish care,
Sorrow's blights never enter there,
And the spirit is soothed by music's soft measure,
In the beautiful country of Spain, you know,
Where we all in fancy so often go.

8.

When day and night at twilight meet,
And the sky with gold's o'ercast,
We summon our fairy chariot fleet,
And borne away by magic sweet,
Our cares are forgot, for we've reached at last,
The beautiful country of Spain, you know,
Where we all in fancy so often go.

M. W. '94.

LOCALS.

A WARMER reception could not have been given to any one than the girls gave to Prof. Bragdon upon his return from Chicago.

WITH the chilly days of November came gymnasium work, drill, and Miss Call's classes. Her teaching is optional this year, but many girls, both old and new, have joined her class, and with that strange perversity that characterizes human nature when one is not obliged to do anything, the number increases wonderfully. The old girls are more advanced in this line, and have a separate instruction.

"Gym" has a bright outlook, as all seem to have entered with vigor and interest, and we are hoping for a treat such as the pupils gave last year.

The Seniors may choose their own exercise and their own time, but two divisions a day are necessary.

Again drill has begun, and our soldiers are busy at work. Much regret is felt, that more have not wished to join the battalion this year, as only two companies can now be formed, and three make the competition greater.

One of our captains seems to have a brilliant future before her, having rapidly been brought into prominence through an interview with a reporter of a Boston paper. Then followed a request for her to lecture at one of Massachusetts' institutes of learning. Because of her busy time, she will not accept the offer at present. She may, however, after June, 1894.

MONDAY, Nov. 6, being an exceedingly delightful day for walking, Prof. Bragdon took all that could and cared to go, over to Echo Bridge, a ride one way and a walk of four miles the other, and in this way a pleasant afternoon was passed.

MONDAY afternoon brings its usual number of callers, and the Western friendless girls wonder at the coolness of the Eastern ones when a card is handed the latter at such a time.

MISS HELEN MORRIS entertained some of the girls very pleasantly with a quotation party Saturday evening Nov. 11.

THE four lectures at West Newton by Mr. Lewis were attended by a few of the girls and were very interesting.

MILLE. LE ROYER chaperoned her Senior class to a French lecture at the Technology Friday evening, Nov. 16. It is needless to say that it was enjoyed by all.

CERTAINLY Rome was never portrayed in a more delightful form than it was by Mr. Percy Meredith Reese when he spoke to the pupils at Lasell.

NEW GIRL :— "Does cocoa come from the cocoanut?"

WISE JUNIOR :— Our food when we eat descends in our sarcophagus.

OCTOBER 28, the S. D. Society had its irregular meeting which was, as usual, a great success, judging from the beaming faces seen at its close.

OFFICERS OF S. D. SOCIETY.

| | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|--|
| <i>President</i> | | MABLE TAYLOR. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | | JESS J. JOHNSON. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | | FANNY FAIRCHILD. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | | MARGARET STEWART. |
| <i>Critic</i> | | SARA BOND. |
| <i>Ushers</i> | | { JULIA HAMMOND. ANNA WARNER. |
| <i>Executive Committee.</i> | | { ELIZABETH MCECHRON. ANNA WALSTON. ALICE BEESLEY. |

THE Lasellias' last irregular meeting was unusually enjoyable. It being the Saturday before Hallowe'en that event was celebrated with the capers of fairies and brownies, and the usual Hallowe'en tricks.

OFFICERS OF THE LASELLIA CLUB.

| | | |
|----------------------------|-----------|---|
| <i>President</i> | | GERTRUDE SHERMAN. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | | ELIZABETH WARNOCK. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | | ADA BARKER. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | | CARRIE MANNING. |
| <i>Executive Committee</i> | | { MOLLIE TAYLOR. LOTTA PROCTOR. HELEN MORRIS. |
| <i>Guards</i> | | { CARA SAWIN. MAUDE PARKS. NELLIE WILBUR. |

EACH Monday night brings us to our lecture on Sociology, and on Tuesday morning we are favored with either an oral or a written test upon the lecture, which may not be appreciated as much as the lecture itself.

Because of the lack of room in our October number the names of the new girls were omitted until now.

| | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| Virginia B. Alexander..... | Keokuk, Iowa |
| Martha E. Avery..... | Plymouth, Mass. |
| Minnie Bachrach..... | Kansas City, Mo. |
| Ada Barker..... | Bay City, Mich. |
| Grace Bartholomew..... | Southbridge, Mass. |
| Grace Beebe..... | Council Bluffs, Iowa |
| Alice Beesley..... | Denver, Col. |
| Sara R. Boas..... | Harrisburg, Penn. |
| Nellie M. Briggs..... | Somerville, Mass. |
| Edith M. Brodbeck..... | Brookline, Mass. |
| Gertrude Bucknum..... | Denver, Col. |
| Katherine Bucknum..... | Denver, Col. |
| Josephine Burkett..... | Belfast, Me. |
| Alice E. Burr..... | Hartford, Conn. |
| Blanche E. Cadot..... | Gallipolis, Ohio |
| Laura A. Chapman..... | Elgin, Ill. |
| Kittibel Chapman..... | Elgin, Ill. |
| Elizabeth E. Church..... | Tiverton, R. I. |

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Caroline Church..... | Tiverton, R. I. |
| Eleanor R. Clapp..... | East Weymouth, Mass. |
| Alice W. Clark..... | Uxbridge, Mass. |
| Flora E. D. Clark..... | Worcester, Mass. |
| Ruth Crandell..... | Auburndale |
| Clara Creswell..... | Denver, Col. |
| Annie M. Dickson..... | Martinsville, Ind. |
| Else Doepke..... | Avondale, Ohio |
| Sara A. Dunham..... | Providence, R. I. |
| Nettie A. Eldredge..... | Portsmouth, N. H. |
| Daisy M. Fischer..... | New York, N. Y. |
| Nora E. Fowler..... | Paris, Texas |
| Rena M. French..... | Chapin, Ill. |
| Emma H. Goll..... | Chicago, Ill. |
| Julia E. Hammond..... | Chicago, Ill. |
| Euada F. Hance..... | Wilkesbarre, Penn. |
| Olive Healey..... | Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Bessie S. Hayward..... | Temple, N. H. |
| Jessie M. Hunter..... | Toledo, Ohio |
| Margaret M. Johnson..... | Wellesley, Mass. |
| Marion Josselyn..... | Manchester, N. H. |
| Blanche L. Kelly..... | Worcester, Mass. |
| Annie B. Kerr..... | Chicago, Ill. |
| Ida M. Kessinger..... | Rome, N. Y. |
| Alice A. Kimball..... | Presque Isle, Me. |
| Edith A. Knapp..... | Auburndale, Mass. |
| Clara Lewis..... | Denver, Col. |
| Harriet M. Lord..... | Thompsonville, Conn. |
| Ethel Loud..... | Everett, Mass. |
| Edna Makepeace..... | Attleboro, Mass. |
| Dorothy M. Manning..... | Dayton, Ohio |
| Annie B. McKeown..... | Watertown, Mass. |
| Sadie Morrison..... | Allston, Mass. |
| Grace L. Newland..... | Englewood, Ill. |
| Mary D. Parker..... | Piqua, Ohio |
| Maud A. Parks..... | Toledo, Ohio |
| Josephine Pearl..... | Lawrence, Mass. |
| Kate S. Pennell..... | Atchison, Kan. |
| Eta May Pierson..... | Minneapolis, Minn. |
| Nellie M. Rawson..... | Des Moines, Iowa. |
| Annie E. Richards..... | Weymouth, Mass. |
| Mabel W. Sawyer..... | Dexter, Me. |
| Elizabeth S. Shaw..... | Newburyport, Mass. |
| Maude L. Shurtleff..... | Montpelier, Vt. |
| Bessie L. Smith..... | Lebanon, Ohio |
| Martha Solari..... | New Orleans, La. |
| Clara S. Souther..... | St. Louis, Mo. |
| Edith Starkey..... | Foxboro, Mass. |
| Alice E. Thurstin..... | Toledo, Ohio. |
| Julia Tulleys..... | Council Bluffs, Iowa |
| Nellie G. Wilber..... | Peoria, Ill. |
| Ella W. Wilson..... | New York, N. Y. |
| Marie Wilson..... | New York, N. Y. |
| Anna P. Warner..... | Washington, D. C. |
| Emily C. Warner..... | Detroit, Mich. |
| Elizabeth Warnock..... | Urbana, Ohio |
| Anna G. Whitman..... | Wollaston Heights, Mass. |

PERSONALS.

MARIETTA ROSE has accepted a position in the Hyde School, Newton Centre, Mass. She will be very glad to see any of her friends from Lasell at her home on Chester Street.

ANNA SEELEY SPRINGER sends a charming photograph of her sweet little Mildred for the grand-children's album.

MERCY SINSABAUGH writes enthusiastically of teaching three classes each morning in Washington Seminary, a new school which has just been established. She says it is more like a Boston school than any other in Washington, D. C.

MR. and MRS. E. L. MARTIN (*nee* Caroline Ebersole, Avondale, Ohio), have a real new baby boy; and Mary Ebersole Crawford, the sweetest little lass you ever saw, seven months old; and Mary never told us! Our congratulations.

A PLEASANT note came from Mrs. Major Wilcox, who with Mary found the Lasell Headquarters without knowing it was there, till they saw "Lasell" and then said "we might have known -- no other school does so much for the girls. Mary registered, and we were quite excited for the next hour, and only wished we could have found some one we knew as custodian, to tell us all about Lasell and send greetings to all who remember us."

ALICE LINSKOTT HALL, to whom we are indebted for the unwelcome news of Dr. Chamberlayne's passing on, was herself unable to come to Chicago, so registered her name by a friend from Drury College, where Mr. Hall is now professor of Greek. Alice also says that Nellie C. and her mother will remain in San Diego this winter. She adds, "I have received from my friend, Mrs. Ringland, a full description of Lasell Headquarters, a pencil sketch of its arrangement, etc. Many of my friends here have said such delightful things about it but Mrs. R. was unusually kind in giving details and I am sure every Lasell girl must have been proud of the old home." Alice is resting up. She was always a good worker. Now let us see if she learned also how to rest.

BLANCHE WILCOX writes:—

"We most certainly had more reason to be proud of our school than did any of the other girls who found their schools represented in the Woman's Building. I think the sweetest pleasure was that of showing to our friends what Lasell could do.

"I heard glowing accounts of the booth, early in the summer, from friends who knew nothing of the school excepting what they had heard of my pleasant year there.

"I feel quite as though I had been back on a visit for I have had so many delightful reminders of Lasell within the past few weeks."

She often sees Florence Hunsberger and Lila Warren, thinks the Lasell spoon very pretty, is planning to go to Montreal at once and promises Lasell a visit at no distant day. Keep your promise, Blanche.

IDA SIBLEY WEBBER writes that Miss Rawson has some very nice cousins in Holyoke and Harvard, that she and Mr. W. are waiting for the next World's Fair and wants to be remembered to all the dear ones at Lasell. Lily Flagg is at home after a long absence; Jenta Johnson Gill lives at home; also Kitty Prescott, whose grandmother has lately died. Thank you for writing, dear Ida.

NAN FISHER married a nice doctor and lives in Urbana, Ohio. Why don't you let us hear from you direct, Nan? Where is Louie? Also married, we hear, but where living? Mrs. Fisher lives in Avondale.

It will relieve some Lasell girls to know that one of the Chautauqua circle (not a Lasellian) answered in an examination, that Kadesh-Barnea was one of Abraham's wives!

MABEL HUTCHINSON, now of 306 Newbury Street, Boston, writes that she is getting the new home in order; that she saw "Lasell's dainty apartment" and liked it. That she saw Blanche Ford and Bessie Merriam (Elizabeth it is now, please;) that Grace Stebbins has visited Minnie Peck Caulkins in Detroit and expects to be in New York this winter.

SOME of the girls who are away from Lasell can't know how much pleasure they might give all their mates thereby, or they would oftener take the little trouble to write us personals. Do it, girls, please!

MRS. HAYDEN, mother of our Hayden girls — and Lasell never had better — made us a welcome call last week, and when we saw her we thought she was one of her own daughters, so gently does Time deal with this graduate of 1858.

THERE is already inquiry about a Lasell European party next summer. So those of you who want to go may be thinking about it. Details later.

LUCY PINNEY sent her love and said she wished she were coming back.

ELIZABETH HANCE said she had called on Nettie Libbey Fulton, but had not found her yet. Is there a mistake in the address, Nettie? We have it, 9 Florence Court, University Avenue., S. E., Minneapolis.

CAN any one tell us who wrote the Alligator Poems on the death of our defunct saurian?

"I AM paying three dollars an hour for what Miss Call used to give us free, and I wish I had taken more interest in it, then," said one loyal Lasellian, "and I learned to cook there and am glad it was obligatory." Take notice, girls!

I LEARNED in Minnesota that Lucy Phelps' mother died last October, and Lucy is keeping house for her father.

GRACE SKINNER is with her aunt, Mrs. L. B. Frye, Evanston, Ill., 4001 Davis Street.

GRACE McLAUGHLIN, of Cincinnati, is in Paris (see addresses) studying vocal culture. Said all she learned of Mr. Davis was approved by her Paris teachers, and every bit of it was right.

HARRIET JOY MARTYN sends a photo ("for the Rogues Gallery," Mr. Martyn says) for the grandchildren's album, and remarks that Joy Delos is a boy and not a girl as the LEAVES guessed by the name. Mrs. Harriet was in New Jersey so I missed seeing her. Sorry.

THE latest spelling of our name is "Lasellesse."

ELIZABETH FLEMING, who spent two weeks at Chicago, meeting many Lasellians, is now the leading soprano in the church choir and takes an active part in the Sabbath School. We miss her but are sure she will bring sweetness and light wherever she comes!

DOROTHY CHAPMAN thinks it dangerous for Lasell to train her girls as she does, for she has herself experienced the demand which is so general for them. It is a dark blue — a Yale man — and PERFECT. O, Dorothy! You, too!

FLORENCE MANN sent special regards to Prof. Rolfe. Says he has helped her a great deal. Sure enough. So he does all who want to be helped.

MISS EDITH GALE is teaching in the High School at Cochituate, Mass.

EFFIE SYMMS has been trying housekeeping and seems to enjoy it, finding Lasell cooking instructions very valuable.

ELIZABETH WINSLOW is having a gay time at her home.

JAMIE WATSON is now in Chicago, but expects to spend the winter travelling in California with her mother. We wish her *bon voyage*.

MAY RICE has not heard from the Lasellia Club yet.

MRS. DR. BRAGDON is responsible for this. Why is a man in a hurry, like a mummy? Because he is pressed for time.

EMILY ROWE is in Paris now. Susie Rowe was entertaining Mabel Lord at her beautiful new home in Evanston.

How many apples did Eve and Adam eat. Eve said 181, Adam said 1812, = 1993.

RUMOR has it that our famous Lasell artist, Elizabeth Gardner, has been married to Mons. Bougereau, whose pupil she has long been in art.

HAS it been told yet that Alice Ward is a happy mother? So. She lives in Carthage, Ohio, we heard.

WE were very sorry not to see Mabel Falley.

HATTIE STEVENSON DUNBAR lives in Augusta, Ky., not far from Cincinnati. Has four children, two of whom the Lord of the Upper Fold has taken to himself.

ESTHER BRIDGMAN LANE has been ill. To look at her, as we saw her at the Lasell reunion, one would think she never would be sick. We hope she is fully recovered.

BERTHA GRAY RICHARDS writes from her home in Moreno, Cal., that she is starting a Nineteenth Century Club; that she has not been to the World's Fair but that she expects to see some of the exhibits at the midwinter exposition in San Francisco; that she remembers pleasurably her stay at Lasell and the friendships then formed, and hopes that Lasell is still prosperous. We are glad to hear from Bertha.

HELP FOR NERVOUS WOMEN.

WE call special attention of all Lasell girls to the following statement about Dr. Helen F. Pierce, who is well known to many old Lasellians as our sweet and patient Shut-In, because of an accident while resident physician here. She has so far recovered as to begin practice at her home in Plymouth and desires two or three patients suffering from nervous prostration, whom she will take into her own home and give her undivided personal care. She says, "It is asserted by specialists that this disease is best treated away from the patient's town home, yet not in a general hospital. Of course the luxuries of a hospital, like Dr. Payne's, could not be expected for I shall charge no such price, yet I shall endeavor to combine the quiet and cosiness of a home with the hygiene and medical treatment of a hospital. Electricity will be used, and the diet and exercise regulated according to the advanced ideas of specialists in this line." Plymouth seems particularly adapted to a work of this kind, and we say emphatically that *no one* is better adapted by nature and fitted by medical training, and a sad but successful experience, to give just the right sympathy and care to such patients. Let all her Lasell friends — and they are legion — be special agents to let this offer of Dr. Pierce be known, and make special effort to give any suffering friend this rare opportunity for healing.

WORLD'S FAIR JOTTINGS.

MAN from Huntsville, Ala., comes in sight of Lake Michigan at Chicago and asks, "Let's see, what lake is this?"

OLD woman to Guard: "Please tell me which building the lagoon is in?"

ANOTHER: "And which one is the Ferris wheel in, please?"

KRUPP made the largest gun in the world, but Ferris the largest revolver.

Do you say Viking or Viking?

A MOTHER to her son as they look at the Wagner cars in Transportation Building: "Now, you see my son, what I have always told you, that no man can do well more than one thing — you see what an elegant train of cars Wagner made, but what miserable music!"

OLD man from the country to his wife as they halt before Exit. "Exit, what is that? Never mind, Maria, we've paid to see the whole show, and I'm going to see it all. Let's go in." In they go, and it costs them a dollar to get in again and begin over.

I NOTICED that a great many people in the Art Gallery spent more time in looking up the names of pictures and marking their catalogues than in looking at pictures. Catalogues in an art gallery are often a great nuisance.

A WOMAN to her neighbor while waiting for a train, "And I belong to a literary club at home, and so I have no time to lay 'round."

NAMES REGISTERED AT THE LASELL BOOTH

FROM SEPTEMBER 1 TO OCTOBER 30.

| | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Jessie M. Gaskill. | Edith G. Cunningham. |
| Annie M. Alexander. | Lucy T. Richmond. |
| Lizzie Baldwin. | Ada Swan (Mrs. Ada S. |
| Florence M. Pitcher. | Rollins). |
| Sallie Head. | Lottie E. Snell (Mrs. Geo. |
| Josephine Furniss. | Simms). |
| Eily Walpole. | Minnie H. Sherwood. |
| Bertha Wilson. | Florence T. Ryan. |
| Mabel M. Lutes. | Laura M. Hutton. |
| Helen B. Morris. | Trix Ninde (Mrs. C. A. |
| Gertrude White (Mrs. F. D. | Ross). |
| Pastorius). | Elizabeth Atwater (Mrs. H. |
| Blanche Shaver. | L. Sterrett). |
| Jean E. Hart. | Helen H. Thresher (Mrs. |
| Florence M. Kahn. | J. C. Hartzell, Jr). |
| Henrietta Wood (Mrs. F. | Harriett Noble. |
| E. Draper). | Ava F. Rawleigh. |
| Nena Williams (Mrs. | Grace Stebbins. |
| Woods Hutchinson). | Isabelle Warren (Mrs. L. |
| Mary P. Witherbee. | E. Hoyt). |
| Bertie O. Burr. | Jessie W. Hayden. |
| Lottie C. Eddy. | Mary Tulleys. |
| Ura L. Kelly. | Mary B. Davis. |
| Carolyn Clarkson. | Ethel Smith. |
| Madge Fernald. | Julia W. Anderson. |
| Amy S. Hall. | Sarah L. Almy. |
| Edith S. Hall. | Nancy B. Almy. |
| Evelyn M. Wires. | Jane Fitch. |
| Elizabeth A. Stockwell. | Hattie Fitch. |
| Florence E. Tower. | Bertha M. Oswald. |
| Jessie M. Baxter (Mrs. F. | Elizabeth Hance. |
| B. Black). | Emma Choate. |
| Elizabeth Merriam. | Lida B. Peck. |
| May Merrill. | Mayne W. Peck. |
| Louise Zschetzsche. | Susan C. Hallock (Mrs. |
| Willie M. Kennedy. | William P. Couch) |
| Grace C. Huntington. | Kate Colony (Mrs. James |
| Mary E. Brown. | A. Frye). |
| Adelaide Harding. | Mabel T. Eager. |
| Ellen C. Hunt (Mrs. S. B. | Mary Hazlewood (Mrs. |
| Colby). | Lauren N. Renwick). |
| Maud Oliver. | Marion B. Fessenden. |
| Lorena Stone. | Helen B. Medsker. |

| | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Anna M. Newkirk. | Julia Finne (Mrs. F. Mc. |
| Lestra M. Hibberd. | Naughton). |
| Hattie A. Adamson (Mrs. | Jennie Darling (Mrs. H. E. |
| C. H. Thompson.) | Folsom). |
| Annetta McDonald. | Blanch Sage (Mrs. Geo- |
| Martha McDonald (Mrs. | Holcomb). |
| John A. Dolman). | M. Alice Platt. |
| Marie McDonald. | Abbie G. Hartwell. |
| Mae E. Adamson. | Florence A. Hartwell. |
| Beulah H. Shannon. | C. C. Bragdon. |
| Jennie Quinlan. | Grace H. Snow. |
| Ella Quinlan. | Elizabeth Hatch. |
| Kate L. Boreck (Mrs. J. H. | Adelaide L. Pears (Mrs. |
| Crandall). | Gorham D. Gilman). |
| L. Priscilla Parmenter. | Abby W. Davis (Mrs. H. F. |
| Grace A. Johnson. | Vickery). |
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| Gertrude Bucknum. | Albert Whitney). |
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| Coffin). | Edith M. Flint (Mrs. Edw. |
| C. Louise Coffin. | Barker). |
| Della Fowler. | Katherine C. Watson. |
| Grace R. Coon. | Fanny A. Watson. |
| Elizabeth Fleming. | Edith G. Andrews (Mrs. |
| Nan Peabody (Mrs. W. A. | Edith A. Wright). |
| Hall). | Nellie Alling (Mrs. H. A. |
| A. Gertrude Cornell. | Thayer). |
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| F. Hill). | Emma N. Oswald (Mrs. E. |
| Mabel Hutchinson. | O. O'Brien). |
| Carrie S. Foster (Mrs. | Bertha Merryman. |
| Joseph Stickney). | Helen S. Pratt. |
| Bessie Williams. | M. Elizabeth Connor. |
| Ida E. Colburn. | Mary Blanche Busell. |
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 M. E. Spaulding (Mrs. A. T. Story).
 Mary A. Stafford.
 Virginia R. Prickett (Mrs. Wm. A. Burrowes).
 Elizabeth Prescott (Mrs. Clifton B. White).
 Frances B. Davenport.
 Anna Louise Bull.
 Alma R. Hubbard.
 Elizabeth S. Shaw.
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 Agnes M. Fanning (Mrs. J. E. Lancaster).
 Jessie H. McCord (Mrs. Wm. Mariner).
 Susan A. McCord.
 Alice M. Goodell.
 Evelyn A. Mason.
 L. Mabel Englehart.
 Marie Brotherton.
 Laura Whitney.
 Gertrude Newcomb.
 Ella M. Parsons (Mrs. Ella M. Fraser).
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 Edna Mabel Lowe.
 Anne Adams Brown.
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 Florence L. Stedman.
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 Mary Byram.
 Alice Linscott (Mrs. Alice L. Hall).
 Bertie Berlin.
 Gertrude F. Penfield (Mrs. F. A. Seiberling).
 Patti Means.
 A. Lina Jones (Mrs. H. A. Bourne, Jr).
 M. Nello Heffelfinger.
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 May Rice.
 Jessie Vilas.
 Annie Kirkwood.
 Maude E. Haller.
 Helen G. Packer (Mrs. A. M. Evans).
 Emma Russell.

THE following names were by some unaccountable mistake in copying omitted in the list for June :

MARY B. SEIBERLING (Mrs. Henry B. Manton).
 JESSIE McMILLEN (Mrs. Clayton Quaw).
 ELLA J. MORRISON.
 AGNES BATCHELOR (Mrs. James T. Wylie).
 BELLE LOUDON (Mrs. George Bragdon).
 MARY C. SHAW (Mrs. Charles W. Rogers).
 ELIZABETH S. TOWLE.
 MABEL C. TAYLOR.
 ANNIE T. HOWARD (Mrs. C. C. Farnham).
 AGNES F. ALDRICH (Mrs. H. M. Palmer).
 IDELLE PHELPS.
 LOITIE F. APPEL.
 HILDA KNOWLES.
 ELOISE KNOWLES.
 MARY E. TAPPAN.
 MABEL E. CROCKER.
 GEORGINA HASKELL.
 EDITH M. TAYLOR.
 ALICE L. HOLMES.
 GRACE S. HOLMES.
 LIL S. TUKEY.
 NORA WESTHEIMER.
 ALICE ANDREESEN.
 HELEN CLEAVELAND.
 GRACE SUTHERLAND.
 GRACE L. ALLEN.
 ETHEL E. RUCKER.
 ELEANOR E. LARRISON.

Up to Nov. 1, 740 have registered.

GONE FORWARD.

A TELEGRAM from our Ruby Blaisdell tells of her dear mother's death on Oct. 31, and funeral on Friday, Nov. 3. Our deepest sympathy for those three orphan girls.

NELLIE CHAMBERLAYNE, of Utica, N. Y., has met with a sad, though not unexpected grief in the death of her father in San Diego, Cal. We sympathize with her in her loss. Dr. Chamberlayne was our Miss Chamberlayne's cousin, and a strong character.

WE learn with sorrow of the death of Nan Brown's father in Pasadena, Cal. Nan was here in '89 from Hartford, but the family had moved to California, and Mr. Brown was building a house there. The family will remain in Pasadena, we are told.

It was a sudden and sad call for our Alice Burr to the death-bed of her mother last Monday. The

dear life had passed away before the daughter reached home. The tribute of the press to her worth was strong and tender. The funeral was on Wednesday. Lasell friends were thinking of their Alice, and extend sympathy to the bereaved family.

MARRIED.

MISS ELIZABETH CADY PRESCOTT, of Rome, N. Y., to Mr. Clifton Burtis White, on Wednesday, Oct. 11, 1893. At home after Nov. 15, 215 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Prescott was at Lasell in '90 and '91.

MISS JESSIE ALICE BENTON, of Newton Centre, Mass., to Rev. John Chester Hyde, Wednesday, Oct. 18, '93. Their home will be in Quaker Hill, Waterford, Conn. Mrs. Hyde is a graduate of '91.

MISS HALLIE BEACH, of Bristol, Conn., to Mr. Philip H. Stevens, Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 25, '93. She was with us in '87 and '88.

AMY LOUISE HALL, of Chelsea, Mass., to Mr. John Dwight Smith, Thursday, Oct. 26, 1893. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will live in Ware, Mass., 18 Pleasant Street. Miss Hall was here from '87 to '89.

CALLERS the last month :

MISS JANETTE BROOKMIRE.
MISS SADIE BURRILL.
MISS BLANCHE HOWARD.
MISS MAYSIE WIGGIN.
MRS. HENRY E. BRAY (Sadie Corcy).
MISS GEORGINA HASKELL.
MISS JESSIE GASKILL.
MISS LIZZIE WHIPPLE.
MISS BESSIE TOWLE.
MISS NINA BURR.
MISS MARION GILMORE.
MRS. GEO. C. PEASE (Louise Burr ridge).
MRS. JAMES A. FRYE (Kittie Colony).

ADDRESSES.

GRACE McLAUGHLIN, 187 Rue de la Pompe, Paris, France.

LIZZIE ATWATER STERRETT, 12 Hutchins Avenue, Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HALLIE BEACH STEVENS, 106 Prospect Place, Bristol, Conn.

MRS. NAN PEABODY HALL, 9 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

EDITH ANDREWS WRIGHT, Hampshire Arms, Minneapolis, Minn.

LINA JONES BOURNE, 427 Seventh Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LIDA BROOKE RESSLER, 677 Sedgwick Street, Chicago, Ill.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

Volume XIX.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., DECEMBER, 1893.

Number 3.

LASELL LEAVES.

Published Monthly, during the School Year,

BY THE

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THIS number of the LEAVES greets you all with "A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year." The three months which seemed so long to us in September have gone, and the rolling seasons have again brought that time in the year to which we all look forward, — Christmas, the merriest, most joyful day of the whole year. Is there anyone who is not pervaded at this time with a peculiar joy felt at no other season? The air itself seems to be full of the happiness and peace which fills the world just now. Nature again in sympathy with mankind arrays herself in her bridal robes, and in her pure white covering, without spot or blemish, gives us a grand example of purity from which to pattern our own lives. What indefinable something is it which pervades this whole world at Christmas time, and makes us all rejoice as we never have before? Who can realize what this festival really means, and not utter a song of heartiest thanksgiving?

As we close our books at the end of this year, and take our departure, we think of the good resolutions with which we began the term, and which, alas! have not been fulfilled. We have gained in many things, in many ways, but few of us can say we have done all we intended to do, or have been all we intended to be.

In a few days we shall stand on the threshold of a new turn of life, with its sober retrospect, its hopeful forward glance, its fresh and earnest resolves. There are many who scorn the idea of making resolutions upon New Year's Day, on the plea that very few of them are kept through the year, but is it not encouraging to feel that we have at least begun right, and "Well begun is half done!" says the proverb. But why should we reserve one day of the whole year for making new resolves, why crowd that day alone with good

and strong resolutions? Would it not be better if we kept Christmas and New Years with us all through the year, forming fresh plans to do right every day, and making our whole lives one continual thanksgiving?" When we are so happy and safe in all our surroundings; when we gather around our warm fires and enjoy our family reunions, how easy it is to forget those who are less highly favored, and who would consider the little conveniences of our lives as great luxuries. Do we always realize all we have to be so thankful for; do we not take it too much as a matter of course that we are happy; and indeed, do we ever think what we have done more than so many others to receive such blessings? How can we fail to realize the blessedness of our lives, in contrast with the want and wretchedness which a saunter through the city streets reveals?

Our school days in '93 are nearly ended. Vacation joys are before us. Let us use them wisely, that we may return to our duties with renewed strength and spirit, resolved to make this coming year a better one than any we have ever lived.

It is indeed wonderful how little value the majority of girls place upon their time while they are in school. Are not many scholars quite willing to sacrifice a recitation, or anything else compulsory? If a teacher misses a recitation, or for some reason it is omitted, is there not general rejoicing? Why is this, when we spend so much time and effort to learn something, that when a hindrance is placed in our way, instead of bewailing this circumstance, we are only too ready and willing to show tokens of universal satisfaction? This seems to be a peculiar trait of girls and certainly it shows a very illogical and inconsistent spirit. Even if we care nothing about it for our own sakes, might it not be well to remember that those who are dear to us wished us to do our present work, and do it cheerfully for their sakes if not for our own.

THE last three months have been rich in a variety of significant events in the political world, some of which still promise exciting and interesting issues.

The fall elections have seldom been so bitterly contested, or so important on account of the questions involved in their outcome. The whole country has been shaken with the fierce intensity of the combat for and against the continued purchase of silver by the government for monetary purposes, and the extra session and final adjournment of Congress was only after a prolonged struggle.

The financial world has been daily surprised by some fresh instance of commercial downfall under striking circumstances and the business depression has continued in but slightly bettered conditions. For nearly a year now, since the revolution last January in Hawaii and the deposition of the queen, the whole country has been in suspense as to the fate of the dusky Liliokulani.

This autumn came the extraordinary announcements of the administration's decision to overthrow the existing government in the island and restore the queen to her usurped position. Such a decision could not but fail to astonish, and such an effect did it produce. Speaking of foreign affairs we must mention the revolution in the Brazilian Navy and the fitting out at New York by agents of the Brazilian Government, of a fleet of extemporized war ships which started in November for South America to quench the rebellion.

Politically and financially Italy's condition grows daily more desperate. Her debt is \$2,400,000,000 and her military expenses are \$100,000,000, while her population is less than half ours, and our debt is one third less than theirs. The country seems to be on the verge of national bankruptcy.

These are the principal political events, and surely not many more equally exciting and important ones could have been crowded into the space of three short months.

TO EUROPE.

IF Lasell has no party next summer, or if any want to travel longer than we can, we heartily commend them to apply to Miss Long, daughter of Dr. Long, of Roberts College, Constantinople, who is to winter in Dresden (15 Walpurgis St. I), who is thoroughly qualified to chaperone, and a delightful woman to be with, *as we know*.

C. C. B.

CHARLIE'S VACATION.

"COME, come! Cheer up, Charlie! You can catch up before the week's over! Sit up nights! Study all day! You'll do it quicker than you think for, — now, cheer up, old boy!"

But little Charlie, with a pathetic smile, turned away sadly and passed on to his room. Little did Jack or the other boys know how hard he really had studied. "Sit up nights," why he *had* sat up many a night, and still he was behind in that dreadful LATIN.

"Christmas will be here in a week, he sighed, as he entered his room. The room never was *very* cheerful looking, but as he entered now, it did look so dreary, the Latin books on the table so hateful; and as he looked at them, with the thought of the unfinished translations, the tears stood in his bright eyes. He was tired of going to class, day after day, with boys way above him in age and strength. He looked around the room again, but he could see nothing but Latin books, and in his imagination hear the teacher say in his gruff voice, "Charlie Mayne! What will become of you?" As he looked about, there suddenly came up before him the thought of his own little snug room at home; his mother,—he remembered well how she used to bend over him at night and kiss him, when he was still her baby; and truly, it did seem such a short time ago. He went to the window, and looked out; the hot tears were rolling down his rosy cheeks. "Oh! why was he not at home? Why did his guardian take him away? He would so much love to stay with mother — and mother did not want him to go away, — she said he was so young — and father dead — and poor little mother alone. Could not the teachers see that his heart was breaking for her? — but no hope — he was behind, and if he could not make it up, he could not see mother even at Christmas. "But soon, he turned, wiped the tears from his hot face, and looked at the Latin books again, and picked one up and said, with child-like energy, "Well, I will try, I will do the best I can," his beautiful eyes lighted with eagerness and determination. "But what, if, after all my hard work and study, I should fail to make it up, then — I can — not — see — mother. Oh, yes, I'll do the best I can, and if then I am behind, I will go to the principal and explain it all to him, even if he

had said that *no* boy could go home who had not made up all back work. That stern principal must have been a boy once, and loved to go home and see his mother."

Charlie bent over his work that evening with renewed vigor. The week passed slowly by; it seemed long to the other boys, longing and impatient for their approaching freedom; but to Charlie, it seemed exceedingly short. The first two or three days he felt encouraged; but Friday came and he was still behind. Every evening and early in the morning he was at his Latin. Saturday morning, he was found asleep, his head pillowed on the open Latin book. His lips were firmly set and his cheeks flushed with great eagerness.

The chapel bell rang on the morning of dismissal, — and it was indeed welcome to the boys; alas to poor Charlie, it was as his last sentence. The boy's faces were beaming with brightness and full of joyous eagerness. Charlie, his face still flushed, came in the very last. As he took his seat a boy who sat near him said: "Why, Charlie, I don't believe you want to go home, you did n't make up that Latin? Well, never mind, old fellow, you just speak to the professor and he'll fix it all right. I know he's awfully strict, but then it'll be all right, he'll let you go home."

Charlie looked at the boy who said this, and once his little face wore a hopeful smile; but, "There's the professor," said one of the boys, and as Charlie looked up and saw the stern face, his own little face again became sad.

During the prayer he kept firm, only the tears in his round blue eyes and the quivering lips showed that Charlie was anxious. He held his breath as the professor read aloud the good reports and the names of those who could go home; he complimented the boys. Charlie's heart leaped for joy as the professor sat down and was just about to give the signal for the parting song, when he arose and said: "Boys, this year the records are very good, and were it not for one, it would be excellent, — Charlie Mayne — he knows well he cannot go home; he is behind."

There was silence when Charlie arose and asked if he might be permitted to speak, and in the most pitiful, childlike manner, besought the professor to let him go home, he would make it

all up before Easter. He pleaded so earnestly that all the boys stared, they were so surprised at his courage.

"Ask to go home! Spoil the records and ask to go HOME! No, indeed; sit down, young man; if the vacation were two months long instead of two weeks, I would keep you here." The professor kept on scolding in harsh, angry tones, but Charlie hears nothing more. Wearily and despairingly he leaned back in his seat, the color leaves his worn face, the lips now quiet in calm despair. He does not hear the boys as they try to sympathize with him in their rough way. They are dismissed; he hastens to his room and throws himself on the bed; he is unconscious, but the shouts of boys, rushing through the halls, somewhat awakens him from his stupor. But all is silence again, until in clear refrain he hears the first line of "Home, home, sweet home." He starts from his bed. The old, familiar chant the boys always sing before they go home.

Suddenly he rises, goes to his window, but he is blinded by a rush of tears; he scarcely sees the boys as they descend the hill, but, at last, they are all gone, and — Charlie is left alone.

Vacation is ended; a fleeting dream of gladness and enjoyment to the boys, but a dream of ages to Charlie. He does not hear the boys as they return, he does not hear the hearty welcomes, nor the inquiries about him made by his young playmates.

The little room is still the same. The Latin book still lies on the table, with its unfinished translations, which will never be finished now.

Charlie lies on his couch. He is again mother's baby as she bends over his flushed face and brushes back the brown curls from his hot brow. But, little Charlie does not know her; and wildly in his delirium he calls, "Mother, mother," and piteously moans, "Home, home, sweet home." All through the long night these words break the solemn silence until at the first dawn of morning Charlie is taken Home.

M. M. M.

"THOUGH we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not." — *Emerson*.

WHY WE GIVE THANKS.

IT seems rather strange at first thought that in the United States alone there is an annual thanksgiving day. The earliest celebration of such a day in America was on the recommendation of Governor Bradford in 1621, after the first harvest by the colonists at Plymouth.

All through the early history of the colonies especial days were set apart to return thanks for particular blessings, but during the Revolution a day of national thanksgiving each year was recommended by Congress.

The period of American history before the Revolution is peculiarly interesting to a person of speculative mind, but whatever might have been, had a different course been pursued by either side, we can only give thanks to-day that "America resisted." When we think of four small cannon being the only "great guns" in the possession of Boston, and recall that terrible winter at Valley Forge, and the many dangers and privations borne by the colonists during their struggle for independence, every patriotic impulse goes out instinctively to the brave men who planned and executed that wonderful work.

The surrender of the French at Quebec in 1759 is said to have been the most important event of modern history. Before that time England had practically left the colonists to themselves, but the readiness and loyalty with which they assisted in the conquest of Canada, proved their devotion and awoke the English to a realization of the value of their possessions across the sea. With this new idea, England hoped by another policy toward her American colonies to enlarge her revenue and gratify her desire for power.

One of the first men to recognize this change, and feel the new measure, was James Otis, Jr., a young man who perhaps did more than any other individual to arouse the people to a sense of their danger. He took the degree of A. M. from Harvard College in 1746. After leaving college he studied jurisprudence in the office of Jeremiah Gridley, and soon became famous throughout America for his learning, eloquence, and integrity.

In a letter to an English friend (on paper of Boston manufacture) he wrote "You may ruin yourselves, but you cannot in the end ruin the

colonies. Our fathers were a good people ; we have been a free people, and if you will not let us remain so any longer we shall be a great people, and the present measures can have no tendency but to hasten with great rapidity events which every good and honest man would wish delayed for ages ; if possible, prevented forever."

Following the conquest of Canada many long forgotten acts and customs were revived by the governor. In 1760, petition was made in the Supreme Court for " writs of assistance." These writs could require the aid of any one in making searches and could be transferred, and this power in unprincipled hands was not to be endured. Great anxiety was felt as to the result of the matter in court. Otis undertook the defence of the rights of the people, and President Adams said of him and his speech of five hours, "Otis was a flame of fire ! American independence was then and there born. The seeds of patriots and heroes were then and there sown. Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there the child independence was born. In fifteen years he grew up to manhood and declared himself free." Mr. Adams concludes, "I do say in the most solemn manner that Mr. Otis's oration against writs of assistance breathed into this nation the breath of life."

Before this Mr. Otis had taken no part in public matters but from this time on he was at the head of all movements tending toward the freedom of the colonies. He was as much feared and hated by the British as he was trusted and loved by his friends. One evening he entered a British coffee-house where a number of officers were assembled. Some dispute arose and the lights were extinguished. Otis was alone among enemies and received wounds from which he never fully recovered. His friends rescued him but his health never permitted him to take active part in public affairs. His death occurred in Andover, 1783. He was standing in a doorway during a shower telling a story to some friends. A flash of lightning — and he fell into the arms of his friend. When he resigned some of his offices, the Legislature extended him a note of thanks for his "great and important services and undaunted exertions."

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

To most Massachusetts girls the music festival held every year in September at Worcester, means a great deal ; and to be at school less than a hundred miles from the city where such music is being given, and not be able to attend, means a great sacrifice to many of us.

This was the thirty-sixth annual festival given by the Worcester County Musical Association and no one disputes the fact that each one is more delightful than its predecessor.

With such artists as Lillian Nordica, Caroline Clark, Mrs. Alves, Katherine Fisk, Rieger, Carl Duff, Emil Fischer, Vladimar de Pachmann, Winternitz and Scroeder, besides the festival orchestra and a chorus of five hundred, music must be interpreted in a way to make every listener the better for having been present. It would be impossible to mention in any short sketch all the pleasing features of the festival, so I will repeat only the most pleasant memories of one person who was so fortunate as to enjoy nearly all the music.

Miss Clark sang " Hear ye, Israel " beautifully, and her two German songs were almost perfect. She has a manner that makes you feel she is a good, true, and lovable woman and one feels this in her voice.

Samson and Delilah is about the grandest work I ever heard and one must surely live a better life after hearing it sung as it was this year.

Delilah's song beginning " Sweet is the Lily's Perfumed Breath," was a perfect thing, and the last few pages of this biblical opera make one nearly wild with delight. Nordica sang " Jael " as only Nordica can, and she has a voice so fine that one cannot compare her with any one.

De Pachmann was the star and how he did play ; first it was like the singing of birds, then I could hear the sighing of wind, then the cry of some heart-broken person ; but he never played loud or produced a harsh tone.

Emil Fischer is grand ; Caroline Oslberg's voice has not a poor tone in it ; she sings in a very dramatic style.

The audience could not hear Winternitz enough ; he took the place of the expected violinist.

Katherine Fiske was grand, beautiful, divine. Everything she sang pleased ; and this little song was so pretty I think I must quote it for you.

"What do you see in the fire, my darling
 Gold-haired lassie, beside my knee?
 Is it a castle in Eldorado?
 Is it a lover from over the sea?
 Leave the castle to others, lassie,
 Let the lover come whence he may;
 Love is love in the humblest cottage,
 Never mind what the world will say"

The orchestral work was all very fine, as usual, and gave the greatest pleasure and satisfaction to every one.

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
 And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
 With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave;
 Some chord in unison with what we hear
 Is touched within us and the heart replies."

THE MINOR CHORD.

"THE Minor Chord" is the subject of one of the pictures in the studio at Lasell.

It is so real that you cannot help wondering if there is not a story connected with it. One day, as I sat looking at it, I composed the following story.

This room in the church has been shut up for many years when one day an old monk enters. Everything is covered with dust and mould.

He picks his way across the room and seats himself before the old organ and plays a few old hymns, and then turns and discovers a portfolio of music. He looks over the pieces, but none of them suit him, and he tosses them upon the table beside him some falling to the floor.

At last he comes to an old love song and he sighs as he thinks of his youth and the time when he used to play this old song. He rises and throws back the faded curtain from before the picture of a beautiful young girl.

He looks long and earnestly at it and wonders where she is at the present time, and whether she ever thinks of the night she promised to love him, and the night before her wedding of her elopement with the English officer.

He recalls it all as he stands looking into the deep blue eyes as if it were but yesterday.

He again seats himself and is striking the chord when we see him in the picture.

The papers are scattered about the room, and his eyes are looking longingly up at the picture above the organ.

E. A. C.

AUCTIONS AT LASELL.

"AUCTIONS at Lasell?" Yes, we have them here, but they are quite different from any others I ever heard of. Usually before Thanksgiving, and several other times during the year, they are quite frequent.

"But what is sold at these auctions, and for what purpose is the money?" The latter question may be answered easily, but the former is rather too broad. The money is sent usually to some needed recipient, or to some charitable work in Boston. The only clue I shall give you now concerning the sale, is to say that it is the contents of the lost drawer that is auctioned off.

"The lost drawer! what is that?" Well, it is the drawer in which stray handkerchiefs, yes, all things lost by the girls are kept, and there remain until the owners redeem them. Very often the owners cannot be found, so in such cases the articles are given to the highest bidder.

The first of the year there is an auction similar to these, only it is the different papers and magazines contained in the library reading room that are sold. Our professor of sciences had charge of it this year, and all took some part to make it interesting.

The seniors seem to have realized that their school days are gradually diminishing, bringing them nearer household duties; and that they are not perfect after all, for it was they who bid the highest for "The Good House-keeper," and "The Heathen Woman's Friend."

Returning to my former subject concerning the auction of the contents of the lost drawer, I think it might interest you to hear about one.

When we gather in the chapel, where these auctions are held, we survey numerous things, such as books, pencils, rubbers, kid gloves, drill caps, ribbons, handkerchiefs, veils, combs, knives, shawls, napkin rings, spoons, jewelry, etc., in fact, almost everything you can think of, is displayed on the platform.

The first thing we will offer for sale will be a fine linen hankerchief, embroidered in a "rail fence design;" we take it for granted that it is perfect, so we won't spend the time unfolding it, but after various exclamations from the girls, its true condition is revealed and we find it decidedly the worse for wear. The physician buys it for

future emergencies, paying five cents to help on the charity fund.

The next bargain placed before us is a package of several odd kid gloves, all six and a quarter, which seems to be the average size of the Lasell girl's hand. While this sale is in progress, Miss Carpenter is selling old silver spoons at the rate of thirty-five cents apiece; her customers seem to be composed of the Seniors, and Fraulein R.

Can anyone guess why they wanted these spoons? One of them, also, is "rich" in napkin rings, for I believe she purchased three.

That no one need feel slighted by not taking part in the auction, all who leave before it ends are graciously allowed the privilege of contributing twenty-five cents for the good of the cause.

After all the articles have been disposed of, we arise in our usual orderly manner and leave the chapel to examine our *bargains* at leisure.

A WEDDING RECEPTION.

OF all the queer places to have a wedding reception, one of the queerest is Rescue Mission House. At least, so some of us thought who had the pleasure of going to the one given on Saturday evening.

Those girls who visited the Mission last winter, remember to have seen there Miss Kennard, who has been actively engaged in the work for several years and has now bound herself more firmly to it by marrying a man who owes his start on a higher life to the influences of the Rescue Missions.

The ceremony was performed on Saturday afternoon, and in the evening their relatives and friends met in the parlors of the Mission House to offer their congratulations, with as much heartiness as if they had been entertained in a sumptuous parlor.

When we were introduced to this room full of people, with whom we had scarcely one common motive, it must be confessed that we felt a lack of that conversational power which would have put us at our ease. This feeling was only increased when two young men were presented, and we had to make ourselves comfortable on three chairs, a box, and the end of a trunk between us. However, one of our number proved herself equa

to entertaining them, and the rest of us soon made ourselves useful in serving the ice cream and cake. We were almost sorry when this service was over, for five chairs were brought in and we were forced to eat our portion amid the gazes of the company.

The evening was concluded by devotional exercises; and when we said good night, each of us felt a warm interest in this couple, whose strange wedding feast we had shared, whose lives had known much of toil and sorrow, but whose happiness depended plainly, not in the abundance of the things which they had.

THANKSGIVING AT SCHOOL.

ABOUT one hundred girls, out of the one hundred and fifty, our usual number, stayed here at Thanksgiving. Some were new girls who had never been here on Thanksgiving Day before; some old girls who were used to being away on Thanksgiving; and some, old girls who had never been initiated into the Thanksgiving festivities, on account of the short recess which we usually have at this time. Many of us wished, without doubt, that we could be at home, but, taking it all in all, we had a very enjoyable day. We had breakfast at eight o'clock instead of at seven-thirty, as on week days in general, and after that we had our usual chapel exercises. But, how bare the chapel looked. Sometimes almost a whole row of seats would be empty, where we generally saw so many happy faces. After chapel we had a whole morning with absolutely nothing to do. Not a morning like our Monday morning, taken up with sweeping, studying, and our cooking lectures, but a morning when we had, as I said before, absolutely nothing to do.

At one o'clock you could hear the girls running through the halls, asking eager questions, and at half past one the gong rang for our wonderful Thanksgiving dinner. The tables were arranged on three sides of the dining-room, as they are on Thanksgiving, and looked very pretty, decorated with flowers and fairy lamps.

The room was darkened and the electric lights turned on, and one would almost have believed that it was evening, notwithstanding a little ray of sunlight that found its way in through a half closed shutter.

Mr. Bragdon and his family, Miss Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow and little Harold were seated at the table at the eastern end of the dining-room, while Mrs. Strong presided at the tables at the south side, and Mrs. Keyes at those on the north.

We left the dining-room at about a quarter past four, and all went to the gymnasium, where we played real old fashioned games, such as Fox and Geese, Blind Man's Bluff, Puss in the Corner, etc., Mr. Bragdon joining us. After that we danced, and before many left our mail was distributed. Some went to Mr. Turner's to the Thanksgiving bonfire, and came back and told us what we had missed.

If we did wish that we were at home at times during the day and evening, we all said we had had a very pleasant day. How could we help it? For you know, such is the way of doing things at Lasell.

A UNIQUE RECEPTION.

I TALK of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.

— *Shakespeare.*

Never was such a reception, as that given at Lasell the other evening! It was a chapter out of "Arabian Nights" and it surely must have been the golden chapter of that book. The parlors were like flower gardens; the electric lights gleamed dazzlingly, and the air was full of music. There was first the distant sound of our Lasell orchestra, anon the well-trained chorus was heard, and again a single voice like that from the Empyrean thrilled us strangely.

The halls were marvellously bedecked; in rich festoons hung the long and elegant array of notes upon various lectures — fitting reminders of hours too beautiful to last. And then the guests! Miss Pupil and Miss Scholar received them with their characteristic grace and dignity. Such an array of beauty and chivalry! Such miracles of toilettes! Parisian gowns of diaphanous texture with frills and furbelows! Such famous men and women, and giggling girls! Madame de la Cooking appeared *en tablier* with *bonnet blanc* and *robe de brune claire*. Her bouquet was a beautiful bunch of celery tied with green ribbons.

Miss History was there and looked very ancient,

while her little sister was decidedly modern. The Misses English conversed delightfully, though with rather an excess of the broad "a"; neither of them lapsed into fashionable provincialism, but evidently "got to study" when they were young. Mademoiselle French was dressed in white, and greeted everyone in her own graceful language. Mrs. Literature, wife of the distinguished minister, was at her very best. She made a great display of erudition; quoting Browning, Spenser, and Chaucer, instead of the usual inane meteorological remarks about the weather.

Mr. Trigonometry, or "Trig," as some of his more intimate friends call him, was occupied most of the evening with his "table of logs" and was courted by many members of the school. General Drill in short blue trousers, yellow tie and golden cap, marched up and down, admiring himself and executing military movements to the admiration of the ladies.

Mr. Physics and Mr. Chemistry seemed well-nigh inseparable, while Mr. Logic succeeded in entertaining a bevy of young women in the corner. The Right Honourable Sociology figured conspicuously; he carried in his hand a report of the National Divorce League and was surrounded throughout the entire evening by a coterie of admiring damsels who pretended they knew all about Political Economy and Psychology.

Fraulein German, Miss Elocution, Miss Roman, little Mr. Algebra, and angular Mr. Geometry, were pleasantly entertained in one of the music rooms by Miss Vocal and Mr. Pianoforte. Meanwhile, Mr. Art made furtive sketches, freehand, too, of the whole party upon a corner black-board.

Into this distinguished company enters a rubicund gentleman of great personality, and of Chinese extraction, who is never happier than when making a sensation. He enticed the company into the lower regions when they were regaled by a most unique collation served by a number of carrier doves. The plates were sunflowers, and upon these were placed broiled turkey's tongues, chickens' brains, and snail croquettes finely flavored with chloride of sodium and nigrum pepsicum. From a huge wassail bowl was served lemonade containing printers' ink and cod liver oil which, strangely enough, seemed to have no deleterious effects upon the company.

The wildest spirit of gayety seemed to take possession of this dignified company when suddenly Mr. Vacation made his appearance and swept them out with the besom of destruction, and left the house in blissful quiet. But what is this? Mr. Gong must have returned, for I hear him in the hall going up and down, up and down. What can it mean? I start, look wildly about, and lo! my downy couch resolves itself into a chiffonniere, "a chest of drawers by day." The sun has risen, the world is again awake, and the charming reception was but a dream. C. L. C.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

THE night is dark. No star illumines the shadowy sky.

From Heaven's deep vault the snow-flakes flutter, one by one.

The wind, as one in anguish deep, goes moaning by,
And nature, silent, slumbers, for the day is done.

The lights gleam bright from out the mansion on the hill.

Within the stately hall, sounds music, care's reprieve;
And throngs of happy people dance and drink their fill
Of pleasure, for 'tis joyous Christmas eve.

In happy homes the fire glows bright upon the hearth,
And children, with glad laughter, gather round the tree,
Bending beneath its load of treasures; and with mirth,
Talk of Santa Claus, who e'er their Saint will be.

The clock has, with its solemn stroke, midnight related.
The little village slumbers now in peaceful dreams.
The storm, its wild and restless fury has abated,
And in the sky, unclouded now, one bright star gleams.

The day has dawned. The sun smiles on a world of white.
'Tis Christmas morn. We hear the angels' song again,
Wafted o'er fair Bethlehem, as on that wondrous night;
"God in the highest, glory, peace, good will to men."

LOCALS.

ABOUT sixty went to hear Patti this year, and enjoyed her as much as people used when she made the first of this series of farewells. Even the slight storm which overtook them on their way home did not seem to cool their praises.

THE symphonies of late seem to be less interesting to the girls here, or so one would think, when each week so many names have to be drawn.

OUR New Orleans representative, who had never seen snow until this winter, still enjoys it, but cannot see why she was put in the Boston paper.

FIVE attended the Apollo Club concert and were not disappointed, but found it beyond all expectations.

MRS. NORTON has not yet finished her course of lectures on "Home Sanitation." All are interested in the subject, but it has been noticed that certain ones are more so than the rest. Why?

THE excitement was very great when Mr. Bragdon let the Western girls vote on the length of the Xmas vacation. However, all unanimously voted for the two extra days. Many thanks.

AN article will be noticed on the Rescue Mission. A new phase of life was shown to those who went Wednesday evening, and a decidedly novel experience was felt by those few who were invited to help at the wedding there Dec. 2. Have we not many blessings for which to be thankful?

DEC. 19, the Christmas rehearsal will be given in the gymnasium. A great treat is expected.

Nov. 27, we had the last of our sociology lectures. More outsiders than ever came, and all enjoyed the lecture. The course has been very interesting and taught many of us things and facts we were glad to know. Dr. Dike is to be thanked and congratulated on these successful lectures.

Nov. 25, about fifty of the girls went to hear the Fiske Jubilee singers. The night was perfect, and the singers at their best. When they returned, they found a dainty lunch awaiting them.

MR. WILLIAMS, our writing teacher, kindly gave us a talk upon the necessities and principles of writing, Saturday, Dec. 2. He put these plain facts in such a guise that many wish to join his class, if time admit.

THE system of dresscutting, taught at Lasell, received the *highest medal and diploma* at the Columbian Exposition. The verdict of last year's pupils is that our teacher of it, Miss True, is a success, also. Many ought to take it every year, for economy's sake. It can repay the time and money spent on it within a year.

MISS RANSOM declares that the petrified wood in the parlor has an odor of the forest, or of — dead game, too long dead! What a nose she has! A sophomore called it "petrified stone!"

One junior thinks their rhetoric is "Jehu's!"

MRS. MILLER'S LECTURE.

AN event which the girls have long anticipated was the coming of Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller on Dec. 4. She had visited the Seminary a few years ago and we all knew the great interest that she had created among the students. The lecture was not until eight o'clock, but Mrs. Miller arrived early and took dinner with us, which caused much pleasure, as many of us had never seen her. We were disappointed later to learn that her trunk had been missent so that she could not show us her artistic gowns. But she gave an exceedingly interesting lecture upon the art of dressing, and promised to come again with the gowns. She said that she had found, by experience, that people were often more eager to see the dresses than Mrs. Miller, herself, and she would like to send the trunk full of gowns to be examined and admired while she remained at home, if this could accomplish her purpose.

Nevertheless, we were quite content to listen to her without the gowns, for she speaks in such a pleasant winning way that every one is charmed by her; and certainly, we were all convinced that her method is the true one.

In the first place she wished us to notice how well she stood and that she needed no bones, except her own, to support her. We should not try to be eccentric in dress but should each have an individuality that may characterize us.

She emphasized the fact that we should not change the colors of our gowns every day, but decide on two or three colors which are most becoming to us and *stand by those*.

Then we should arrange our hair in one particular way, that best suits our face, and always wear it that way. In fact we should not try to be prisms, always changing our colors, never stable. Mrs. Miller likewise declared that only young and beautiful girls should ever think of wearing black, that after a woman has passed the age of twenty-five a black dress brings out every defect she possesses.

Altogether Mrs. Miller's talk was very helpful and interesting, and the time seemed all too short, but we consoled ourselves with the fact that she is coming again.

This lecture was another of the rare treats which Lasell has offered to its students this fall,

and we can all agree that we have been very fortunate in having unusually interesting lectures.

PERSONALS.

ALICE THAYER ABBOTT, here in '86, has indeed had her share of illness! She is now recovering from a seige of typhoid fever. She has a sweet child — of which Lasell has no picture!

MR. BRAGDON had the pleasure of meeting ABBY (Mrs. Vickery) and MOLLIE DAVIS at the Apollo concert. Both looked well and seemed as nice as ever. They are probably nicer, for they were girls who improve with years. Mary is at present making her home with Abby at 263 Beacon St., Boston. We shall welcome them here.

ELIZABETH FLEMING says that Helen Cleaveland met Alice Goodell in Denver lately. Alice is visiting Elizabeth Creswell, so our Clara says. Elizabeth heard a woman, who had long been gazing at Lasell Booth, say, "Well, Lasell takes the cake!"

LORENA STONE, in a dainty hearty note, regrets the ignorance by which Mr. B. failed to find her in her Avondale home. Not more than he, Lorena! She is teaching and studying; busy, as a good woman enjoys being! She tells us sadly that her dear grandfather has been stricken with paralysis, and that Jessie Law lost her mother in October. We are sorry for and with Jessie.

OUR GUSSIE ADAMS, here in '82, is teaching at Hampton Institute and tells a brave and fascinating story of the work there! It is enough to make one wish he were young enough to begin life's work over — and yet, — could we leave Lasell? Gussie's last word was from Memphis. This is her second year at the famous school at Hampton. You could n't do better, Gussie! Her sister was a year at Mr. Cassedy's school in Norfolk and liked it: says Mr. Cassedy wants to make Norfolk College as much like Lasell as possible. Thank you, Mr. Cassedy!

OUR GRACE RICHARDS, here in '87, is the teacher of music at Norfolk College. Good for Grace!

ETTA FOWLER may come to spend the Christmas holidays with her sister Nora.

EDITH HALL is visiting her sister, who was recently married.

MINNIE WARNER is at her home in Willimantic, studying music.

LUCILE RAY attends school at the University School of Champaign, Ill.

CARRIE VAN SICKLE is at home in New York.

WINNIE BOSS is at Miss Preble's.

JENNIE BISHOP, who lives in Unadilla, will come east in January and expects to make us a call.

JOSIE WEST is at home.

BERTE WILSON is visiting Frances Holmes.

MRS. PERCIVAL CHUBB (Louise Walston) is now at 937 Lexington Ave., New York.

MAE HEALEY spent several days with the Misses Steel at their delightful home in Portland, Ore. She was on her way to Alaska.

LEE BENNETT is studying art at the St. Agnes School.

ANNA HANNA is enjoying her study of art in Chicago.

LOUISE ZSCHETZSCHE belongs to a mandolin and guitar club of Sheboygan and thinks it very delightful.

ALICE GOODELL is visiting in Denver.

ELIZABETH CRESWELL is keeping her father's books.

BESS LOTHROP has given a dinner to ten Lasell girls.

DR. WM. BUTLER and Mrs. Butler spoke last Sunday, the one in the morning, the other in the evening, at the M. E. Church. The old heroes (seventy-six, Jan. 1, next), the pioneers of India and Mexico, spoke with old-time fire and zeal of their work. We did not know, till they told us, of their daughter's (our Clemmie) long and serious illness. She is better now. Glad.

PHILIP A. BUTLER, of Auburndale, whose charming water colors are the only pictures in our new dining-room, took luncheon with us previous to his departure for California for the winter.

ADDE JOHNSON PLUMSTEAD, '85, made Anna Winslow a little visit Dec. 9, bringing her husband, the doctor, and that fair-haired, springy boy, three years old, in his first pants, very polite, and very much like Adde. She "fears" they will never leave East Haddam, much as she wants

to: says that Tassie's boy, Bartlett Bent (they live in Moodus), a year old, is a big fellow, and that Grace Conklin Bevin rejoices in a babe. Why didn't *you* tell us, Grace?

MAE BURR is taking some studies at the Nebraska State University and goes to Omaha once a week to take voice lessons of Max Maretzek, of New York, who is toning up the voices of Nebraska for a winter. She also takes fencing lessons. Let us know, Mae, if you advise them here.

IT is not given to every man to stir things wherever he goes as does Prof. Lowe, father of our five girls of former days. He has done a great many notable things. Just now he is making his mark in Southern California. An article describing one of his latest marvels, says, "Great is Prof. Lowe, the mighty magician, who has made all this enjoyment possible for the greatest and least among men!"

A RECENT number of the Graphic has this:

It is not often the case that memorial windows are placed in two different church buildings in the same city for the same person. This has been done in Newton. Last Ascension Day some of the pupils and teachers in Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, gave to the Church of the Messiah a very fine window in memory of Miss Lizzie Shinn, the eldest daughter of Dr. Shinn.

She had been a teacher at Lasell, and their affection and esteem were shown, in this way, for one who had faithfully labored for their welfare.

On Sunday, Sept. 17, a most exquisite window, by La Farge & Co., was unveiled and dedicated in Grace church, Newton.

This was the gift of some of the friends of Miss Shinn in her father's parish. The window is one of the best specimens of the glass-stainers' art. It represents a female figure richly clad in greens and purples, with uplifted face. Above is the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

A LATE copy of the Belfast (Me.) *Journal* says about an old friend and helper of Lasell:

We have from time to time mentioned the success which has attended Dr. George F. Eames in the practice of dentistry in Boston; but it will be news to many of his friends in this, his native place, that for the past five years he has been making a specialty of the nose and throat, and that for the past two years he has had a very good practice. The fact that he has received an appointment as lecturer on the nose and throat in Tuft's College Medical School (opened this fall) testifies to the position he has already won in this specialty. Dr. Eames still retains the professorship of pathology and the practice of dental medicine in Boston

Dental College, and this with his new engagement calls for three lectures each week per year. His office is at No. 2 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

OUR former English teacher, Miss Larrison, sends us a most persuasive letter in behalf of *The Pathfinder*, a paper a friend of hers proposes to start in January in Washington, D. C., especially in the interest of young America, male and female. She mentions some most touching reasons why all girls should subscribe. The paper itself promises to be a valuable one for young citizens. We hope it may succeed gloriously. Miss Larrison is at 33 Wisconsin Street, Chicago, is the senior teacher in English Literature in the High School and more than happy in her work, except that she still has to correct essays.

ELIZABETH HANCE has begun again lessons in German. Elizabeth is never idle.

MRS. LASELL saw Ann Beach's Lasell pin and liked it so much that she took it right back to Greece with her! She is the Mrs. Lasell who gave us so cordial a welcome in Athens last winter and presented us with the Juno head! Why could we not have had the pleasure of a visit!

ANNIE BEACH, by the way, is faithfully caring for a thrifty and beautiful home in East Orange. Miss Ransom spent Thanksgiving there and says Anna is a good housekeeper and does much benevolent work in the city.

ELIZABETH BENNETT says, "I am enjoying myself very much here at home, but I often wish I could have come back to Lasell for one more year." So do we, and for two or three, Elizabeth!

CALLERS for the last week:

MISS EDITH GALE, class of '89.

MISS GRACE ROBINSON.

MR. H. R. HAYDEN.

REV. DR. H. A. STARKS, brother of our Mollie, of class of '76.

MRS. E. A. DUNHAM.

MRS. S. R. BRIGGS.

MRS. R. L. PROCTOR.

MR. CHARLES KING.

MISS EDITH PARTRIDGE.

REV. GEORGE L. STORY, Bakersfield, Vt., a conference visitor.

MISS BLANCHE BUSELL.

MRS. EDWIN CLAPP.

MR. MAX H. FISCHER.

MR. and MRS. ELDREDGE.

MISS MARY PACKARD, class of '89.

MISS MOLLIE LATHROP

MISS MAUDE OLIVER, class of '89.

MRS. MERRILL.

MR. SNYDER.

MRS. HERBERT LOUD.

MISS ALICE MAGOUN, class of '78.

MRS. SILAS PEIRCE, Anna Kendig, class of '80.

MR. DICKSON.

MR. CUSHING.

MR. HUBBARD.

MRS. B. F. LORD.

MR. J. F. RICH.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF DEAR CHILDREN.

FROM our old and valued friend, Prof. Alex. Hogg, superintendent of schools at Fort Worth, Texas, Lasell has received a large photograph of her and his children. Lulu, Nan, and Julia with the bright face of their grandchild, Nan's boy — right next to Nan's motherly, yet still girlish and familiar countenance. Prof. Hogg thoughtfully marked it, "TO OUR MOTHER." All who have seen it have said, "How beautiful" and some of our old hearts are strangely warmed as we look into these dear faces and feel the love that prompted the most welcome gift.

If only more of Lasell's children would be as thoughtful of their "mother."

MOTHER-SONG.

*A Christmas present to LASELL from E. Bradshaw,
Newtonville.*

WHEN rippling smiles light baby's face,

Ah, does she hear again,

That old, old, "Good-will" cradle-song,

First sung on Bethlehem's plain?

Or does she hear that sweeter strain

From Him of Galilee?

As he pronounced those gracious words,

"Let children come to me."

I know not, O my baby dear,

Blest Music's magic art,

I only know thy loving tones

Sing Christ-songs in my heart.

WELCOME GRANDCHILDREN.

ELIZABETH BURNHAM LOW, of the class of '87, sends us a photograph of her first-born boy, Fletcher Low, who sits in mama's lap with great

content and looks out into the world with bright eager eyes. Almost eight months old, one tooth (which Lizzie says is the greatest event she ever witnessed) and a sound body.

LOUISE HAWLEY SANDERS, here in '73 to '76, sends the card of Ruth, Sunday, Nov. 5, 1893. Weight 8½ lbs.

IDA SIMPSON BUSHNELL, our little Ida, here in '87 to '91, presents us with Miss Margaret, Nov. 9, 1893. 7 lbs.

ANNA KING COLLINS, here in '75 to '78, presents William King, born Nov. 19, 1893. Nellie Alderman says he is a fine boy; sociable at night.

GRACE ACKERLY KERR, here in '90, makes us acquainted with Duncan, born Nov. 5, 1893.

CALLED HOME.

"MRS. JANE NINDE BRADY passed to her long rest." Such is the sad message that brings sorrow to the family at Lasell. Many of us know personally, and others by reputation, the dear, bright girl that was like a sunbeam in our home. She left us in 1887, one of the best loved of her class, our joy in every department of school life, our pride in musical attainments. A few months after graduation she went to Europe where several more years were spent in study. Only last June she resumed the duties of married life, bringing to her home the same bright, cheery presence that had graced her school life. Though still young, she proved in her new social circle, an inspiration and a guide. Many will miss her who will not find their work equally well done when they shall come to "cross the bar." The papers of Muncie and Fort Wayne bore warm testimony to her worth. Her husband, Mr. Brady, was a brother of our Winifred.

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CAKE, BONBONS, SALTED ALMONDS, AND FANCY NOVELTIES AT OUR COUNTER.

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ANNA MCKEOWN's father died Monday, Dec. 11. Although Anna has been here so short a time, one and all wish to extend their sympathies. Dr. McKeown was once pastor here and beloved by all. One of the strongest preachers of this conference.

BEULAH SHANNON's father was ill a long time but that made the parting none the less bitter when he passed away in November. Our thoughts and love were often with Beulah in this great affliction.

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Respectfully,

CHAS. W. HEARN.

CHICAGO CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

WINDILY dawned the Christmas

In the city by the lake;

And Miss Arabel Wabash Breezy

Was instantly awake.

"What's that thing in my stocking?

Well, in two jiffs I'll know,"

And she drew a grand piano forth

From way down in the toe.

*The Interlude.*IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC
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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

Volume XIX.

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Number 4.

LASELL LEAVES.

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Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

OUR last number arrived just in time to find a place in the trunks that accompanied us on our various journeys for the two week's holiday. Since then there is hardly a State in the Union where a Lasell pin has not been worn and a Lasell song sung. A great responsibility was this representing our school before those who loved it in former years, and those whose first definite idea of it was gained from us, its youngest children.

However, we had little time to think of that, for were we not again in the homes that three months' absence had only made nearer and dearer? And those who could not have that pleasure were learning what a warm home the great world is and filled with what kind hearts.

So whether we heard the Christmas bells in the East or in the West, we joined in the good cheer and jollity with glad hearts. Two solid weeks of pleasure and recreation have we had, with all the fun and nonsense we could crowd into them. and no one can enjoy more heartily absolute freedom from rules and works than a boarding-school girl.

Yes, we have had a royal good time, but like all times, good and bad, it has an end, and we must exchange our fascinating novel for a French dictionary, our high heeled boots for common sense ones, and the party for "lights out at half-past nine."

Fortunately we are not free to follow our beguiling desires, but work we all must, and that right heartily, for six months. However, the question left to us is whether we will make of our special branch of study simple drudgery, or shall we regard it as "play with a purpose?"

Perhaps we would rather have the play without the purpose. But since we cannot, let's not choose the work without the purpose and so miss the "play" entirely.

Much we know depends on the spirit in which we take up our work these first weeks in the new year. And though our admirable resolutions may not last till the end of the year, may they at any rate be firm enough to give us a good start on the road of 1894.

ALL through the rush and hurry of these busy months a quiet force has been at work bringing strength and help to many hearts, — our Christian Endeavor Society.

Every Sunday night after tea, about half of the girls gather in the chapel for a half hour of praise and prayer.

Who knows how many lessons have been better learned, how many tasks have been more carefully and gladly done, how many tired hearts have been strengthened and rested, and how many sorrowful ones comforted by the silent influence of that short half hour?

Girls, you don't know what you are missing by not coming to these Sunday evening meetings. They *never* drag, more girls are encouraged to speak every week, and many dear girls who cannot speak are willing and glad to sing for us. Oh that all the girls might be led to see their need of a Saviour, might start the new year with Christ as their best and dearest friend!

Let us who are Christians strive and pray as we never have before; and God grant that our little meeting may be the means of leading many of these dear girls to Him.

"NON ESSE ET VIVERE."

(After Browning.)

M. W. A., '94.

Give up the strife?
Never.

All a vain, hopeless struggle?

Well, granted 't were so —
Better high aim with failure
Than vict'ry with low.

Lose all else in the gaining?
Suppose it were true!

What is life but a feigning
Unless one thing you do?

Not worth the trouble you think?

Well, you're not I:
I know its value, few think
Will have it or die,
Though death gain life,
Then have it
Forever.

The Vassar Miscellany.

NOT long ago I was privileged to be at Lasell Seminary, and had the pleasure of making a long anticipated visit in Prof. Bragdon's hospitable home. I was deeply impressed with the comfort and luxury and perfection of Lasell, and all that is done by our dear Principal to make the girls happy and feel at home. Surely he has succeeded, for the homelike feeling I had while there was remarkable.

I had a good opportunity of watching all the workings of Lasell and of the thoughtfulness and painstaking of the one whose girls and their welfare fill one of the biggest places in his heart and life.

It was also my privilege to enjoy some of the luxuries from your bountiful table, and I came to the conclusion that if we, in the long years past, had fared in every way half as well, we would have considered ourselves most fortunate, though we did not suffer, and I really think we appreciated all we had, and were about as happy as we could have been or you are now, and perhaps happier. To tell the truth, girls, I felt while at Lasell that you were really spoiled, and said so then and since. Do you not honestly think, yourselves, that you *do* have everything, and it placed before you in the most attractive way?

I thought you girls had perfection with just one exception, and that was — no gas by which to curl your hair, and in that I had a strong feeling of sympathy for you, not being blessed with naturally curly hair like Miss Ransom; but Mr. Bragdon was even then trying to discover the best way to promote his girls' happiness in that particular (opposed as he is to bangs), and ere this I picture that flaw removed, and perfection reigning supreme.

This is the opinion of an antique Lasell girl, so it ought to have much weight and be of great value.

Think a minute, girls; do you not, each one, agree to all I have said?

AN ANTIQUE LASELL GIRL.

DECEMBER, 1893.

"No wonder me darlin' is cross-eyed,"
Said love-sick Pat to his mother,
"For both of her eyes are so pretty
That each wants to look at the other."

The Polytechnic

VACATION AT LASELL.

GIRLS never feel that it is a misfortune to be obliged to stay at Lasell in the Christmas vacation. If any one enjoys going all the time, this is the place to be. We felt as if we were one big family, just eleven girls. And Mr. Bragdon kept us busy all the time either skating, coasting, driving, going to the theatre, or seeing the interesting places in Boston. On Wednesday afternoon we all felt somewhat homesick, seeing the girls start for their homes, or to visit friends; and that evening at dinner we were rather quiet. But after dinner a great sleigh filled with straw was brought to the front door and all the girls jumped in, Mr. Bragdon sitting behind to see that none of us fell out or fell asleep, and away we flew to Wellesley, returning at eleven o'clock, pretty cold but in gayest spirits.

The next day was spent in coasting. The girls from Texas and New Orleans afforded us much amusement, as it was their first experience in this sport. Our New Orleans girl, being very eager to begin, could not wait for the "double runners" to come, so attempted to coast alone on a small sled. She did bravely until she struck the curb stone. This stopped the sled, but she slid on at least ten feet further, forgetting in her intense excitement the necessity of a sled.

But our new Texas girl had equally as thrilling an experience. With her usual dignified air, she took her seat directly behind the steerer (a representative of the Highland Military Academy), believing him to be advanced in this art. On their first run the steerer, being somewhat excited by the ceaseless chattering of so many girls behind, ran towards a tree. Our Texas girl first seeing the danger then and there lost her usual calmness, and in her attempt to save herself and mates mercilessly grabbed our cadet, upsetting all of us in the snow. She decided on the second run to sit on the back end of the bob, but wheeling round the first corner, she rolled pathetically into the street. We will not add her first experience on ice skates, but suffice it to say that her teacher showed his skill in skating as well as in science.

The next two days were passed in going to Boston, shopping and stocking up in candy for Christmas, skating, sleighing, and looking for

boxes from home, which we thought might arrive before Christmas day.

And the great day came. The girls were all up at five in the morning and awakened the teachers with carols. We went to Mr. Bragdon's door first and sang and sang but received no response. So after singing to all the teachers in the building we returned, determined to awaken him, but were received as before. He told us afterwards that he was so impressed by our music that he could find no way to express himself.

At ten o'clock we were called to the parlor, and after a short and impressive talk from Mr. Bragdon and a song, "Bethlehem," by all present, little Harold Winslow, in his first trousers, opened the folding doors and there was as beautiful a Christmas tree as any one ever saw, with a pretty remembrance on it for every one in the house. There was no lack of mistletoe in the rooms either, but although several of the girls were caught under it, they refused to pay their debts, one of them suggesting that these be put "on the bill," to which came the reply, "I had not intended to put it on the cheek."

In the evening, several of the girls went to the exercises at the Methodist church, while the remaining ones assembled in one room to tell "ghost stories."

The last but not least of our many pleasures was the visit of our long-haired and distinguished would-be lawyer from the Senior class of Ann Arbor. This expectation and its realization made glad the hearts of all our family but *especially* our prized representative from Denver. This day she looked brighter and rosier than usual, the glow in her cheek being deepened by the pleasure this day would bring and her blonde hair crimped tighter than we had seen it for many days. We wish we could, but it is impossible to enter into the details of this wonderful visit, since the lawyer was kept from our view, *as much as possible*, while this Denver girl completely monopolized his company. Nevertheless we peeped at him a sufficient number of times to know how he looked, and we saw that his long hair would not curl. *She* enjoyed his visit but *we* repaid her. On the last evening of his stay here in the large double parlors sat a silent couple, speaking only with their eyes; but *this* conversation we did not

understand. Everything was too quiet for us, so tiptoeing into the room above them, and winding and suspending on a string a half dozen alarm clocks, we lowered them to the window nearest where they (he and she) were sitting.

On the sounding of them our lawyer acted as though he had his first "case." He walked up and down the floor, made wild gestures, frowned, then smiled, his face flushed, but he could find no words to express his emotion. We soon calmed him, though, by most beautifully rendering that familiar song, "Home, Sweet Home." But now he is gone to Boston and our little blonde enlivens her spirits by reviewing the happy past.

All in all, our Christmas at Lasell was continued happiness and pleasure. There were three birthdays during the vacation, and if all birthdays were as happy as those, we would wish them oftener, despite our being at the age to deny the years which so rapidly press upon us.

MY TRIP FOR 1894.

JAN. 3, 1893, I started for Egypt.

Jan. 3, 1894, I started for Providence; arrived same day, 11.15 A. M.; home again same day, 6.15 P. M. I made better time this trip than last, you see, when I reached home April 5.

That trip I saw many darkies; this trip, one dark-haired, dear little kitten, and several dark-browed wives, formerly Lasell girls. Julia Hogg went with me, in a kind spirit of self-denial, to keep me from being homesick, Mrs. B. being in New York.

We met Mrs. Starkey and Edith, looking none the worse for vacation wear and tear, and had a few very kind words from Mrs. S. We hurried to Ida Simpson Bushnell's pretty home on Harvard (not Howard) Ave., hoping to find that marvellous child awake. But Margaret slept. So leaving Julia, I found Jennie Goff Martin, 27 (not 9) Princeton Ave. She peeked through the door, and seeing my bundle (I had taken the grandchildren's album, to show the babies' pictures and looked very much like a book-agent) frowned severely, and opened the door to say, "No, we don't want any to-day." But I gave her one of my severe looks and made her let me in. A delightful little chat and the pleasure of meeting

her mother-in-law filled a half hour, and on I sped. Called at Clara Comstock's, but she was out nursing a sick aunt. Bertha Harris Armington's vigilant maid was all ready to say "No peddlers admitted," when Bertha rescued me and made me welcome. A delightful home, all their (I hope *her*) own, with several artistic features which gave me new ideas; a cordial, manly husband, who took my heart at once, showed me without her telling that Bertha was happy. Mr. A. says she is "domestic," she says she "hates to cook." After a good dinner which just suited my palate, and a visit which was far better, I passed on for a pleasant call at the nice home of Sadie Dunham, being so fortunate as to find both Sadie and Mrs. Dunham and the dog at home. They live almost in the country toward the Roger Williams Park. Then I hurried back to the baby. She recognized me from the window (six weeks old) and shook her hand at me. She let me hold her without more than the usual number of faces. I thought she seemed quite interested in her future principal. Such a head of hair as she had! And she is pretty enough for a baby. You don't want babies so pretty that they *must* change for the worse. I am afraid Margaret is going to be too pretty to be good. Ida is bringing her up on "scientific principles" she says. I don't see but what folks will get to using incubators after a while and do the whole thing "scientifically." The dear mother was "our Ida" just as of yore. Off we went (time was getting short so we had to leave Lizzie Luther Lothrop and Selma Smith for another trip, for they live in another part) to see Nellie Ferguson Conant and her babies (just think, *four* has Nellie, the oldest six years old, the youngest a year next month!), but the car missed connections, and her street and number were not in our book as they should have been, so we had to go direct to train after going way to Pawtucket, over an hour's ride on electric. But Mrs. Moulton, Nellie's mother, took the same train and we had a nice talk with her. She is the same jolly mamma as when she brought Nellie here in short dresses and hair—years ago. Said Nellie was just recovering from la grippe, children well and *so nice*.

A red-letter day. Bless the girls and their babies!

C. C. B.

SCHOOLS PAST AND PRESENT.

WE American girls to whom education is made so pleasant and easy, would, I am afraid, shrink before our tasks if we were obliged to go to school in a foreign country. If we cannot spend some time visiting the European schools in reality, we certainly can on paper. Let us first look at the ancient modes of learning and see how much we have progressed.

At seven years of age the Roman boys went to school. At five o'clock A. M. they commenced their studies of Greek and Latin grammar, taking an occasional flogging as recreation, and arousing the late sleepers with their cries.

The masters were great disciplinarians; and esteemed corporal punishment a great help in beating knowledge into the dull heads of their pupils.

If a boy was so unfortunate as to pronounce a single syllable wrong, he was beaten black and blue; for the ancients believed that boys were naturally vicious and required taming. Even Plato declared that a boy was the most ferocious of animals. In some schools both sexes were instructed together although the education of girls was comparatively neglected.

In the higher social circles girls were taught music, dancing, and all the accomplishments of a lady of society. At the age of fourteen, the girls were put into high schools, where they studied rhetoric and literature; their previous efforts having been confined to arithmetic, reading, writing, etc.

The pay of a teacher was ridiculously low, about thirty dollars a year.

Such was the discipline a Roman child was obliged to undergo. Let us be thankful it is not so at the present day. As to modern schools, let us take France first. There are no such schools as our public ones; the *écoles communales* are attended by the very poor children whose parents are utterly incapable of paying for their tuition. Nowhere in France do you find schools for both sexes; and the French hold our institutions of learning, where such a terrible thing is permitted, in the greatest astonishment. In nearly every ward in Paris there are schools called *Lycées*, one for girls and one for boys. These are government schools and a pupil finishing the course there would be ready to enter one of our colleges. Very few

girls (unless they are fitting themselves to be teachers) attend school after they are seventeen years old; indeed many are through at sixteen.

Public examinations are required in every school whether it be a public or a private one. There are two examinations yearly and those are held in the *mairie* or town hall in each ward.

A teacher conducts the pupils there and leaves them to the mercy of strange examiners. One day is spent in written tests and one in oral. No teacher of the school is allowed to be present; and to be examined by people you have never seen or heard of before, is indeed trying. Many fail from sheer fright, and few do their best. The result is known in two weeks, when a list of the fortunate ones is sent to each school, and soon after follows the diploma or certificate. The first of these examinations is made at the age of fourteen, the other at sixteen.

The discipline in the schools is very different from what it is here. The work begins at eight o'clock A. M. and lasts until five o'clock P. M. with an hour's intermission at noon. Very little time is allowed for study in the school-room for every one is obliged to take all the branches; drawing, painting, etc., and one whole afternoon a week is devoted to sewing. The French are beautiful needlewomen, and a French girl is taught to regard a patch as worthy of attention, and as artistic in its way as a picture. Upon entering school in the morning each girl puts on a black apron, which is made with sleeves, high neck and comes to the bottom of the dress. This apron everyone is obliged to have, and a girl is severely reprimanded who dares to leave it off. As no French girl can go on the street alone they all have to wait until their maids come for them. Surely the freedom of our schools is far preferable to this.

In point of intellectual culture Germany ranks high. School instruction is everywhere compulsory, and there are four different kinds of schools for the higher branches of education. The gymnasias supply preparatory training for the universities. Here the foremost place is given to the classical languages, but French, English, and mathematics are also taught, while in the *realschulen*, Latin is the only ancient language taught. When the children are young, boys and girls are

taught together, but from the age of ten or so the two sexes are kept as separate as they are in France. The girls do not carry their education as far as the boys, but do not leave school as early as the French students. History and modern languages are the chief studies in a girl's school, and many Germans know much more about our own American history than the average girl in this country. There are also few, who have finished the course, that cannot converse in English and French fluently, indeed it is almost impossible to find a highly educated German who does not speak English. They study their literature more than we do, in fact one of the earliest text books they use is a child's literature. Goethe and Schiller are revered by every child in a manner which we can hardly understand; their works are more thoroughly studied by every one, and more time is spent over them than we would think of bestowing upon almost all our writers put together. In the boy's school great attention is paid to military drill, and the result is a martial nation, well equipped for the country's needs. It is a comical sight to see small boys of perhaps six and seven years of age, going through their military tactics. The school hours are about the same as here, but instead of the Saturday or Monday holiday, the little Germans have Thursday for recreation. In France they have the same holiday and the week seems indeed shorter when it is broken in the middle.

In London the Board schools correspond somewhat to our public schools and are maintained partly by the rate payers of the city and partly by a grant from the government. These are subject to inspection from both local and government officials, while the voluntary schools, which are maintained by paying students, are free from inspection. In these public schools the boys and girls are together in adjoining buildings under the respective supervision of a head master and head mistress. Only primary pupils and the lower standards in the few mixed schools are taught by women. The older lads do not like to obey a woman. The school-rooms are furnished with tiers of double desks, and open fires which gives the whole place a cheerful look. The exercise in the morning begin with the reading of the proper lesson for the day, which is explained and

studied. These devotional exercises are not obligatory, so that parents who object to religious instruction detain their children until this half hour is past. There are separate departments of cooking, laundry, and needle-work, and inspection by government examiners are made in all these branches. The salaries of the teachers depend upon the condition of their classes on a fixed day in the year when the examination is made; so this system of inspection would seem an incentive for the teachers to push the pupils to their utmost.

All these things are different from the state of affairs in our own country. And does it not seem strange that such different theories should prevail in countries so closely united? How many of us would be willing to exchange our schools for any of these we have just passed in review, and are we not thankful to be true born Americans?

We have indeed little occasion to grumble when we are surrounded by so many comforts and luxuries, which cannot fail to make the most irksome tasks endurable; but it is a matter of regret that we have to reside in Europe in order to become perfectly conversant with the modern languages.

INDIAN WORK.

STEADFAST and enthusiastic in her chosen work among the Indian youth of the southwest, Sue Baker of the class of 1891 writes us again, telling us more about her school, which this year numbers over fifty, "ranging from five years old to six feet." "I trimmed a Christmas tree for the children, and a large number of people came from near and far to see it. Some quite old men came. It was the first they'd ever seen in this region," says Sue. She finds the Choctaws more lovable and more teachable than the Creeks, among whom she labored last year. A few books sent her were so warmly appreciated that I do hope others of our Lasell girls will find it in their hearts to send her a stray volume or two, — for her school, of course. And why not a word of hearty cheer with them? Girls know how to write such words, and you know it is

"Not what we give, but what we share;
For the gift without the giver is bare."

Happy New Year, Sue!

Sue's address is, "S. S. Baker, Tamaha, Indian Territory, Choctaw Nation."

THE PROGRESS OF WOMAN.

NEVER before in all the world's history has woman occupied such a high position as she can claim to-day. This is indeed the century of the emancipation of woman.

Not only are many more occupations now open to her, but in her own private home life she is keeping in touch with the outside world; and even working women are interested in matters of education and philanthropy.

Formerly, not only the world in general, but the mother herself, considered it her only duty to keep the home and care for the family. To-day the mother, though giving just as good care to her children, seeks to make advancement in thought and learning.

Women are nowadays, accustomed to read the daily newspapers, and even the farmer's wife reads about the silver and tariff questions, and discusses them with her husband. She tries to keep in touch with the work and progress of women in other countries, as well as in her own, and is to-day interested in questions of much deeper importance than dress and personalities.

Take up almost any newspaper or magazine, and you will find accounts of the literary clubs organized and carried on by women.

There are to-day about three and eighty different occupations open to women. Not only does she hold a high position in the literary world, but many other means of livelihood are now at her command.

And she is able to fit herself for almost any place in life, since the opportunity for a good education is now so easily obtained. Formerly it was not considered necessary for a woman to be educated beyond the rudimentary branches of learning. During long years, doors of colleges were obstinately closed to her knock; she was shut out from professional pursuits, and in fact, almost every vocation by which she might earn an independence was forbidden her. But nineteenth century progress has changed all this; woman has come bravely to the front, and now competes successfully with her brothers.

This great change has not been wrought in a moment, it has taken many years to bring about the good result. With the impetus given by

advanced ideas, women began to think for themselves, and wished for some higher place.

It was with reluctance that colleges first opened their doors to them, and as a great favor, women were allowed to enter.

Slowly but surely she has worked her way to the front, and to-day she can choose from an almost unlimited list of occupations.

The newspapers of England have been making a great stir about a young English woman who has gone into the profession of indexer, and begun by helping index the records of the English Parliament.

America is not behind her sister country in this, for during several administrations a woman, Miss Bereridge, has been employed to assist in indexing the Congressional Record, which is no light task.

"There is no difficulty to him who wills." Inspired by the great success she has already won, woman will still press on to greater attainments, and the world will grow more and more to recognize her power.

"JONES SEMINARY," ALL HEALING, N. C.

ALL HEALING, the site of Jones Seminary, is a small place in the southern part of North Carolina, which takes its name from some mineral springs in the school grounds, whose waters are said to be very beneficial. We are entirely removed from the world, being surrounded by pine forests, the school with an occasional negro cabin comprising the entire settlement of All Healing. The country is fine, and the climate all that one could desire, though my meeting a snake on the 25th of December detracted somewhat from my admiration of the climate.

There are about seventy-five students in the school, mostly from North and South Carolina and generally from a less wealthy class of people, but they are bright and interesting, and I never saw such a "desire to learn" as here. Were it not that all of the domestic work is done by the students, and that the climatic influence is so beneficial, I fear we would have more than one case of illness from overstudy, for the girls have to be fairly driven from their books to take any recreation. This making a girl leave her book for a while is really the greatest trouble a teacher has with respect to discipline.

Many of them have had almost primitive educational advantages before coming here, and the strange part of it is that these very poorest ones have in many cases been teachers. Most of the country schools keep only two or three months in the year, and with no system, and teachers who would be only a little beyond the primary grade in a good school in the North, you may know they have not had opportunity to acquire a great deal of knowledge. One of the girls told me that every time she reached percentage her teacher put her back because she couldn't take her any farther. Then thoroughness does not seem to be a peculiarity of the south. Many of them have been through the books and begin in the advanced classes, but gradually drop down to the beginning class where they find they belong. It is one of the great aims of this school to be thorough.

There are two teachers from the North besides myself. One is a graduate from Wellesley College, the other, who is the music teacher, is a graduate from the New England Conservatory. The principal and his wife are also from the North.

I know of no place where the work tells to better advantage. It makes a teacher feel as though she were a missionary to see so great an opportunity for doing good. The most undiscerning observer cannot fail to notice, after a few weeks, a most decided improvement, not only in school work, but also in the general appearance of the student. Those who are able to take the full course secure a first grade certificate, and are very successful as teachers. But (and it seems such a pity) many of the girls are able to stay only one year and some only one term, just long enough to make a good start, then they are obliged to stop and do something to earn some money.

The school is on a benevolent basis, and the rates are very low. Seventy-five dollars pays for one year's tuition and board. There are quite a number of beneficiaries who do not pay anything, and some who pay only part, by aid of the principal and Northern friends, and these are as satisfactory as any we have. The principal is quite desirous to add to this class as rapidly as beneficiary funds will permit.

I think if the Lasell girls could see how much the girls here are willing to go through to obtain an education, they would better appreciate the rich advantages that Lasell affords.

ALICE E. WHITE.

NOTHING IS MADE IN VAIN.

IN the leafy depths of a forest dim,
Aloft on the very topmost bough,
Two tiny seeds, just ready to fall,
Looked down with fear on the scene below.

The world was new to their shrinking gaze,
And the path, which out of the forest led,
Looked long, and lone, and dark, and drear,
And they gazed on that path with dread.

"What is our use?" said one little seed,
"We cannot, however much we may try,
Lend aid to a weary, perishing soul,
Or accomplish in life a purpose high."

"We are only tiny, and useless mites;
Born but to ripen, and drop, and lie
In the cold, damp earth beneath us here,
Unseen, and unheeded, to rot and die."

In a cheery voice the other said,
"The winds in passing have whispered to me,
Nothing in nature in vain was made,
Somewhere in the world there is work for thee."

"God has a place in his perfect plan
For the smallest seed, and flower, and blade,
And our duty it is to bide his time,
Then trustingly follow the path he has laid."

"And so, whatever may be my lot,
When I fall to the earth from our parent tree,
I shall know that by Him I am not forgot,
And wherever I am, He careth for me."

As they spake, they were blown from the lofty height
By a passing breeze, than its mates more strong,
And one fell down, and was lost in the leaves,
And one to the East was swept along.

The one that the west wind hurried away,
Was borne past wood, and copse, and mill,
And fell at length, on the mossy bank
Of a laughing brook, near the foot of a hill.

Down by the brook fell the tiny seed,
In a spot that was lone, and damp, and drear,
And the seasons came, and the seasons went,
And it lay there hidden for nearly a year.

The pattering feet of the hurrying birds,
Soon covered from sight the little seed,
With the leafy mold of the lonely dell,
To await the hour of its Maker's need.

The sweet west wind which had wafted it there,
Had long forgot where its burden fell,
And hastened by at evening's close,
To others, its message of trust to tell.

The rollicking south wind, lover of fun,
Had brought at times to the selfsame place,
The clinging burr, and the thistledown,
And odious seeds of a noxious race.

As the springtime came, the golden sun
Looked ardently down on the sodden mold,
And smiling thereon, with fervid beams.
Drove out the lingering damp and cold.

The noisome seeds which the south wind brought
Sprang up betimes, at his earliest call;
And grew apace, with eager haste,
Into worthless weeds that were rank and tall.

But the tiny seed in its earthy bed
With trust, abided the hour of its birth,
And slowly swelled, neath the wakening rays
Which warmed and gladdened the earth.

Till at length one day, from its resting place,
There sprang such a tiny, quivering blade,
That the weeds looked down and laughed in scorn,
At the pitiful show it made.

"What do you think is your part in life?
You're no use, you but stand in the way,
I was a seed but a short week ago,
And see how tall I am grown to-day."

"I'm of some good in this busy world,
For the happy birds can perch on me,
And twitter and sing, the whole day long,
Till the woods are full of their noisy glee.

"And the modest, blue-eyed violet,
Which hides in the mosses at our feet,
I can shield from the burning rays of the sun
That would scorch it with their heat."

At the rough, rude words of the noisy weeds
The tiny blade felt a throb of shame,
And would fain have drooped its head and died
But a pearly raindrop, quickly came

And fell on its leaves with a soothing touch,
And whispered softly, "Look up again,
You're a needful part of God's great plan,
You were not made in vain."

And the seedling remembered the hopeful words,
Which the wind had breathed in its ear;
And raised its head with a firm resolve,
No more to know shame or fear.

And as year after year was left behind
The rank weeds died and were soon forgot,
But the seedling grew to a mighty tree,
Which grandly o'ershadowed the lovely spot.

And the birds in the spring did build their nests,
In the drooping branches high and wide,
While its thirsty roots drew life from the brook
That flowed 'neath the bank at its side.

And many a passerby was glad
In its welcome shade awhile to rest:
And many a weary, wayspent soul
By its soothing calm was richly blest.

And the idle boy with his rod and line,
Would lie for hours on the mossy bank,
And gaze on the leafy boughs above,
As he dreamed of future wealth and rank.

The children would play on its carpet soft,
And the maid on her way from town
Would seek its shelter with hurrying steps
As the summer shower came down.

And when the grand, old tree looked back
To the hour when 'twas only a little blade,
It rejoiced that the wind had wafted it there,
And the drop had given it aid.

And as it thought of the hearts it had gladdened
Of the weary souls relieved of pain,
It blessed the good Lord that in his great plan
Its life had not been in vain.

PERSONALS.

HELEN HOKE SANGREE'S (here in 1882) present address is Steelton, Dauphin Co., Pa. Her husband is pastor there.

SUE DAY has been trying to see how she liked it to be ill. Better now and won't do so again. Elizabeth is studying kindergarten in New York, and strangely enough Mae Kimball is doing the same.

LUCY MCBRIER was in New York this winter — and did not come to Lasell!

MARY MARSHALL CALL and her lovely children three have helped make New York pleasant for Elizabeth. She also says Jennie Brown is better in health and will winter in Denver; that Jennie's brother was married last fall; that Nena Williams Hutchinson is back from Europe, and Jennie Willaims Brainerd has another small daughter.

LOUISA LEHURAY attends lectures at the Teachers' College, in New York, on history and literature, is refreshing her German, and has become a "Daughter of the Revolution." We predict a star for her.

LOTTIE APPEL is glad of the Society Houses project, and hopes to be here at the dedication next June. She also is enjoying lectures on sociology.

FLORENCE FULLER writes from Oakland, Cal., that she is staying with Annie Alexander and having a good time; that she saw Edith Ellis at Colorado Springs; that Nora Gibson visited her in Maine last winter and she was with Nora and Elva in Chicago. They intend to see each other once a year. Evidently distances give these girls no qualms of fear.

MAUDE OLIVER made an extended trip last summer, opening her East Saugus eyes by some sights of our glorious West. Chicago and the Fair, Denver, Salt Lake City, Portland, Ore., Tacoma and Seattle, the Yellow Stone Park (in same party with Sallie Head), Minneapolis, etc. She saw Nellie Heffelfinger, Jennie Brown, Carrie Brown and her two-year-old boy, Helen Gilbert, Lizzie Freeman. A good trip for any girl.

MRS. HENRY M. FIELD, *née* Frances Dwight, made a brief visit to Lasell, Dec. 18. Mrs. Field was a Lasell girl forty years ago, and this is her first visit to her old school home. She was very enthusiastic over the changes and improvements, and especially enjoyed a peep at her old room.

THE Evanston, Ill., *Press* has an extended notice of a Lasell Luncheon, given by the Misses Gardner, in December, to Lasellians. Four tables represented spring, summer, autumn, and winter, with flowers and decorations of appropriate colors, Jennie G. presiding over spring, Lucy Pinney, summer, Mrs. Rogers (Allie G.), autumn, and Flora G., winter. The guests were Laura Brooks, Rosa Best, Jessie Gardner, Sue Rowe, Jessie Reece, Flo Hartwell, Mae Towle, Mae Rice, Sallie King, Alice Platt, Nelle Davis, Abbey Hartwell, Ava Rawleigh.

MARY SEAMAN is helping care for the poor in Sheboygan; two women are "on duty" each day for this good work.

WE were surprised with a short visit from Sadie Burrill a short time since. She enjoys seeing all the old girls, as indeed we do to see her.

MINNIE WATTS LEWIS, Piqua, Ohio.

MRS. H. J. ECKFORD, 5 Orne Square, Salem Mass.

MISS JENNIE ARNOLD, '93, has just returned from a visit with Miss Lottie Eddy, of Bay City, Mich.

BOTH LOUISE VANCE and HATTIE NOBLE are visiting in Dayton, Ohio.

SARA TOWNSEND is at Miss Somers', at Washington.

MRS. WOODWARD (Alice Howlett) sends word of a little daughter.

MOLLIE LATHROP made a short call at Lasell during her Thanksgiving vacation; although she enjoys Miss Preble's school, she often longs for her good old times here. She often sees Harriet Lewis.

CARRIE BROWN CASSELL, class of 1889, 1341 Sherman Ave., Denver, writes about her two sons. The whole family, servant and all, have had la grippe. She, however, recovered in time to convince her husband that no one can cook griddle cakes or broil a steak so well as his good wife.

FANNIE LAMME proves herself a perfect guest, which is not always true of very good people. She has gone now to bless Joe Tichenor, in Kansas City, with her presence.

WE hear of Lasell dinners being given by Bessie Lothrop in honor of Miss Lizzie Creswell and Alice Goodell.

MINNIE SHERWOOD's mother has so well recovered from her serious illness as to go to the Fair and enjoy it.

MAISY WIGGIN spent Sunday here not long ago.

DR. STEELE: "I thought corporal punishment had been abolished in this school."

MISS C.: "Yes. Why not?"

DR. S.: "Why, I had some whipped cream at your table to-day."

CHARLIE.—"What makes the old cat howl so?"

WALTER.—"I guess you'd make a noise if you were all full of fiddle-strings inside." — *The Tuftonian*.

THANKS.

ONE of the most valuable and beautiful of calendars is a gift from Grace Johnson's father. It has more than passing utility, for every month gives a complete historical sketch, with portrait, of some representative American. Sketches from the life of each embellish the page. It is altogether unique and welcome.

Our thanks, Mr. Johnson!

A GIFT.

BERTHA MORRISSON, our staunch and true, has made Lasell her debtor in the gift of a beautiful remembrance of the Fair, "*Fame's Tribute to Children*." Lasell sends its thanks, and has already had much pleasure in its reading. It will be increasingly valuable as years pass on. A wise thought as well as kind.

From the Fair, too, came two fine pictures, to remind us of our sisters in India, the gift of Rev. Thomas Craven, a college friend of the Principal, and a valued member of our missionary staff in Sindh. One is a portrait of Miss Livilati Singh, B. A. of the University of Calcutta, who studied earlier in the Woman's College of Lucknow, and is now a teacher there, giving her unusual talents to the school to which she is indebted for her first incentive to a scholar's life, although much wanted in more lucrative positions. Hers is a strong, sweet face. We expect to see her a professor in this the first college for women in Asia.

The other is a group of Christian school-girls from Lucknow College.

The seven faces will be a surprise to many, promising and womanly, a sample of what Christian education is doing for the girls of India.

Lasell returns her cordial thanks to Dr. Craven for his kind thought of her. May these faces draw some of our Lasell girls to the field, white to the harvest.

LOVING Christmas greetings in the delightful form of personal letters gladdened the principal's heart from Clara Creswell, Lottie Appel, Louisa LeHuray, Minnie Sherwood, Mary Seaman, Elizabeth Day, Helen Hoke Sangree, and Lillie Tukey, and a telegram from Miss Fischer.

Thank you, dear girls, all. If more would do the like how glad he would be!

LOCALS.

THE Pupils' Rehearsal, given on the evening of the nineteenth, was interesting and enjoyed by all. The following is the programme:—

PROGRAMME.

CHORUS. { My True Love Hath My Heart . . . Cruickshank
Roger and Maggie Mihfeld

ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANOFORTE QUARTETTE. Marche Militaire . . . Schubert
MISS LILLIBRIDGE, CASE, AND GILMAN AND MR. HILLS.

SONG. Constancy Drafer
MISS GRACE ALLEN.

ORGAN. { Petite Fugue in D minor Bach
Pastorale in G Flagier

MISS CHAPIN.

CHORUS. Ring Out, Wild Bells Lahee
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANOFORTE. Au Matin Godara
MISS RAY.

SONG. La Capricciosa Rizzo
MISS HOUGHTON.

CHORUS. Stars of the Summer Night West
ORPHEAN CLUB.

SONG. By Normandie's Blue Hills Trotère
MISS CONLIN.

PIANOFORTE DUO. Selections from Phantasie and Sonata,
Mozart-Grieg
MISS C. MANNING AND MR. HILLS.

SEMI-CHORUS. Lost Chord Sullivan
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANOFORTE. Moment Musicale Godard
MISS LILLIBRIDGE.

CHORUS. A Meadow Song Wiegana
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANOFORTE QUARTET. Andante con moto and Finale, from
Symphony in B flat major Gade
MISS LILLIBRIDGE, PROCTOR, CUSHING AND MR. HILLS.

HARVARD GLEE AND BANJO CLUB CONCERT.

ON Wednesday, Dec. 13, these clubs entertained the young women of the Seminary and a few of their friends.

A committee consisting of Miss Sherman, the president of the Lasellia Club, Mr. Rich, Miss Taylor, and Miss Chase met the young men upon their arrival, and ushered them into the rooms which had been tastefully decorated in the Harvard colors for their use.

The concert was given under the auspices of this club, and the programme offered was a very pleasing one and was rendered with an efficiency that can only be acquired by continual practice and under capable instruction.

THE magnificent rendering of the Messiah Oratorio by the Handel and Haydn Society on Dec. 16 was greatly enjoyed by all who heard it. The soul-inspiring music so well fitted to bring out the grandeur of the simply told story aroused our hearts and minds to the wonderful power and beauty of harmony.

A VERY GOOD IDEA.

By the way, a movement is on foot to form a Chicago Lasell Club with a permanent organization and a membership of all Lasellians in Chicago and suburbs. We wish the movement all speed, and are certain that it will be carried out with the vigor and success which characterizes our Chicago contingent.

The Rogues' Gallery (as one father calls the grandchildren's album) is the richer this month by the beautiful faces of Arthur Cushman Wilson, son of Irene Cushman, of Deadwood, S. D., fifteen months; Kathryn Herbert, daughter of Fannie Hanscome, of Denver, Col., three months; and the three children (names not given, two girls and a boy) of Elizabeth Kiser Irwin, class of 1877, Keokuk, Iowa. The last are taken with Lizzie and Mr. Irwin, giving us a family group which we prize very much. *Thank you, every one.*

GONE FORWARD.

THE Salem, Ohio, *News* tells us of the death of T. C. Boone, father of our Jessie Boone Bonsall, here in 1878, a man of power and influence in the community.

A WEEK before vacation, our Julia Anderson was called suddenly home to be at her dear father's side while he passed away. The local paper said, in a long notice of Mr. Anderson's valued life and services, "No more serious calamity ever befell this city than the death of W. W. Anderson."

MRS. J. H. MILLIKIN, of Decatur, Ill., mother of our Dessie, class of 1892, was suddenly called from labor to reward. A faithful mother—who shall name her price? It is above rubies.

A PECULIARLY sad loss is that of our Blanche Merrill, of Manchester, N. H., in the sudden death of her father, Major H. C. Merrill. Only

a little over two years ago the dear mother passed on. Only those who know the dear girl can tell how beautifully and unselfishly she will take up the care of the home thus bereaved. We know her and are sure.

THE sad news of the death of Mr. Ashley Stone, the beloved grandfather of our Maudie Lorena Stone, of the class of 1888, has just reached us. Mr. Stone was one of the best known citizens of Hindsdale, N. H., and was influential in business, political, and church circles.

To our dear mates thus sorely bereaved we send our loving sympathy, wishing we could help and comfort them better.

MARRIED.

MISS ALICE WILLIAMS, of Williamsport, Penn., to Mr. Roscoe A. R. Huff, on Thursday evening, Jan. 11, 1894. Miss Williams was here from September, 1884, to June, 1886.

MISS JESSIE CLARK GODFREY, of Pittsburg, Penn., to Mr. Scott Alexander White, on Thursday, Dec. 28, 1893. Miss Godfrey was with us in 1881 and 1882.

MISS EMMA B. CIVILL, of Coeymans, N. Y., to Mr. Edgar J. Bailey, on Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1893. Mrs. Bailey is a graduate of 1887.

THE *Western Church Advocate* says of one of us, class of 1883: "Miss Alice House, the writer of our popular 'Around the Tea-table' articles, starts to day with her mother, Mrs. Erwin House, for the Midwinter Fair and an extended tour of California. Our readers are to be favored with her impressions of the land of wine and flowers."

CALLERS:

MRS. C. R. SHERMAN, MRS. H. T. WHITMAN, MISS EVA COUCH, MRS. CRUIKSHANK, SADIE BURRILL, SUSIE RICHARDS, MRS. WM. KERR, MRS. ECKFORD, MR. and MRS. HENRY M. FIELD (Fannie Dwight), '52 and '53, MR. WM. S. CLARK, MR. S. C. SHURTLEFF, JESSIE MACMILLAN, MR. CHARLES KING, MRS. GEO. G. MORRISON, EVA BOND and SISTER, NELLIE RICHARDS, MRS. WALTER RAYMOND.

THE very delightful coffee used at Lasell is from the Shapleigh Coffee Company, Broad Street, Boston, who have supplied the seminary for many years.

AIRED HER KNOWLEDGE.

SHE was a Vassar graduate, and did n't know a little bit about housekeeping when she married her last beau and settled down to domestic life.

Her first order at the grocer's was a crusher, but that good man was used to all sorts of people, and could interpret Vassar as easily as plain English.

"I want ten pounds of paralyzed sugar," she said, with a business air.

"Yes 'm, anything else?"

"Two cans of condemned milk."

"Yes 'm." He set down "pulverized sugar," "condensed milk."

"Anything more, ma'am?"

"A bag of fresh salt — be sure that it is fresh."

"Yes 'm. What next?"

"A pound of desecrated codfish."

"Yes 'm." He wrote glibly "desiccated cod."

"Nothing more, ma'am? Here's some nice horseradish, just in."

"No," she said, with a sad wobble to her flexible voice; "it would be of no use, as we don't keep a horse."

Then the grocer sat down on a kit of mackerel and fanned himself with a patent washboard. Vassar had taken the cake. — *Detroit Free Press.*

EXCHANGES.

LAST year the United States spent \$155,000,000 for education, while Great Britain spent \$35,000,000, and France only \$25,000,000.

THE members of Greek Letter Fraternities in the colleges number 77,000.

ALL the members of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, except one, are college bred men.

WESLEYAN University has a fine new gymnasium.

YALE has a yacht club with a membership of one hundred, and a fleet of twenty-five vessels.

THERE are 430 colleges in the United States with 122,523 students.

A UNIVERSITY for women is soon to be established in Germany. It will be the first of its kind in that country.

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Respectfully,

CHAS. W. HEARN.

IF any subscriber fails to receive this or any copy of the LEAVES, please let the publisher know at once.

TEACHER: "Johnnie, what is a conversation between two persons?"

JOHNNIE: "A dialogue."

TEACHER: "And between more than two persons?"

JOHNNIE: "A pollywog." — *Exchange.*

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

THE January number was welcomed in its true Lasell blue cover, which found such favor at home and among distant critics that, at the last meeting of the Publishing Association, the change was adopted. It is with manifest reluctance that we lay aside the familiar brown cover, to which varying adjectives have been applied; the chief attraction offered by the blue seems to be its loyalty to the school.

Having now found our becoming color and shade, without any exhaustive study of fashion plates, we propose to confine ourselves to this cerulean hue, until admonished by years that we are too sky-ward, and need toning down.

THE delightful services held in the Seminary on the Day of Prayer are mentioned elsewhere. We want to call attention to the address of Dr. Charles Goodell, which, at the request of the school, is printed in this number as a supplement. The interest it excited in all who heard it is due doubtless to the sincere sympathy of the author with his subject, and the earnest manner in which it was delivered. This paper, as well as several other interesting articles, may also be found in a memorial volume entitled "*My Mother's Bible.*" Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE cause of education in New England has met with a great loss, the past month, in the death of Helen A. Shafer, the President of Wellesley College. Wellesley has the sympathy of President Shafer's many friends, in her mourning.

A LITERARY NOTE-BOOK.

IF our literary page is to be a success, it must be through the co-operation of every girl who reads at all, and has any ideas about what she reads. Why shouldn't we have the benefit of each other's thoughts? Besides, every one who tries it will find it a help to herself in forming definite and accurate judgment, to write them down, and yet more to see them in print. Perhaps the experiment will lead some one to adopt the plan of a woman we know who has had the habit since she was a child of writing down her honest opinion of every book she reads, illustrated perhaps by a selection or two. The result is a most interesting series of note-books, showing by the mere names and character of the succeeding books the corresponding periods of her intellect. The shifting of her tales and attention from fairy tales to treatises on science, from poetry to mathematics, and from romances to history, with her enjoyment and profit from each, are all recorded there in black and white. But more interesting are her comments and criticisms, which reveal the development of her powers of appreciating the good and useful, and her increasing dislike of the trashy and overdrawn.

THE POST-OFFICE.

A GREAT improvement is our post-office, with its fascinating lock-boxes. No more passing of letters around after chapel exercises, but every time one finds herself in the front hall the inclination is to look and see if a letter might have been slipped in since she was there, ten minutes ago. If our friends realized what a pleasure it is to find something there semi-occasionally, and to have to draw out a key from some hidden recess or pocket, turn the miniature lock, open the door, and find that it really is n't for one's room-mate this time; if distant relatives knew the charm that all this ceremony adds to even the most prosaic missive, the boxes would be filled by every mail.

SUGGESTIONS and criticisms on our new cover will be welcome from any of our friends.

MISS WHITE'S RECITALS.

LASELL girls were greatly pleased with the series of song recitals given by Miss Villa Whitney White, once a favorite pupil of our Mr. Davis. Miss White not only possesses the gift of song but has a rare, magnetic power over her audience, whether she speaks or sings. The early folk-songs of Germany are invested with a peculiar romance, and the simple melodies and artless flow of verse interested all classes of listeners, since a genuine love song is not to be despised, however much we may pride ourselves upon intellectual advancement. Upon the first evening, Miss White sang a beautiful melody dating as far back as 1620, which was a great favorite, we are told, a half century ago, in Fifth Avenue parlors, and which our grandmothers sang to the alluring words, —

"Come away, love; come away, love;
We will seek a brighter home,
Where the false ones never shall stray, love,
Where the proud ones never come."

What gentle heart could resist *such* an appeal? François Hünten wrote a score of variations to this popular air, which he turned from "An Alexis," into "La Rose."

The second concert of Miss White's series illustrated the Italian aria, dating from the seventeenth century. Here began the pleasing innovation of sparkling accompaniments and preludes, filling in the pauses of songs, and forming a fine setting for vocal gems.

The ballads and romances afforded us another charming evening, with Miss White's bright explanations and admirable vocalization. Her voice has a very sympathetic quality, and is of unusual richness and compass. The evening with "Miscellaneous Songs" was perhaps most enjoyable of all, since Miss White was kind enough to repeat some favorite songs by request, and the grateful audience left with pleasant memories and kindest wishes for the success and happiness of Miss Villa Whitney White.

ONE CERTAINTY.

Man wants but little here below;
But we must all confess,
However little he may wish,
He's certain to get less. — *Ex.*

TRUE WOMANHOOD.

SERMON PREACHED BY REV. C. L. GOODELL, ON THE DAY OF PRAYER,
JAN. 25, 1894.

Published by request of the Students of Lasell.

IN the village of Caryæ, in Laconia, was a temple to Diana. The maidens of the village were the priestesses of the goddess and called Caryatides. In time it came to pass that the Grecian columns supporting temples and other elaborate structures were carved to represent the female figure, and were also known as caryatides. Doubtless David had some such fact in mind when he wrote, "that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

Woman to-day stands priestess in the Temple of Humanity. The great superstructure which the Divine Artificer is rearing rests in great degree upon her. I would be glad if any word of mine might be used to add strength to her arm, or grace to her labor, or joy to her heart.

There are certain pillars of strength, like caryatides of old, on which the temple of true womanhood must rest. I cannot describe or even name them all. I must content myself with calling your attention to the great columns which must guard the corners of that temple, and furnish grace and strength.

There is a sense in which the work of man and woman is identical. "To deal justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God," belong not more to one than to the other; and yet each division of humanity has something distinctively its own. Each is but half a sphere. It must be supplemented by the other in order to make a symmetrical whole. God so intended. "*Male and female created he them.*" The mightiest agent in the development of a noble race is the *home*. Here the mother is queen. She has her work which the father cannot do, while he has work for the home which she is poorly fitted to undertake. When either undertakes the work of the other a failure or a monstrosity is the result. I have no sympathy with the talk about relative superiority and inferiority. How will you compare a sunset and a poem, and tell which is superior? How will you measure the relative importance of air and food? Must a nightingale, sweetest of singers, insist on being rated by its value as an article of food? Let the rose bloom on, and make the springtime glad with its wealth of beauty and perfume, but let it not seek to be measured by the standard of the kitchen garden. Why should a woman wish to be rated by the number of pounds she can lift, or the mobs she can sway, or the armies she can lead, when God intended her to sit apart on the throne of a holy love, and wield a sceptre before which all hearts should bow and do her homage! If she will leave her throne, and prefers, in the place of a queenly reverence, the poor applause which comes to partisan and demagogue, then let her not complain when she finds herself jostled by the crowd, and lying at last in the dust. If I were a star, I would not seek to change places with the strange lights that hide in marsh and swamp.

Do not imagine from this that I would set woman apart with nothing to do but receive the adoration of mankind, for, as the first pillar in the erection of a true womanhood, I place *worthy employment*.

One far wiser than I wrote, two thousand years ago, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she yet liveth." Dead to the real joy of living, to the holiest passions which great souls know, to the true and tender love of a helpful heart. You have your life course marked out. It is school for a while, and then — marriage. Too many regard that as the consummation, when it really is but the beginning, of life. We name the period when we graduate from college, *Commencement*. It takes its name from the fact that the candidate is now sent forth ready to begin his active life. I have no objection to one's looking forward to marriage as a possible and desirable event, but I trust all will remember that the real life story is yet to be worked out.

You have in your mind the ideal, if not the actual, young man. He must be at least of good appearance. He must be far above the average in intellectual ability. He must have no bad habits, and must show the breeding of a gentleman. If he has not wealth, he must be in a business or profession which promises a sure return for the future. I am glad you are so sensible as to seek for such sterling qualities; and you ought not to risk your happiness and life where many — if any — of them are wanting; but now let me ask what have you to offer for all this? It is but fair that men should seek for an equivalent; and if they find none, can you blame them for feeling that they have made but a sorry bargain? It would be sad indeed for you to feel that you had been the occasion of any man's writing as wrote Moore, —

"My only books

Were woman's looks,

And folly's all they've taught me."

At least in the matter now under consideration, that of worthy employment, each may be prepared to do her part.

Every young lady ought to know how to do some work which could win her a support. In Massachusetts there are thirty thousand, and in Rhode Island ten thousand, more women than men. What are to become of what Mrs. Livermore calls "these superfluous women"? Shall they be a burden upon friends or upon the State? Or will they learn some employment which will make them useful instead of being a burden? This the noblest women of antiquity did. Cæsar used to say with pride, that his imperial robes were wrought by the deft fingers of his wife and daughters. Alexander told the mother of Darius that his garments were woven by his sisters. Lucretia instructed her maidens at the wheel. Mix brains with your work, and the kitchen may be as honorable and remunerative as any place. When Vanderbilt pays ten thousand dollars to a Frenchman to direct his *cuisine*, we cannot say that it does not pay to know how to cook.

Art, music, and literature hold open doors before the women of America. How sad to see young women of to-day, gloriously gifted, standing in our highest walks of life empty-handed. To dress for dinner, to dress for the ball or opera, to learn the mysteries of the druggist's art for her own complexion and of the milliner's art for her own apparel, is the substance of her acquirements. What a waste of capacity! But I must not talk of the wealthy alone. There are those in Boston whose fathers are not worth five thousand dollars who seek to be pampered, and indulged in idleness. They could not make the bread they eat; and yet they wonder why all the young men in town are not at their feet; and, worse yet, mothers and fathers encourage them in idleness under a false idea of being kind to them. Learn to do something well. No true womanhood was ever erected that had not industry as one of its corner-stones. St. Paul speaks of those who "learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house;" and not only idle but busy bodies, "speaking things which they ought not." The great preventive of gossip is proper employment.

I name, as the second pillar of true womanhood, *intellectual development*. I am aware that many excellent women have lived who were not educated; but a true ambition will lead to the careful training of the intellectual powers, not simply by study, but by observation and reflection as well. Who needs to know the law of the mind more than the mother, who is the guardian of the child's budding mental powers? Who needs to know helpful literature more than she who is to say what her children shall read?

How an appreciation of noble thoughts relieves toil of its drudgery, and supplies hope and cheer to the disheartened! How it graces the fireside, and keeps the mind from preying upon itself and falling into premature decay. In early years, it keeps from the sensational novel which unfits for life, from those amusements which many affect, which only dwarf the mind, and ruin all fine instincts, and quench all holy endeavors.

Thirdly, I name *unselfish* service.

This is the real essence of true womanhood on its human side. In the chapel of the greatest college for girls in New England is the motto, "*Non ministrari sed ministrare.*" Every true life must come to realize soon or late that its mission is, not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Many a boy has received a college education wrought for him by a patient mother and self-denying sister. Thank God, there are such noble mothers. See their old, wrinkled hands tremble at their work.

"Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
When her heart was weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on
That her children might be glad."

When in the night we heard a soft step, we said, "It is mother." When all others were in bed, she came to take the worn stocking or the torn jacket or dress. In the morning, we found them ready for us, so deftly mended that one could hardly find the rent.

Many a daughter has proved herself a very queen; has put her own love and ambition out of sight, and toiled on to the end to bring joy and hope to some other life, or to smooth the rough way into the valley of death for a father or mother beloved.

There are crowns in heaven for the brows of such. That child is fortunate who has birth in a home where such tender ministrations are about him, where he sees the law of love in its highest fulfilment in the life of the mother who rocks his cradle.

Tennyson in "*The Princess*" speaks of such an one, —

"Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

The true woman is anxious, not to get out of her world the most she can of selfish enjoyment, but to put into it all the honest service she can give.

In the toil of life, woman is to be a helpmeet. "A man must ask his wife's leave to be rich," is an old proverb and a true one.

William and Mary Howitt were not brother and sister, as many suppose, but husband and wife. She shared with him all his hardships, and helped him to all his triumphs. Such a helpmeet made Hood write to her, after she had strengthened him to labor, ministered to him in sickness, comforted him in sorrow, and borne without complaining a sad domestic lot, "I never was anything dearest, until I knew you; and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail."

I want you, both young men and young ladies, to remember that the only way for you to grow old in the home delightfully is to be helpful to each other, — to preserve that fine sense of kindly care which is so beautiful in brother and sister, and which throws a perfect charm over married life.

Finally, the crowning strength and glory of true womanhood is *Christian consecration*. It has been so in all the ages. In Israel, Deborah and Miriam; in apostolic times, Lydia and Lois and Priscilla; in Wesley's time, Hester Ann

Rogers, Lady Maxfield, Barbara Heck, and Susanna Wesley. In our time, Frances Havergal, Mrs. Phebe Palmer, Phebe Cary, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who wrote, —

"Not she with traitorous kiss her Master stung,
Not she denied him with unfaithful tongue;
She, when apostles fled, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave!"

Woman's power of song has been consecrated. Charlotte Elliott wrote, "Just as I am"; Catherine Hankey, "I love to tell the story"; Mrs. Adams, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Mrs. Hawks gave to the church, "I need Thee every hour"; and scores of our sweetest hymns have fallen from the pen of Frances Havergal, Mrs. Knapp, the Cary sisters, and Mrs. Brown, the author of "I love to steal awhile away."

Nearly two thirds of the membership of our churches are women. 'Well,' says Bishop Foss, "when Paul started to annihilate the infant church with his persecutions, he said, 'Write in not only men, but *women also*;' and in that he was wise, for you can never root out Christianity anywhere until you root out the heart of woman as well as the brain of man."

It should be so. All woman has she owes to Christ. He found her the plaything of lust; he led her to her throne, and, what is better, he fitted her for it. I want to tell the woman who makes light of the homely virtues of religion and the sober enjoyments of a Christian faith, but for the Christ whom you treat as a myth out of the past, you would to-night be in bondage like the women of Bombay or Cairo, or like those who lived like beasts in the palace of the Tarquins. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

A womanhood whose hands are filled with useful toil, whose brain is nourished by healthful streams of life, whose ambition is not selfish, but holy, whose entire life is dominated by a Christian faith, — for this I plead to-night. *

If you came expecting flippant words and ready wit, you are disappointed. This is not the place for such words, and I am not the one to speak them. I have spoken such words as I shall be willing to meet when these fair faces are wrinkled and these bright eyes have lost their lustre through scalding tears; when the brilliant colors have faded from the morning; when the gay cavalier has had his day; when the proud are forgotten, and fortune has exalted them of low degree.

In all this I have not been speaking from the books. I have been thinking of my model as I spoke. Not the Beatrice of Dante, the Laura of Petrarch, Tasso's Leonora, or Goethe's Clärchen. I see her seated in her old place, where she has sat for many years, and I am bound to say I have not laid on one color too strong. They tell me she was beautiful once; that her cheeks were dimpled, and her brown hair thrust its wilful curls over a sweet, low forehead, in spite of comb and bands; that her eyes were like the seas where summers lie dreaming, and that in all the town no hand was so white and shapely.

Of that I never knew; for when I came to know her and to set her on her throne, there were some wrinkles in brow and cheek, and her eyes had a yearning look, like as of one who looks for ships at sea. Her dimples were gone, her hands bore the mark of toil. Thirty years have passed since then. I have watched the wrinkles deepen, the frosts settle on her hair. Her hands tremble now, and her back is bent, but she's my queen to-night! For all those years she has not left her throne, nor soiled the white robe which my baby hand threw upon her shoulders.

Young ladies, I commend to you my mother's faith and my mother's God. Comforted and strengthened by that faith, I pray that when your fair hands shall be wrinkled, and your feet become too feeble to stray from your hearthstone, your children may rise up, as I do now, and hold your life to the world as a pattern of what a true womanhood may be.

A GREAT MAN'S IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD.

[WE are indebted to the *Evangel* for this letter, a portion of one written by Horace Bushnell to his daughter. There seem to be some points here which it would pay all young women to notice. — ED.]

MY DEAR CHILD, — You are now precisely of the age to study, and there is nothing I so much desire for you on earth as that you may have a truly accomplished mind and character. I do not wish to excite in you any wrong or bad ambition, and yet I wish you to feel, as you grow up, that you are not doomed to any low or vain calling because you are a woman. You cannot be a soldier or a preacher; but I wish, in the best and truest sense, to have you become a woman. This you cannot be without great and patient cultivation of your mind; for neither man nor woman has any basis of character without intelligence. You must be able to maintain intelligent conversation; and this requires a great deal of intelligence of every sort, and the more in a woman, because she must not seem to be bookwise and scientific, as men may do, but to have her fund in herself, and speak on all subjects as if she had the flavor of all knowledge in herself naturally.

But if intelligence is necessary to make a fine woman, other things are quite as necessary. Her mind and heart must be perfectly pure, as that of infancy. She must be the very expression of modesty, and without the least affectation in her manners. Here the best rule is always to feel beautifully, and she will act beautifully, of course; whereas, if she undertakes to fashion her manners by rule or to copy others, she will as surely be stiff and affected. As to temper, a woman should never seem to have any. A sharp temper pricks through the garment of softness, and it seems to be only a covering of thorns, — of which the observer will be duly cautious. She ought never to vent or entertain a harsh judgment of others, but to cast a mantle of sweetness and charity over all she looks upon. Study contentment; look on nothing with envy, for it is half the merit of a fine woman that she can bear so much with so beautiful a spirit.

Do nothing to excite admiration, for that is the way to excite contempt, and, what is more, to deserve it. The humblest flower is never so unwise. It gives out its colors and shreds its fragrance in

the air because it has the secret stores of color and fragrance in its sap, and not to please some casual observer. Above all, the fine woman must be unselfish. We demand that she shall seem to have alighted here for the world's comfort and blessing, and all the ways of selfishness are specially at variance with her beautiful errand.

I have said nothing, thus far, my child, of what is the first and radical ground of security for all that I commend, viz., that a woman should be a Christian. Her character should be the very blossom and flavor of piety. Most men agree that a woman ought to be religious, in which they say more than they think, both for woman and for religion. What is that without which the most perfect loveliness cannot be made to subsist? To be conscientious in duty, to go on errands of charity to the poor, to have the passions laid and the tempers sweetened by a habit of prayer, to draw from the fountain of truth that truthful habit which expels all affectation and makes a creature at once confiding and worthy of confidence, — this is the soul of all that enters into a woman's accomplishments. Therefore, I am anxious, my dear daughter, that you should begin the Christian life now and grow up in it. If I have proposed to you something angelic in the model of a woman, I am far enough from believing that any mere self-cultivation will enable you to reach it. Man is not so good or susceptible to good that he can fill out the ideal of goodness without proximity to God, or drawing himself up to his mark by the assimilating power of God's love and communion.

GENEVA, Oct. 6, 1845.

THE SAINT CLAIR RIVER.

GREAT stream, that in thy majesty doth flow
Between thy grassy banks so fresh and green,
Where stately tree and tiny twig are seen
To bend, and with their branches move as though
They wish thy beauty to caress. But so
Regardless movest thou, 't is but the sheen
Of the white moon, that cold yet beauteous queen,
That change of aspect e'er canst make thee know.
Like some grand purpose of a life thou art,
That can'st not be perverted nor led wrong,
Nor from thy steadfast course made to depart.
Thou find'st the way not calm nor brief, for long
Is the right path to every earnest heart,
But then thou endest with a happy song.

K. H. R.

INFLUENCE.

SOME years ago I was invited to a reception at a private house, given in honor of Mrs. Ballington Booth. I was not interested in the Salvation Army, and thought, as many people then did, that it was simply a ridiculous farce. However, I went to the reception and came away completely won over to the side of these aggressive people.

Mrs. Booth spoke to us for nearly an hour, and I have heard few more charming speakers. She wore the blue gown and bonnet of the Army, but it only seemed to heighten the charm of her face and manner. She was certainly beautiful; but it was not her beauty that impressed me most, — it was her enthusiasm over her work and her love for it.

She described her "slum dress" (for the conventional Army costume is too elegant for slum work), an old calico gown, neat, but patched and faded, in which, night after night, she traversed the worst quarters of New York and London, with only one companion.

It was almost impossible to imagine this delicate, refined young woman singing in saloons and gambling dens at midnight, pleading with wayward girls, or caring for the sick and dying.

Well, I do not expect to join the Salvation Army, but I think it is one of the grandest things of the nineteenth century, and that it is reaching and uplifting a class of people that our modern, dainty, church-going Christians will not and cannot ever touch.

Another young woman who has influenced me very much is a personal friend of mine. Her habit is to visit daily one of the largest hospitals in Chicago, and it has often been my good fortune to accompany her on this errand of mercy.

She visits the patients when they enter the hospital, talks and reads to them, and tries to draw them gradually upward, and to show them that perhaps the very accident or sickness that brought them to the hospital is to be the means of leading them to higher and better things. Every afternoon she holds a vesper service in one of the wards; Thursday afternoon she has a meeting for the children, and Tuesday night a prayer-meeting, to which outsiders often come. Sundays she goes

from ward to ward, singing and distributing flowers.

And the third young woman I want to speak of I put last, because she has touched and influenced me even more deeply than the other two.

She is the International Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., and I first saw her at a summer convention of that Association, held in a beautiful spot not far from Chicago. I wish I could describe her to you as I saw her there, and as I see her still. Her face was beautiful, — strikingly so, — and very pure and intellectual. She was tall, slender, and graceful, her dresses were remarkably pretty and becoming, and her voice, clear and sweet, — a musical, womanly voice, and yet one that could be heard in any part of the room in which she spoke. She was young, too, only twenty-seven. But above and beyond all this, the thing that held us spellbound oftentimes, as we listened to her, was the light — *the Christ light* — that shone from her face and seemed fairly to transfigure it at times. *Her* vocation is a very wearing one, I should think. She spends the entire winter going from city to city, speaking at Associations, churches, and in private houses, of the great work the Y. W. C. A. is doing.

Whenever a new secretary is appointed, whether of a State or city association, the International Secretary must have a personal interview with her, no matter whether she lives in Canada or California.

Then she must bring back to the headquarters, at Chicago, a report of the interview, and give her opinion as to the qualifications of the young woman she has examined for the secretaryship.

In summer she has charge of the conference at Northfield, Mass., and later, the one at Lake Geneva, Wis. I do not know exactly why her work appealed to me more than either of the others, but, I am sure, coming into touch as she does every year, almost every day of every year, with so many young women, that she has left some mark of her own charming personality on every one of them; and I know that, though I only knew her one short week, my whole life will be influenced by her purity and loveliness, by her strong, tender love for all humanity, and by her deep spirituality. And although we cannot

all be like her, I do believe that "no man or woman of the humblest class can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good, without the world being made better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness."

THE BROOMSTICK.

THE poets oft do tell us
That sometimes humblest things
Are used for noblest purpose,
While Earth their praises rings.

We 'd scarcely choose a broomstick
As theme for poet's song:
Yet many are the virtues
Which unto it belong.

Though humble in its mission,
It serves the rich and great;
And ne'er refuses service
To those of low estate.

In old historic Salem,
The witches took their flight
From chimney-tops on broomsticks
All black as blackest night.

Dear Mother Goose hath told us
Of dame, with banner high,
Who sailed aloft in triumph
To sweep the misty sky.

Sometimes, in rosy twilight,
We've seen her broom again,
It neared the fateful cobweb,
But tumbled into rain.

O broomstick! woman's weapon;
What would she ever do,
When mice and burglars rampage,
Without a friend like you?

So stalwart and so faithful,
So silent in thy work,
With not a breath of murmur,
And not a thought of shirk.

Dear true and earnest toiler,
Of spoils successful reaper,
We'll sing thy praises ever.
A bas, you carpet sweeper!

MISS ELIZABETH PEABODY.

ELIZABETH PEABODY, who died recently, was a very wonderful woman; she was one of a remarkably brilliant family, and her sister, who married Nathaniel Hawthorne, was as talented as she. She was over eighty years of age at the time of her death, and had spent her long life in promoting the education of women and also in introducing the kindergarten work for children. In this psychological study, she was extremely enthusiastic, making Froebel's system bend to the needs and requirements of American schools. She travelled extensively over our eastern and western borders to persuade mothers and young teachers that the plastic mind of the young immortal could be cultivated and developed in so easy and natural a way that the acquisition of mental and moral lessons might become a positive delight. In those early days, the memory was developed to the exclusion of the thinking powers, and it was not an uncommon occurrence for children to learn long dreary rules and formulas by rote, and repeat them parrot-like, without any idea of the significance of this treasury of facts. Mr. Alcott found in his school for children an enthusiastic assistant in Miss Peabody and her charming book upon his methods of teaching gives us an outlook upon a new and original plan for children's development.

Later on, when Miss Peabody had influenced rich women to devote time and money to the establishment of kindergartens, she directed her thoughts to the higher education of women. Boston University had opened its doors to women, and scores of eager aspirants for learning had rushed in without considering the important question of financial needs. To aid this class Miss Peabody, Miss Stephenson, Mrs. Claflin, and others equally interested, formed a society known as "The Massachusetts Society for the University Education of Women." This organization loaned funds to those whose ambitions were beyond their means, and in process of time all these loans were refunded, and often with interest. The society proved eminently helpful and successful. It was sometimes said, in view of Miss Peabody's predilection for kindergartens, that she would have been perfectly happy could she only have exacted a promise from each col-

lege graduate to become a teacher of kindergartens for at least five years.

Miss Peabody has given us a fine example of a life filled with a grand purpose. She had a vocation. She was a pioneer in children's education. A kindlier, more tolerant heart never beat to the "still, sad music of humanity."

She should be represented in our calendar as the Saint Elizabeth whose loaves of bread not only blossomed into beautiful roses, but whose lofty ideals and glowing impulses remain to be the strength and charm of those who toil on in the same paths of noble endeavor and self abnegation.

A STUDENT from one of the large colleges remarked, after a short visit at the Seminary, that she felt almost as if she had been *home*. In her brief stay, she had caught the element which of all others makes us, and will make us in after years, love Lasell. Some people, for instance "an antique Lasell girl" may think we do not appreciate our advantages; but we do realize how indispensable little kindnesses and attentions are to our happiness and comfort, when cut off from the love which surrounds us in our homes. If we do sometimes wish that our teachers were not too busy to let us know and even love them, we remember that we are many daughters, and content ourselves with stray favors that seem to show an interest, looking forward always to that happy day when, if we live long enough, we may be addressed without the obnoxious and unhomelike "Miss."

"I WONDER how such a beautiful language as Latin ever came to be a dead language," said Penelope.

"Talked to death, maybe," said Perkins. — *Ex.*

"I'M going to revive my French again," said Pills.

"I don't believe it's possible," retorted Squills, "after the way you murdered it the last time I heard you." — *Ex.*

SHAKESPEARE'S idea of a college course: Freshman year, "Comedy of Errors"; Sophomore year, "As You Like It"; Senior year, "All's Well That Ends Well." — *Ex.*

IN THE LIBRARY.

This page will, for the present, be devoted to literary items. Notes, criticisms, and personal opinions on books and authors are solicited from the School.

"Clematis" and "Ivy."

Another side of George Eliot's character is brought out in her early correspondence with her intimate friend, Miss Evans, which was carried on under the fanciful names of Clematis and Ivy. It is interesting to find in these bright letters a certain youthful enthusiasm and extravagant fancy, which, in modified form, after years of stern experience, gave the charm to the wonderful books of this large-hearted woman. These letters are for the first time published in *Poet Lore*, by William G. Hingsland.

In *Girls of a Feather*, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has made a departure from her former stories of New York life. The new book is said to be lacking in the piquancy and truthfulness to nature which are the beauty of her style.

A Motto Changed.

That limited number of readers who know Jean Ingelow as something beside a poet, in "Off the Skelligs," will welcome her new novel, *A Motto Changed*.

The Most Popular Novels In America.

Mr. Hamilton Mabri has an interesting article in the January "Forum," suggested by the question, "What do Americans read?" The answer is not a speculation, but a statement founded on statistics obtained from public libraries, giving lists of the novels most frequently called for. These lists were compared, and one hundred and fifty novels placed in the order of their relative popularity. The first thirteen are illustrative of the diversity in subject and style of the entire list: —

David Copperfield; Ivanhoe; The Scarlet Letter; Uncle Tom's Cabin; Ben-Hur; Adam Bede; Vanity Fair; Jane Eyre; The Last Days of Pompeii; John Halifax, Gentleman; Les Misérables; Little Women; Little Lord Fauntleroy, etc.

The relative popularity of the authors was also computed and this is the order of the first twelve: —

Charles Dickens; Louisa M. Alcott; Walter Scott; E. P. Roe; J. Fenimore Cooper; George Eliot; Nathaniel Hawthorne; O. W. Holmes; E. Bulwer Lytton; W. M. Thackeray; H. B. Stowe; Mrs. Burnett.

Fiction was chosen as the literature best calculated to represent the taste and culture of the reading public. The result is highly gratifying as showing the majority of sound, helpful books of a pure moral character, over those of mere incident, exciting adventure, and doubtful influence.

The Origin of *Evangeline*.

Among the invaluable facts and charming anecdotes which, from a personal friendship with many great writers, James Fields has collected in his "Yesterdays with Authors" is this account of the origin of *Evangeline*:—

"Nathaniel Hawthorne dined one day with Longfellow, and brought with him a friend from Salem. After dinner, the friend said, 'I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story based upon a legend of Acadie, and still current there; a legend of a girl, who, in the dispersion of the Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found him dying in a hospital, when both were old.' Longfellow wondered that the legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him, 'If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?' To this Hawthorne assented, and, moreover, promised not to treat the subject in prose till Longfellow had seen what he could do with it in verse. And so we have 'Evangeline' in beautiful hexameters,—a poem that will hold its place in literature while true affection lasts. Hawthorne rejoiced in this great success of Longfellow's, and lived to count up the editions, both foreign and American, of this now world renowned poem."

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE NINETEENTH CENTURY NOVEL, AND WHY?

THE LEAVES will give a prize of one dollar to the student sending the best reply to this question. The answers must be within one hundred and

fifty words in length, and given to the editor before March 1. The judges will consider the literary accuracy, the logic and strength of the reasoning, as well as the excellency of the choice. The answers will be found on this page of next month's number.

THERE are four things for which the world is indebted to Prof. Lowe, any of which fully entitles him to the highest regard of his countrymen and the world. These are: He originated a practical system of balloon observations for war purposes, and he was also the first to establish telegraphic communication between the balloon and the earth, so that the movements of the enemy might be immediately known. He is the inventor of the compression system of manufacturing ice, as can be demonstrated by inspection of the United States Patent Office record. He discovered and applied the first practical method of producing illuminating water-gas, which is now used all over the world. He is the originator and designer of the electric system of mountain railway climbing, making it morally certain that henceforth no mountain railroad will be built on any other system.—*Ex.*

A SCOTCH girl, twenty years of age, has carried off the honors of the University of London, against 1,600 male attendants. Co-education is probably not popular there.—*The Syracusan*.

THERE has been in the past year an increase of 500,000 volumes in the college libraries of the United States.—*Bowdoin Orient*.

THE "Yale Literary Magazine" is the oldest American periodical of its kind that has had a continued existence.—*Dickinson Sem. Journal*.

THE oldest university in the world is said to be the University of Fez, the chief seat of Moham-medan theology in the western world.—*Bowdoin Orient*.

MR. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt intend to build a dormitory at Yale in memory of their son who died last year. The building is to be finer than any the University owns at present.

PERSONALS.

IT is suggested that an Irish potato⁴ be sent *labelled* to Miss Grace Loud, as she declares she never heard of such a thing.

SUE BROWN who expects to come to Wellesley's Commencement in June, and will condescend to give a look at Lasell, is gradually losing sight of Lasell friends.

ESTHER LANE, of Waltham, worshipped recently at the Methodist church, in Auburndale.

ACROSS the faces, when we went to see Irving, Georgia Adams, of Roxbury, and Anna McDuffee, of Bradford, Vt., smiled and nodded, and when we came down Fannie Nason gave us delightful greeting and introduced Mr. Somebody, to whom she is shortly to be married. It was good to see Fannie after all these years, and she has grown good, too, you can tell it by her face.

MARY STEBBINS, Mrs. Rev. John A. Ingham, writes from "The Parsonage," Irvington on-Hudson, N. Y., that she was married Sept. '92, and went to New York to live until the 1st of January, '94, when her husband accepted a call to the Presbyterian church in Irvington. She, too, has "the best husband that girl was ever blessed with." How delightful it is that all the Lasell girls get that same man. We congratulate "Polly" on the man and the home, for Irvington is a beautiful place. We missed the cards which she says she sent, hence this late announcement, which is tardy enough.

MR. AND MRS. HENRY B. HOLLIS (Mabel Ashley) had a house-warming in their new home at Wellesley Hills, Feb. 14.

FEB. 2, we were glad to see Ruby Blaisdell again, for a short call. She was accompanied by Miss Brackett, of Roxbury, who became acquainted with Lasell through our Fannie Thomas, and was one of the Lasell European party of '92. Ruby is at home with the older sister in Chicopee, this winter. We hear by her of the delightful visit Ada Marsh has had with Annie McDonald.

LILLIE HATHAWAY MUIR's brother Frank, another of the party, is spending the winter in Colorado,

EDITH GALE spent Saturday with Hattie Scott.

ELIZABETH MERRIAM made a little call on Mrs. Shepherd. Her time is now occupied with telling others of the charming journeys she has enjoyed in the past four years. She lectured twice in Middletown, Conn., last week; once in Putnam, where she visited Bertha Hammond, who will visit the mid-winter exposition in California.

Miss Merriam has several lectures of great interest, beautifully illustrated; one on Europe and Alaska, another on Egypt, and one on the Holy Land. We feel assured of her success in these, and hope to hear them here some time. She was one of the most observant members of the European party of 1890.

NELLIE RICHARDS visited, over Sunday, Louise Hubbard, and has not forgotten to send her membership fee to the Missionary Society.

WE were glad to meet, at the last Apollo Concert, our Sarah Perkins Johnson, looking younger and brighter than ever. Says her parents are in Seattle for a long visit, and she is keeping house at Hyde Park. There's only one thing we miss from this report, Sarah! Have that ready, next time!

MAY RICE wants to know more about the Chicago Lasell Club, says she is glad to hear that a permanent club is to be organized, and is willing to do her share of the work to make it a success. She and May Towle spent Sunday with Maud Snyder recently, and listened to an excellent sermon by Maud's father, made especially interesting to them because of the absence of notes.

TESSIE SHIFF, here in '80-'83, was married to Capt. Leon A. E. Clairin, of the 4th Cuirassiers, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. So Tessie will make her home in the land of her ancestors after this. A bird whispers something about Emily, too.

MRS. PROF. HALL, of Drury College, Springfield, Mo. (Alice Linscott, '74-'78), writes (by the way, I wish all Lasell girls could write as fair a hand as Alice. Is that going to be one of the lost arts? An educated woman with an illegible handwriting is worse than one with a wart on her nose)

a welcome word to all interested in girl's education : —

"We have just added a hundred thousand dollars to our college funds, and are quite hilarious. A girls' cottage is to be erected in the spring, and other improvements made.

"Before the holidays we entertained some guests with an evening on the Greek Theatre, Mr. Hall giving a short lecture on that subject, and his Sophomore Class translating the 'Prometheus Bound.'

"There is one girl in the class, and she *ranks first*, a fact which pleases me greatly."

Alice, as one would know, is interested in the society halls project, and will gladly contribute.

ADDIE JOHNSON PLUMSTEAD has heard from Anna Hoxie Thorne, from her home in Tacoma, Wash. Anna's husband is president of a national bank there, and she has a boy six years old. She lost a little girl, three or four years ago. She wishes to be remembered to her friends at Lasell.

MABEL ENGLEHART writes that Margaret Coon Browne has a little girl, born Christmas Eve, which is the pride and delight of the household. Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Browne.

THINK of gentle Agnes Aldrich getting dinner on a hot August day for twenty men! But that's what she did, day after day, and all because she married Mr. Palmer. It might be worse, Agnes. For instance, if you had not learned at Lasell how to do it! Think what those men would have done — *and that man*, too!

CLARA COMSTOCK writes that she is thoroughly enjoying her work at college. We think she is at Brown University?

EVA BOND and her sister made us a pleasant little call recently. Eva was enthusiastic over Lasell's improvements; says the sister wanted to come to Lasell but got no answer to her letter, and so went to Miss Chamberlayne's. We are sorry, and cannot tell how the mistake occurred, for we would have been only too glad to have her here, and regret it the more now that we have seen her. Eva looked well and improved.

CLARA EADS is visiting in Indianapolis, and enjoying her first year out of school. Thinks Lasell must be very handsome with its changes, but has no idea of a post-graduate year. Has gained twenty pounds since she left Lasell.

MAE BURR and Mary Seaman visited Kate Norman, in St. Joseph, in January. All merry, so writes I'll Tukey, who remembers lovingly "dear old Lasell."

THE St. Joseph *News* tells of a "potato party," given in honor of these girls by the Misses Englehart, who certainly devised a very unique entertainment. Our Mary Seaman carried off the prize.

THROUGH the *National Baptist*, we hear of Mrs. Jessie A. Hyde, who walked among us as Jessie Benton. With her old-time missionary interest in a translation from the *Mouvement Geographique*, she reports preparations by the English for a fourth railway route on the west side of Africa, starting from Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone.

GRACE RICHARDS writes that she still has a deep interest in Lasell, and wishes to be remembered to all the teachers and girls.

LOUISE TUCKER, who was prevented from returning to Lasell this year by the illness of her brother, is coming to Boston and will make us a call.

DAISY PARKHURST, of Florida, is spending the winter in Boston.

WITH deep feeling, we learn of the great sorrow that has come to Lucy Harvey, of Gloucester, in the death of her only brother, Gilman. He was a graduate of Harvard and a member of the Essex bar. Failing health sent him South, but even Lucy's presence and care could not bring back health to him, and they returned home, where he peacefully died, Feb. 7. Her many old school-mates extend to her their loving sympathy.

IN the amount of money expended for religious purposes, Princeton leads every college in the country. — *Bates Student*.

OUR VISITORS.

Two girls have lately had visits from their mothers ; we rejoice with them in their good fortune. All who met Mrs. Manning, of Dayton, Ohio, and Mrs. Fowler, of Paris, Texas, were charmed with them, and pleased with the interest they showed in all the school arrangements. Mrs. Fowler is the mother of Della and Etta, who were here in '87-'89.

A NEW sun (son) has arisen on the musical firmament. No, it is a daughter; but at the same time it made just as much stir in the house as if it had been a son.

The necessity of managing a Gardner baby brings forth a Gardner lullaby, and we have the impressive title-page as follows:—

"TWILIGHT LULLABY."

BY ALLIE GARDNER ROGERS.

We hail this new aspirant for musical honors with cordial welcome, for if there is any line of musical composition which appeals to the hearts of midnight paternal perambulators, it is one promising sleep to the baby *and* to the walking sire. Guarantee this by your lullaby and a fortune is yours, Allie!

WELCOME, GRANDCHILDREN.

SWEET little Lillian (Packard) Draper, Nellie's two and a half year old, came shyly into grandpa's office, the other day, and gave me her photo.

She then spent her first night at Lasell. To judge from her absolute silence when with me, out of which no eloquence of mine could coax one word, she has not inherited the Packard tongue, but other good gifts she has. The picture is a good one. The dress has eleven tucks.

Henry Brown Cassell, born September, 1893, appears in a long dress, with gatherings under the chin, and is in an argumentative mood, for he is debating. His hands and face show it.

But the next is full of a woman's argument, a smile. All over her little face she is laughing and watching for the "kitty." "She" is Mary Ebersole Crawford's Clarissa, now about ten months young. She will talk, I tell you, when she is two years old! She almost flirted with me when I was in Avondale, in October.

Thanks, mammas!

A YEAR IN BERLIN.

MRS. RENA MERRITT, strongly commended by our Ella Wassemer Martindale, of Minneapolis, proposes to take under her care a limited number of young women for a year or more of study in Berlin. Mrs. M. has lived in Berlin, Leipzig, and Munich, speaks German fluently, and is competent to direct studies. Her price is six hundred dollars for nine months, including board, fuel, lights, laundry, and care. Studies according to desires, and teachers' prices.

Mrs. M. may be addressed at Edina Mills, Hennepin Co., Minn.

GONE FORWARD.

FOUR times this month, so far as we know, the dark angel has come to the homes of our mates. Once in Gloucester, when it took the brother of our Lucy Harvey; next to Louise Tucker's home, taking also a brother, who, like Mr. Harvey, had been making a fight for life in the South against New England's special foe; again in Anna Beach's home, taking her only sister; and again in Chicago, taking the mother of our Clara Roesing, a sister of Alice Miller, who died in December, 1889.

Mrs. Roesing had been in feeble health for five months, and was very sweet and uncomplaining throughout.

Clara writes, "She had such a beautiful death that it would be very cruel to wish her back." At the last, her going away was very sudden, following a specially pleasant and sympathetic day with Mr. Roesing and the family.

DISADVANTAGES OF CO-EDUCATION.

THE alumni and members of Wesleyan University seem greatly distressed over the position which women are gaining among them. One gallant alumnus explains their present co-education system as "a modest and not-much-heard-of attribute of Wesleyan's liberality"; he goes on to say that something must be done to save us from becoming a "namby pamby college." The same number of the *Argus* does not fail to note that of the nine first honors in Freshman mathematics, during the fall term, the *girls* of the class took *seven*. The situation truly is alarming. Surely the standing of the college demands that the feminine element be entirely excluded.

LOCALS.

THE DAY OF PRAYER

was a very helpful day to us all. In the morning, we were addressed by Miss Louise Hodgkins, Rev. Dr. Ramsay, of Boston, and Rev. Dr. Hume. In the afternoon, Rev. Dr. Goodell spoke upon "What womanhood should be," and I am sure that it must have touched many hearts. Dr. Steel led prayer-meeting in the evening, which closed the services of the day. Several asked prayers.

ON the evening of Jan. 22, under the auspices the Senior Class, Mrs. Gen. Custer gave a talk upon "Frontier Life" which was exceedingly interesting.

ABOUT sixty went to see Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," and over fifty to see Irving in "The Merchant of Venice."

ON Feb. 4, the Lasell Christian Endeavor Society had a special program in honor of Christian Endeavor Day. After a review of the work of the United in this country and foreign lands during the last year, we had the pleasure of a little talk from Mr. Davidson, which gave us some helpful suggestions in our individual needs and work. A word from Mr. Davidson is always valued by a Lasell girl, or any one else who knows the power of a consecrated Christian life.

THE NEW ENGLAND LASELL BANQUET

for 1894 is to be on Feb. 28, or March 1, somewhere in Boston.

Let every Lasellian of good standing, put in an appearance early, and be ready to tell a year's story about herself. No singing or speaking, only visiting and a luncheon. Rally!

SOCIETY HALLS.

THE S. D.'s and Lasellias are very happy over the proposed society houses. If this meets the eye of any one who has not heard of it, learn that each society is now soliciting its old members for contributions to a separate building, on Seminary grounds, for exclusive club ownership and use. Artistic little buildings will add much to the

appearance of the grounds and be an everlasting witness to the loyalty of S. D. and Lasellia girls.

They are to cost two thousand to three thousand dollars each, and it is hoped to dedicate in June if the money comes in fast enough.

EXCHANGES.

A FIRE place — Boston. — *Harvard Lampoon*.

THREE fourths of American colleges are co-educational. — *St. Johns Collegian*.

THE Senior class at Cornell is to give a rowing tank to cost \$1,500, as a class memorial. — *Ex.*

BEAUTIFUL SNOW. — (A CHEMICAL FORMULA.)

DISSOLVE the soft autumnal skies ;
Add frost till in a slight excess ;
Take of the sharp north wind enough
To strip from off the trees their dress.

Bank up slow drifting clouds of gray,
That mourn for nature's dreary fate ;
Add to all this sufficient cold —
Result : a white precipitate. — *Unit.*

THE University of Michigan has fifty of its own graduates on its faculty.

'Tis said that those who on this earth
Themselves all fun deny,
In heaven will have a pair of wings
And be exceeding fly.

NINE hundred students are enrolled at the University of Chicago.

THE late Francis Parkman, the historian, left his entire library to Harvard.

THE Vassar girls take proper pride in the fact that none of their graduates have ever been divorced.

"A YOUNG man who was working his way through college was employed to split wood for a good lady. She gave him some directions about the size of the wood, when the young man replied, "Oh, yes ; I understand it, and will properly diversify it for you." — *Ex.*

"I simply dote on Horace !"
Said the Boston maid ; "don't you ?"
And the maidens from Chicago
Wondering, queried, "Horace who ?" — *Ex.*

"AND now remember, children," said Mr. Bucrag, as he concluded his remarks to his "destrict" school class, "that Rome was not built in a day, and with Daniel Webster the dictionary was the unremitting toil of years." — *Ex.*

THE proceeds of the concerts of the Yale Glee and Banjo Clubs this year will be used to aid the poor students of the university.

FRIEND. — "Your exchanges all seem to come from female colleges."

EDITOR. — "What makes you think that?"

FRIEND. — "Because they all come clad in wrappers."

CHICAGO University has purchased, for \$80,000, the library and manuscript of the historian Bancroft.

To shave your face and brush your hair,
And then your new, best suit to wear,
That's Preparation.

And then upon the car to ride
A mile or two, and walk beside,
That's Transportation.

And then before the door to smile,
To think you'll stay a good long while,
That's Expectation.

And then to learn she's not at home,
That homeward you will have to roam,
That's — Thunderation.

Two Chinese women have matriculated at the University of Michigan.

THE rule requiring church attendance has been dispensed with at Adelbert.

THE Smith College girls recently had a hare and hound chase, in which fourteen girls ran thirteen miles.

HARVARD has a blind student in the Freshman Class, taking a full course for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In his entrance examinations, he used a type-writer, except in the Greek, which he dictated, and the geometry, for which he used a mechanical contrivance.

THE faculty at Cornell have decided to abolish final examinations, and the knowledge of the student will be decided by his daily recitations and short examinations during the term. We congratu-

late our brothers, entering upon the system which we have used with satisfaction for many years, and which is now being adopted by all the leading institutions.

TO WASHINGTON AGAIN.

THE annual excursion to Washington, during Easter week, is now announced, and in order to make it a success we must have at least twenty-five to join the party. A circular giving details is ready, and will be sent to your address upon application. We do not hesitate to urge our girls to go, if they can, for the trip is not only delightful but very instructive.

We are also planning a trip through Europe this summer, and have a circular nearly ready; send for it, and if enough will join us we will go.

Address, WM. T. SHEPHERD,
Lasell Seminary,
Auburndale, Mass.

MEANT WELL, BUT COULDN'T SPELL.

WE wish to acknowledge the mention among exchanges that we received in the *Helios*, although it was with difficulty that we recognized ourselves under the name of *Lasselle* Leaves. Really, we see no necessity for those extra letters. If the *Helios*, or any one else, can suggest the advantage, we will consider the change; till then, let us be called Lasell, please.

OFFICERS OF THE S. D. SOCIETY.

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| <i>Critic</i> | . | . | . | . | JENNIE RICH. |

CALLERS for January :—

JENNIE BISHOP, JESSIE GASKILL, JENNIE ARNOLD, CAR-
RIE DOLE, MISS SHERMAN, MR. FESSENDEN, Townsend;
MRS. RICHARDS, Weymouth; MRS. MAKEPEACE, Attleboro;
MRS. DRAPER (Nellie Packard), and THE BABY; BLANCHE
BUSELL; DAISY PARKHURST; MRS. WARD and MINNIE,
Brookline; MR. SHURTLEFF, Montpelier, Vt.; MR. A. S.
WEED, Newton; MR. and MRS. SAWIN, Newton; MR.
JOSSELYN, Manchester, N. H.; MR. BRIGGS, Somerville;
MRS. CLAPP, Weymouth; MRS. CRUIKSHANK, Boston, MRS.
LEWIS COFFIN (Fannie Barker, Class of '68); MRS. ED-
WARDS (Mary Dresser, here in '65-'68); MARIETTA ROSE,
N. Centre; JESSIE HAYDEN, East Hartford.

THE KNABE PIANOS.

DESIRING an expert's opinion on a musical
matter, we followed an old habit in going to friend
Tyler, but found the store empty. A Traveller
now tells us he is in charge of the piano depart-
ment of O. Ditson & Co., who have added the
Knabe to their list of pianos. We congratulate
both parties on this arrangement.

LASELL SPOONS AND PINS.

SOME of the girls may be glad to know that
they can obtain a very dainty addition to their
collection of after-dinner-coffee and tea spoons.
There is this variety at the office :—

All silver teaspoon, \$2.00.

Coffee spoons, gold bowl and twisted handle,
\$1.50.

Coffee spoons, with gold bowl, twisted and ivy-
leaf handle, \$1.25.

Each spoon has an engraving of the Seminary
in the bowl.

There is also a variety of the Lasell pins :—

Shield in blue and gold, \$2.60.

Shield in blue and silver, \$1.10.

Flag in blue and gold, \$2.10.

Flag in blue and silver, \$0.85.

All the pins can be obtained with the stick pin
or the clasp.

This is not only for the present Lasell girls, but
the old girls as well.

You know how handy stick pins are, and just
think how much better your tea or coffee will
taste if stirred with a Lasell spoon !

NEW BOOKS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

Classic Myths in English Literature.....C. M. Gayley.
The True Woman.....Wm. M. Thayer.
Thaddeus of Warsaw.....Jane Porter.
Our Bodies, and How We Live.....A. F. Blaisdell.
Travels in the Regions of the Upper and
Lower Amoor.....T. W. Atkinson.
Epoch Maps, American History, Illustrated
.....A. B. Hart, Ph. D.
India and Malaysia.....Bishop Thoburn.
Practical Sanitary and Economic Cooking, M. Himan Abel.
House Drainage and Sanitary Plumbing....W. P. Gerhard.
Sanitary House Inspection.....W. P. Gerhard.
The House and Its Surroundings.....D. Appleton.
Household Economy.....Kitchen Garden Association.
The Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning, Ellen H. Richards.
Bread and Bread Making.....Emma P. Ewing.
Just How; a Key to the Cook Books, Mrs. A. T.D. Whitney.
Food and Its Preparations, Twenty Lectures
on.....Mrs. W. T. Greenup.
High-class Cookery Receipts.....Mrs. Chas. Clarke.
The Science of Food.....L. M. C.
A Plea for Art in the House.....W. J. Loftie.
House Decoration.....R. and A. Garrett.
The Royal Eng. and Hindustani Dictionary....T. Craven.
The Royal School Eng. and Roman-Urdu Dict...T. Craven.
The Popular Dictionary, Eng. and Roman-Urdu, T. Craven.
The Steinert Collection of Keyed and Stringed
Instruments.....M. Steinert.
The Prince of India. 2 vols.....Gen. Lew Wallace.
The Captain of the Janizaries....J. M. Ludlow.
Keep Your Mouth Shut.....F. A. Smith.
Report of the Com. of Labor, 1889. Marriage and Divorce.
The Water Babies.....C. Kingsley.
Mrs. Lincoln's Boston Cook Book....Mrs. D. A. Lincoln.
My Mother's Bible.....Rev. C. L. Goodell.
Pre-eminent Americans. 2 vols.....F. G. Harrison.
A First History of France.....L. Creighton.
The Lily Among Thorns. A study of the song
of songs.....W. E. Griffis, D. D.
Doctor Antonio.....G. D. Ruffini.

OUR friends sometimes speak of the good
quality of our food supplies.

When it is known that our coffee is from the
Shapleigh Coffee Company, of Broad Street,
Boston, and of the very best Java brand only, it
is not strange that we are so often asked, —
“Where do you get it?”

THE seniors at Wesleyan University have voted
against the wearing of caps and gowns; but we
hear that they are to be worn this year by the
graduates of nine New England colleges.

THE very delightful coffee used at Lasell is from Shapleigh Coffee Company, Broad Street, Boston, who have supplied the Seminary for many years.

ONE of our most brilliant seniors kindly informed us that she could buy one hundred articles at twelve cents apiece for one dollar and twenty cents. We thank the young lady very much for her information, and mean to try it next time we go in town.

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC
NOVELTIES IN

DOWN
QUILTS and PILLOWS.

The finest and most extensive line in Boston. DOWN PILLOWS (in white) ready for covering. PILLOWS and QUILTS made and covered to order. . . .

PUTNAM & SPOONER,
No. 346 Boylston Street, Boston,
Opp. Arlington.
Telephone: Tremont 1019.

Five minutes' walk from Huntington Avenue Station.

If YOU DESIRE TO PURCHASE A
Wedding or
Complimentary Gift

DURING THE PRESENT
MONTH, WE WOULD
BE PLEASED TO SHOW
YOU OUR

**SUPERB
COLLECTION**

OF SUITABLE ARTICLES
NOW ON VIEW.

A. Stowell & Co.
24 Winter Street,
Boston.

SHOES

On all the POPULAR LASTS
ranging in price from
\$3.00 to \$6.00.

GYMNASIUM SHOES

OF ALL KINDS.

Thayer, McNeil
and **Hodgkins,**

47 Temple Place,
Boston.

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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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WELCOME is the Herald of the Spring! Never were the first warm winds and clear skies more full of promise of gorgeous foliage soon to appear.

Our Southern sisters expect summer to be here to-morrow, but we of the North know these tricks of Dame Nature and prophesy ice and snow before the winter retires.

But none of us are too wise to feel a great exultation, an indescribable longing and inspiration as we drink in the nectar of the air. Is anything too wonderful to hope for, if from those brown branches tender, green leaves will grow?

Even those indefinite longings of the soul for that something which earth has not given, nor learning supplied, nor failure destroyed; even that dearest dream and loveliest ideal seem to take form and beckon us upward and onward, as we rejoice in the approach of Spring.

Well, if we are young and ruled by our animal spirits, call it what you will, grave philosopher, the poetry and music of life are ours to-day!

AMBITION'S TRAIL.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

If all the end of this continuous striving
Were simply *to attain*,

How poor would seem the planning and contriving,
The endless urging and the hurried driving
Of body, heart, and brain!

But ever in the wake of true achieving,

There shines this glowing trail, —
Some other soul will be spurred on, conceiving
New power and strength, in its own self believing
Because *thou* didst not fail.

Not thine alone the glory or the sorrow
If thou didst miss the goal.

Undreamed of lives in many a fair to-morrow
From thee their weakness and their force shall borrow;
On, on, ambitious soul.

A FEW weeks ago Mr. Gladstone tendered his resignation as premier of England. The public have expected this for some time on account of the great statesman's advancing age and failing eye sight ; but yet it is with great regret that we see such an able and illustrious man laying down his life work. Much is expected from his successor, Lord Rosebery, because of the able manner in which he handled the great coal strike among the English miners last fall. Herbert Gladstone, the ex-premier's son, is first commissioner of works, in Lord Rosebery's cabinet.

MARCH 6, Ex-President Harrison began his new work of giving lectures at Stanford University, California. The first lecture was on "Constitutional History and Law."

THE fires at Chicago in the World's Fair buildings are fast taking on the character of vandalism. First the Peristyle, then the Colonnade and others were destroyed, and the great Agricultural Building has been entirely wrecked. It is now feared that the Art Palace, which is intended to be preserved and in which are stored precious things of the exhibit, will be fired before long. It is impossible to say what is the cause of the fires, but it is to be hoped that some one may have the discretion to point out an effectual remedy for this evil.

ANARCHISTS have been arrested during these last weeks in almost every country.

IT is worthy of note that the laws are now vigorously enforced concerning election frauds. All parties have joined in this movement and have laid aside partisan feeling in dealing out punishment to the offenders.

Now is the time to become familiar with the important facts about the Parliament of Religion, for it was an event to which much reference will be made in the future. There are several interesting magazine articles on it this month, and a history of the convention with reports of the papers has been edited by John Henry Barrows, the president of the Arrangement Committee.

A RIVAL FOR LONDON.

THERE is a movement under way to change the population of New York City from one million eight hundred thousand to three million, by including under one city corporation the present metropolis, Brooklyn, Long Island City, Gravesend, Coney Island, Rockaway Beach, Mott Haven, and Creedmoor.

The benefits expected from such a consolidation must be rather sentimental than practical, while the increase of city wretchedness and wickedness is almost certain. There is no doubt that such a concentration of power, wealth, and influence would materially affect the government and industries of the country, but whether for the better remains to be seen.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

AMONG the Romans, March was for several centuries the first month of the year ; and it seems very appropriate that they should have named the month which ushers in the spring after Mars, one of their principal gods.

Many noteworthy events have taken place in this month. It was on the first of March, 1468, that Caxton began the translation into English of the "*Receuil de l'histoire de Troy*"; and this was the first English book ever printed. The first daily paper published in England, the *Daily Courant*, was issued on March 11, 1782. On the 13th of March, 1781, William Herschel discovered the planet Uranus. Many celebrated men and women have been born in this month, chief among whom are Michael Angelo, 1474; Van Dyck who, as a portrait painter, ranks next to Titian, 1599; Rosa Bonheur, 1822; Raphael, who was born on Good Friday, 1483, and died on the same holy-day thirty-seven years later; John Sebastian Bach, the most distinguished of that remarkable family, 1685; Haydn, the "father of symphony," 1732; Tasso, 1544; Rousseau, at one time considered the greatest lyric poet, 1741; Descartes, the celebrated French philosopher, 1596; Andrew Jackson, 1767; John C. Calhoun, said to be the greatest American statesman, 1782; Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Napier, 1786; Austin H. Layard, who has made notable discoveries among the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, 1817;

Caroline Herschel, almost as celebrated an astronomer as her brother, 1750; St. Patrick, 372; and Robert Bruce, who established the independence of Scotland until, in 1603, Scotland and England were peaceably united under one crown, 1274.

And Death has cast his shadow over this month, and claimed those who will be missed for years to come. Correggio, famous for his frescos, 1534; Benjamin West, president of the Royal Academy for almost thirty years, 1820; Tully, the father of French dramatic music, who began life as a scullion, but left an immense fortune at his death, 1687; Von Weber, the composer of many great operas, 1829; Beethoven, 1827; Goethe, 1832; Southey, 1843; Charlotte Brontë, 1855; the Earle of Chesterfield, author of the famous Letters, 1773; the "Virgin Queen," Elizabeth, 1603; Horace Walpole, "prince of gossips," 1797; Cranmer, considered the most useful man of the Reformation, 1556; Gregory the Great, father of the Mediæval Church, 604; Wesley, 1791; Isaac Newton, 1727; and Julius Caesar and Rizzio, both foully murdered, the one in 44 B. C., the other 1566.

This list, though incomplete, shows us that March will be rendered memorable throughout the centuries as having given and taken away many of those most prominent in the world's history.

THE NEW ORLEANS CARNIVAL.

THE keeping of this especial festival is a very old custom of Latin and Catholic origin. The week before the carnival is devoted to the balls given by the six secret societies of the Carnival: namely, Rex, Proteus, Momus, Comus, The Atlantæus, and The Argonauts. These balls are indeed very exclusive, and each one has its own king and queen. The king is generally a member of the society, and the queen a recognized society belle. On Monday "Rex" comes to town. What is called a royal yacht is chosen to bring him from some mysterious realm, over which he rules, in the Orient, to visit his winter capital, the Crescent City. The yacht is always accompanied by ten or fifteen other steamers gayly decorated and crowded with men and women.

Lovely flowers are not wanting at this festival, neither sumptuous cheer, nor exquisite music.

When the yacht reaches Canal Street, the gay party leaves it and forms into a procession accompanied by the militia. Rex generally reclines in a handsome litter and his attendants are whirled along in gayly decorated carriages or are mounted on richly caparisoned steeds. The king goes to the City Hall accompanied by his devoted courtiers. The way is lined with the anxiously awaiting spectators, and flags wave from every building.

At the City Hall, Rex is welcomed by the Duke of the Crescent City who gives him the municipal keys. The king then mysteriously disappears, presumably to his palace. In the evening is presented the gorgeous spectacle of Proteus. This year Proteus again introduced to the subjects of his loyal city the wonders of an epic, little known, "Shah Nameh" being the subject. The story of the Persian king was indeed beautifully illustrated by the Protean Krewe.

Mardi Gras, the streets are well crowded from early morning until night, not only by the tens of thousands of spectators who await the processions, but by maskers. At noon, Rex really makes his appearance, leading a pageant called "Illustrations from Literature." The same night Comus's dazzling pageant tells of "Once upon a Time." The reminiscences of childhood days are delightfully portrayed — then come illustrations evoking the wildest enthusiasm.

With this procession the carnival ends, and sober Ash Wednesday finds our southern capital bereft of its splendor and gayety and entering for a brief period upon a season of outward self-renunciation.

M. M. S.

WE are rather proud of the fact that we have seldom had to solicit contributions to the columns of our paper. The request for literary items was such a small one, and the necessity of it so apparent, that the silence with which it was met, shows a decided disapproval of the plan. The page will, of course, be dropped if it meets your continued indifference.

DR. WILLIAM F. POOLE, the author of the famous Index to Periodical Literature, died March 1.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

A SHORT time ago it was my privilege to listen, for the first time, to that well-known preacher and author, Edward Everett Hale, who gave a reading from some of his own writings at Newtonville.

His personal appearance is not striking; a tall man, dressed in plain clothes; a canny face, bearded and wrinkled; shoulders slightly stooping as if supporting some great burden, — such is the outward appearance of this typical American.

His voice is very sonorous, yet it is only by closest attention that one can understand him distinctly.

His first selection was from "Mrs. Delay's Late Decision," and it showed him to be a keen observer of the minute details in the daily life of men and women, and exceedingly practical. A vein of humor runs through the whole work which gives a pleasing variety.

Mr. Hale was born in Boston, April 3, 1822. In his early boyhood Boston was little more than a large country town. He "thumbed" his Greek Reader at the famous old School Street Latin School. In 1835 he entered Harvard College, and when, in 1839, he graduated, he was chosen as the class poet. He still has a very active interest in the College. Before eleven years of age he translated from the French an article on "Excavations in Nineveh."

For six years he was the South American editor of the *Advertiser* which paper he has served in every capacity from reporter to editor-in-chief. Perhaps you may ask, "Why did Mr. Hale not choose the profession of journalist instead of preacher?" First, he believed the office of preacher to be the noblest on earth. Then he disliked the drudgery of the professional journalist. In 1869 he founded the magazine, "The Old and New," which has proved a literary but not a financial success.

From 1846 to 1856 he was pastor of the Church of the Unity, in Worcester. In 1856 Mr. Hale was called to the South Congregational Church, in Boston, and he has held this position ever since.

His residence in the heart of Roxbury is a huge white mansion with enormous pillars in front, the like of which is often seen in the South. His books may be grouped under three heads:

extravaganza, stories of the improbable; moral stories; and miscellaneous works. Among these, are "The Man Without a Country," "Ten Times One is Ten," "In His Name," "My Double and how He Undid Me," "Stories of War," and "How to Do It."

He is an author, but the author has not spoiled the preacher. From his pen are the well-known lines: —

"Look up and not down;
Look out and not in;
Look forward and not back, and
Lend a hand."

THACKERAY'S DRAWINGS.

MRS. ANNIE THACKERAY RITCHIE has lately found in an old portfolio of her father's a humorous sketch of some village gossips drinking tea. On sending it to the *Atalanta* she gives this little glimpse into their family life: —

"My father's love of pictures was almost greater than his love of books; books were work and daily bread; pictures were rest and holiday. He used to look grave and absorbed when he was writing or dictating; if we inadvertently came in when he was bending over his desk we felt that we disturbed him, and hurried away. But when he was drawing he would call us into his study and show us what he had been about. He used to get us to work for him sometimes, to rub out the wood blocks which he considered failures. I can remember rubbing out his careful drawing for that week's *Punch*, on one occasion, in my anxiety to be of use. He used to draw us and our friends, or extemporize models at times with chairs and shawls and sofa cushions. He used to alter his work and erase it, and paint and repaint it. He was rarely satisfied with his drawings, but I think he was happy all the time, and it is still a satisfaction as we look at the sketch books my father has left — the countless drawings and designs — to feel how many peaceful hours he must have spent upon them. He had much trouble and a great deal to bear with during his life, but while he was drawing I think he put it all away, and realized, as he beyond most people could do, what there is always in the world besides care and besides anxiety.

"A book of my father's drawings, published only a few years after his death, contains a preface written by myself, from which I venture to quote a sentence concerning his sketches: 'The pictures were rarely preserved by himself or put away with any care; the familiar stream flowed on, loved but unheeded by us, and among the many drawings he devised only a certain number remain. In all my remembrance he never had one of his drawings framed. When I was a child I remember a great scrapbook full of them, which was given me to play with and work my will upon. I can only once remember a questioning word of his concerning some scissors points with which I had ornamented some of his sketches, . . . but, although he certainly never wished us to make much of his work, and was always morbidly afraid of overrating anything he did, all that belonged to his art was a vivid and serious reality to him and of unfailing interest and suggestion.'"

— *Chicago Tribune.*

SHE AND I.

AND I said, "She is dead, I could not brook
Again on that marvellous face to look,"

But they took my hand and they led me in,
And left me alone with my nearest kin.

Once again alone in that silent place,
My beautiful dead and I, face to face.

And I could not speak, and I could not stir,
But I stood and with love I looked on her.

With love, and with rapture, and strange surprise
I looked on the lips and the close-shut eyes;

On the perfect rest and the calm content
And the happiness in her features blent,

And the thin white hands that had wrought so much,
Now nerveless to kisses or fevered touch.

My beautiful dead who had known the strife,
The pain, and the sorrow that we call life;

Who had never faltered beneath her cross,
Nor murmured when loss followed swift on loss.

And the smile that sweetened her lips away
Lay light on her heaven-closed mouth that day.

I smoothed from her hair a silver thread,
And I wept, but I could not think her dead.

I felt, with a wonder too deep for speech,
She could tell what only the angels teach.

And down over her mouth I leaned my ear,
Lest there might be something I should not hear.

Then out from the silence between us stole
A message that reached to my inmost soul:

"Why weep you to-day who have wept before
That the road was rough I must journey o'er?"

"Why mourn that my lips can answer you not
When anguish and sorrow are both forgot?"

"Behold, all my life I have longed for rest, —
Yea, e'en when I held you upon my breast.

"And now that I lie in a breathless sleep,
Instead of rejoicing, you sigh and weep.

"My dearest, I know you would not break,
If you could, my slumber and have me wake.

"For though life was full of the things that bless,
I have never till now known happiness."

Then I dried my tears, and with lifted head
I left my mother, my beautiful dead.

JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

MANNERS IN THE COLLEGE COURSE.

ETIQUETTE WILL HENCEFORTH BE STUDIED BY THE
STUDENTS AT ELMIRA COLLEGE.

PEOPLE who are less impressed with the dignity of a college course than with the brusque, unpleasant mannerisms which too many young college men and women display will hail the step taken by Dr. Green, the new president of Elmira College, as a move in the right direction. He has suggested a novel feature in the life there, — a systematic study of manners. A representative committee of all the college classes has been formed, styled the Council of Etiquette. The aim is, by studying the best authorities, to become well versed on all disputed points. No colloquial code of manners will do, but the standard must be the customs of cultured circles all over the world.

Every two weeks some member of the council presents an original discussion to be read at chapel to the students. The subjects are varied, the first one being, "Manners in Public Places," which a young junior treated in a scholarly way. Other essays to follow are on "Letters and Letter Writing," "Chaperons and Their Uses," "Conversation, What to Say and What to Avoid," etc.

The movement will undoubtedly help the college girl to attain the modest and dignified bearing that she is expected to have as a graduate, but in which, in sorrow be it said, she too often fails.

REBECCA, THE JEWESS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S HEROINE A PHILADELPHIA WOMAN.

THAT a young woman born in Pennsylvania, who during her lifetime was never beyond the confines of her native land, and who was so shrinking and modest in her disposition as to be personally unknown even to many of those who gratefully accepted her bounty, should be the prototype of the heroine of the greatest romance ever written, the author of which was never in America, seems at first glance the height of improbability. There is abundant evidence to prove, however, that Rebecca Gratz, a Philadelphia woman of Hebrew descent, was the original of Rebecca the Jewess in Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe."

Attention is drawn to the romantic history of Miss Gratz at this time by the death, a few months since, of Horace A. Moses, a wealthy Philadelphia merchant who for many years had been trustee of a fund of over \$100,000, left by Hyman Gratz in trust to perpetuate the memory of his sister Rebecca. The money now passes to the Mickve Israel congregation of Philadelphia, of which Rebecca Gratz was a life-long member.

The Gratz family possessed blood as blue as can be found even in the aristocratic Quaker City, and Rebecca was born and reared a gentlewoman in every sense of the word. Their Hebrew birth did not prevent the family from numbering among their friends the most distinguished personages in what was then the leading city of the country; and in the brilliant society of which Gen. Washington, as President of the United States, was the centre, the name of Gratz was always prominent.

The rare beauty of Rebecca, allied with her accomplishments and attractive manners, brought many admirers to her feet, but the only one whose passion she reciprocated was a Christian. Although she loved this youth as only a high-strung delicate being can love, her conscience would not permit an alliance with one outside her own faith, and so she resolutely trampled upon her feelings. The final meeting between the lovers was too sad to be dwelt upon, but it is said she told her Gentile sweetheart that although she could not marry him she would never wed another, a vow which was sacredly kept.

It was shortly after this episode that Washington Irving passed a considerable period in Philadelphia as the guest of her brother in the fine old country house of the Gratz family which stood on a large farm, then several miles distant from the city, but which has long since been built over. The house was standing until recently near the corner of Eighteenth and Diamond streets, being razed to make room for a church edifice. Here Irving learned the story of Rebecca's abnegation, a tale which so impressed itself upon his mind that when he went abroad some time later the remembrance of the young woman's wonderful self-denial for the sake of her religion recurred so constantly, it was but natural he should mention the incident to Walter Scott when stopping with that master.

The novelist at once saw how strongly such a character could be brought out in a romance, and Rebecca of York, the leading feminine personage in "Ivanhoe," was the result. The fact that Miss Gratz was the prototype of the character was very well known to her friends, but as far as can be learned no communication ever took place between the author and his heroine.

After the separation from her lover, Miss Gratz devoted her life to charity, and, among other actions, founded the first Jewish Sabbath School in the world, an institution which is yet in active existence with a membership of over 1,500. She died at the advanced age of 88 in 1869, and is buried in a little Hebrew graveyard in Spruce Street, Philadelphia, directly opposite old Pennsylvania Hospital. Through the rusty and ancient iron gateway one may catch a glimpse of her tomb, bearing simply the inscription: "Rebecca Gratz, born March 4, 1781. Died Aug. 27, 1869."

Chicago Tribune.

"THE mistakes which we mortals make when we have our own way might fairly arouse some wonder that we are so fond of it." — *George Eliot.*

"THE world is divided into two classes, — those who master their trouble and those who are mastered by them."

"THEY who cannot grow happy in witnessing the happiness of another are morally unsound."

ON SELFISHNESS.

"JUST as we like to come to a height of land and see the landscape, we value a general remark in conversation," says Emerson. But the most of the world is content to remain in the valleys and accept what the travellers tell them of the surrounding country, we may add.

So absorbed is each little self in its personal conditions that even conversation shows the narrowness of our minds.

Just listen to any ordinary dinner table talk and see how seldom anyone makes a remark beyond his personal interests; each one talks about what concerns him, the others listen politely till it comes their turn to make listeners, whether willing or unwilling ones, we will not venture to say.

So used have we become to one-sided views of things, that even when one does venture a general observation we must always allow for the "personal equation."

Can you believe your best friend when he declares "This is the coldest day of the winter"? Is he considering the poor and destitute suffering in the cold? Or is it more likely that he has forgotten his muffler or come from an overheated room?

What do I mean when I shake my head and say, "A wonderful man is Dr. Blank; he will make his mark in the world"? Do you suppose for an instant I have investigated the success of his treatment in the late epidemic? Not so, he broke up that cold of mine in two hours. A wonderful man!

I heard two ladies conversing lately, and their attitude to each other reminded me of two children playing together in one room, each with a barricade around her property. They had grown tired of comparing their dolls and toys, and now each one was having her own good time, chatting and laughing with her little family, in blissful indifference to the affairs of the other. But wouldn't it be more fun, I wonder, if we could break down the walls of self interest that shut us in, and play and laugh, and weep, if needs be, each with the other?

Tiresome, stupid, and unprofitable as it often is to hear people talk of themselves, it is something yet worse: unjust, untrue, and false is it to judge from selfish interests.

Oh! if we could n't once in a while mount up with Carlyle and Lowell and Warner and see the surrounding country from their standpoint, our eyes would become so used to distances measured by business prospects and worldly honor that a question of humanity or brotherly love would have no outline for us.

NEW ENGLAND LASELLIANS AT THE VENDOME.

It was one of the rare harvest-days of a pedagogue, when he sees some fruit of his labors: A hundred and twenty magnificent women willing to give a day out of their busy lives to greet old mates and teachers, and renew their youth in chatting over the fun and the fears of school-life. Girls from almost every year from '53 to '93! Girls from Providence, Springfield, Portland, New York, Chicopee, Rye Beach, Sandwich, Montpelier, Fall River, Hartford, etc. (For this is the reunion of New England only.) Girls who had n't seen each other for years. And how they did talk! Sedate matrons and grand-matrons remembered pranks as jolly as fledglings of last year. "Do you know me?" "No; who are you?" "Why, I am Nellie J., of '62." "You don't say so! How you are changed!"

Of teachers, Mrs. Harriet E. Carpenter, from Nemuro, Hokkaido, Japan; Miss C. A. Carpenter, now finishing her twenty-first year with Lasell; Prof. J. A. Hills, now finishing his twentieth year; Mrs. Wm. F. Merrifield, teacher of art in 1856-'60; Principal Bragdon, now finishing his twentieth year; Mrs. H. N. Noyes, of Andover, the seer of this administration of Lasell; Mrs. Morrill, Miss Packard, and Miss Ransom.

Editor Parkhurst, of *Zion's Herald*, represented the lecture staff.

The day was wholly given over to visiting and a collation, Mr. Bragdon alone making any remarks. He called attention to a marble head and hand of Juno of the 4th century B. C., found in Athens and presented to Lasell by Mrs. Claude Lasell of that city, the photographs of grandchildren of Lasell, some relics of the World's Fair Exhibit, and the LASELL LEAVES in its new color, the Lasell blue.

The Alpha Mandolin Club made music during the collation.

[A list of those who remembered to register will be found on the last page.]

IN THE LIBRARY.

We are sorry to have to relate that the subject of favorite nineteenth century novels does not interest Lasell girls. It is possible that their tastes are so broad they cannot make any distinction; but more probable that they do not take enough interest in their paper to reply to last month's request.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

THE author of "The Heir of Redclyffe" is a sweet looking old lady, seventy years of age, living in a little cottage near Winchester. She is the editor of a religious magazine for young people, and is actively engaged in work connected with the Church of England. The entire profits of the "Heir of Redclyffe" were spent in fitting out a missionary schooner, and a missionary college was erected at Auchland, New Zealand, by the £20,000 which "The Daisy Chain" brought her.

ROSA BONHEUR.

THE article in the last *Jenness Miller Monthly*, on Rosa Bonheur, reads like a romance. It begins with the touching story of M. Raymond Bonheur and his unromantic marriage with a poor little dressmaker for economical reasons. Of their three talented children, Rosalie caused her father the most anxiety, as she would not be confined in a convent, nor later in a milliner shop. The unpromising child at last found something that she could do, and that was in her father's studio. After two years of critical study of classical art in the Louvre, she set up her easel in a cattle yard. Her first work appearing at the Paris exhibition, when she was nineteen, assured her future success. She is now a vigorous woman of seventy-two, living in the suburbs of Paris where her studio overlooks a large pasture. Her quaint, sturdy, little figure in trousers and blouse waist may be seen most any day in the field with her models and pets.

THE STORY FAMILY.

MRS. W. W. STORY, wife of the American sculptor, died recently in Rome, Italy. Her son Julien Story, the painter, is the husband of Emma Eames, the opera singer. Music, painting, and sculpture is a rare combination in a single family.

"IN THE SWEET BY AND BY."

CONDUCTOR S. V. SALSBUURY, who runs between Memphis, Tenn., and Bowling Green, Ky., detailed in a very interesting manner to a *Globe-Democrat* representative the other day, while making his run, the circumstances under which the now famous song, "In the Sweet By and By," was written. It was in the fall of 1866, in the little town of Elkhorn, in Wallace County, Wis., that a crowd of young men had a choir, or glee club, of which Mr. Salsbury was a member. Prof. J. P. Webster was the leader of the choir, and already a music teacher of some note in the little place. S. F. Bennett kept a drug store, and in his room in the back of the store the boys met to practise, and often merely for a social good time. Prof. Webster and Mr. Bennett were then engaged in getting up a Sunday-school song book, Mr. Bennett being something of a poet. On the evening in question Salsbury and Bennett had been jumping, and the former was the proud winner of the contest. As the crowd was about breaking up Prof. Webster, who had been drinking for a few days, came up. He was then "sobering up" and had a dreadful case of "the blues," which all the rallying of the boys could not shake off, but he remarked that he would be all right in the sweet by and by. Bennett was at once struck with the idea and remarked that that would be a good subject for a song, and at once sat down and wrote the words, composing them almost as fast as he could write. Prof. Webster took up his violin, picked out the chords, and, taking down a score sheet, wrote the music, and in less than an hour the song was completed and sung by the choir, with no thought by any of the participants that it would attain the world-wide popularity it afterward achieved.

MARION CRAWFORD'S MOTHER.

MRS. TERRY, of Rome, Italy, the mother of F. Marion Crawford, is said to be the oldest American resident of that city. She was living there with her first husband, Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, when Hawthorne wrote "The Marble Faun," in which Mr. Crawford, his identity lightly veiled, figures conspicuously.

The Globe-Democrat.

NEW BOOKS.

MR. CRAWFORD'S name again appears among recent publications, this time as the author of "Katherine Lauderdale."

"A Spinster's Leaflets," by Alyn Yates Keith, is said to equal in interest and novelty "Miss Toosey's Mission."

A MEMOIR of S. J. Coleridge has been written by J. Dykes Campbell. It is a narrative of the life of the man, aside from the poet and philosopher.

CONTRIBUTORS' MAGAZINE.

By the courtesy of our Lulu Orrell, here in 1882, the wife of Arthur J. Eddy, the editor, we have received a copy of this unique publication of which three hundred copies only were printed privately for the members of the Contributors' Club of Chicago.

We render thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Eddy, and are surprised and gratified by a glimpse of the high quality of the work this club is doing. This number contains original articles by noted foreigners as follows:—

1. IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA, Prince Serge Wolkonsky, Commissioner of the Russian Imperial Ministry of Public Education.
2. COUNTRY WOMEN OF ITALY, Contessa D. di Brazza Savorgnan, president of the Italian Lace Exhibit.
3. STATUS OF WOMEN IN SIAM, Phra Suriya Nuvatr, Royal Commissioner of Siam.
4. EQUALITY VERSUS PEDESTALS, Princess Marie Shakhovskoy, Russian Imperial Commissioner for the Women's Exhibit.
5. WOMEN IN ISLAM, I. Hakky Bey, Commissioner General of the Imperial Ottoman Commission.
6. AGRICULTURAL WOMEN OF SIAM, Madam Linchee Suriya, Lady Commissioner of Siam.
7. ON CHICAGO, Manuel M. de Peralta, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Republic of Costa Rica.
8. SOME AWARDS OF MERIT, Heromich Shugio, Member from Japan of the Jury on Fine Arts.

We have been greatly interested in Prince Wolkonsky's "Impressions of America," I. Hakky Bey's "Women in Islam,"—indeed in almost every article. It is a priceless volume, and reflects great credit upon the originality of its editor. Much interest naturally centres in the pages of fac-simile reproduction of one page of each manuscript in the language and characters and handwriting of its author.

DEATH OF MRS. THACKERAY.

MRS. W. M. THACKERAY, the wife of the novelist, died at Eden Lodge, Leigh, on Jan. 11, at the age of seventy-five. It is thirty years since the death of her husband; the greater part of this time she has spent in an asylum to which she was taken when her mind began to fail, at the very beginning of Thackeray's career. How few of those who have laughed and cried over "Pendennis" and the "Newcomes" ever suspected this great sorrow which their author was carrying all the while in his heart!

PERSONALS.

GRACE FRIBLEY PENNELL is at Winter Park, Florida; "enjoys eighty in the shade and picking oranges."

NELLIE DAVIS and Sallie King are in Florida for a time. Also Abbie and Flo Hartwell spend their winters in the sunny south. Delia Davis approves the Chicago Lasell Club.

FRANCES LAMME is spending the winter with Delia in Chicago.

NELLIE CHASE is looking forward to coming "home" on a visit. Is much better.

DOROTHY CHAPMAN sends, with a pleasant letter, her photograph. Thank you, Dorothy. She thinks the Chicago Lasell Club will be a success. Gives a sly hint as to a *Mr. Pitkin* and *May*.

JESSIE REECE is trying the climate of Denver for her health. Says she has met several Denver Lasell girls. Likes the Chicago Lasell Club idea.

BIRDIE ROUTT, now Mrs. Bryant, is very ill at her home in Texas.

LILA WARREN writes very happily from her home, 851 Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn. She is taking the Art Course at Pratt Institute, and says she is settled down to hard work; is anxious to know how the Lasell girls crimp their hair, now that the electric light is on?

PROF. R. T. STEVENSON, of Ohio W. University, who recently came to lecture before the Theological School of Boston University, is a brother of our Harriet, here in 1878, whom he reports as well and happy (as Mrs. Dunbar), in Augusta, Ky.

MISS ELIZABETH GORDON, our neighbor, has lately returned from England, where for some months she has been a guest of Lady Henry Somerset. She dined with us one evening, attended chapel, conducting the exercises with an earnest simplicity that touched all our hearts. She then gave us a glimpse into the school at San Sabastian, Spain, of which her sister, Mrs. Gulick, has charge, and to which the Missionary Society contributed a little a few years since. The girls study much as we do here, and attain high grades of scholarship.

Miss Gordon and her mother are visiting relatives in South Carolina.

ONE of the old girls writes: "So much valuable and interesting news comes to me through the columns of the *LASELL LEAVES* that I am unable to say half enough in their praise. No girl can thoroughly appreciate their true worth until she leaves Lasell and becomes separated from her school friends."

JOSIE WEST, of Provincetown, spent Sunday with us recently. She says she has become quite skilful in the art of housekeeping, and enjoys it. We are indebted to her for a fine photograph of the wreck, in December last, of the British ship "Jason," off Cape Cod, one of the saddest mishaps of a hard season.

MR. THOMAS STILWELL, brother-in-law of our Julia Miller, and intimate friend of Clara Souther and the Tulleys, and Mr. C. K. Bannister, of Ogden, an old friend of Minnie Kiesel, and a schoolmate of Mr. Bragdon, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon for a few days.

ANNA CROCKER is assistant superintendent at the Associated Charity Rooms, where clothing, food, and wood are distributed to the needy. She is there daily from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 1 to 5 P. M.

Time, — February 22.

Place, — German table. The conversation having turned to the Father of our Country.

LEARNED SENIOR. "All that I know about Washington is, that he was born in 1732. Let me see, I forget the day —"!

FLORENCE MANN's father made us a brief call. Reports Florence as busy as two bees.

THE Mrs. Pomeroy who was robbed in a Fifth Avenue coach is our Louise Richards, here in 1888.

EMILY SHIFF paid Miss Ransom a last visit, as Emily, during February, and during it Capt. and Mrs. (Tessie Shiff) Clairin, on their bridal tour, called on us. Tessie didn't seem at all to mind being married, rather looked as if she enjoyed it; and the *capitaine*, though he spoke a few words only of English, was so hearty and unassuming, — so little like what we feared a French Hussar would be — that he won our hearts. He was much interested in our pictures. Is himself an artist of no mean ability. *Bon voyage*, Tessie!

ALMENA SEAGRAVE's father made a very welcome call. Says Almena is still a good girl!

JUDGE HUBBARD, father of our Julia, Alma, and Louise, came to just glance at Louise and her Harvard brother. Wish he could have stayed longer.

ONE of the pleasant days of last month was made so by a visit from Bertha Harris Armington and Laura Place, who were here in '83. They so heartily enjoyed the old (and new) Lasell that we began to think it not such a bad place, after all! We wish that the treat might be often repeated.

MISS ELSIE LATIMER, a niece of Mrs. Latimer, and her friend Miss Lee Collom, who are studying elocution at the Emerson School, gave us another very pleasant day. They seemed to appreciate our Newton country after a long winter in the city. We are sure they are earnest students of the great art.

ANITA HENRY MIRICK, of Worcester, was kept from the Boston banquet by the illness of two of her boys with scarlet fever. We hope soon to hear that both are recovered.

MARGARET HAMILTON JAMES, Class of '78, ought to be proud to be the mother of four such beautiful, *good*-looking children as these of whom she sends us a photograph. A charming group and very welcome.

GONE FORWARD.

JESSIE MACMILLAN, of Hopkinton, Class of '82, mourns her mother to whose last days Jessie has been so faithful and loving a stay.

In Marshalltown, Iowa, during the early morn of Feb. 28, the life of Maymie L. Binford drifted on into the glory of the life beyond.

For three weeks she had borne her sufferings patiently, and battled for life, for she did so long to get well ; but it was not to be.

Maymie was at Lasell from September, 1886, until June, 1888, and all of us who knew her there will cherish forever the memory of her beautiful and unselfish character.

A faithful student, a true friend, never by word or deed offending, always endeavoring to realize the high ideals which filled her heart, Lasell never sent forth into the world a better or truer young woman.

After leaving school, she still earnestly and constantly lent her mind to study, and had attained a degree of culture seldom found in one of her age. She was a valued member of the Woman's Club, and its secretary, and connected with several other literary clubs ; she was one of the chief promulgators of the public library, a teacher in the Sunday school and Industrial School, and a great social favorite. The wide circle to whom she had endeared herself mourns her early death, and will sadly miss the inspiration of her presence.

A wreath of white roses on the door told that the angels had called her ; the casket of white broadcloth rested amidst the rarest and most beautiful flowers, and within lay Maymie, looking very sweet and peaceful in a simple gown of pink mull.

In the afternoon of March 2, a short comforting service was held, and at the close of that lovely spring day she was laid away by the side of her two sisters.

I put a wreath of roses on her casket in memory of Lasell, and with thoughts of those who loved her there ; it was buried with her, but the other beautiful flowers rested on her grave.

I gazed as long as I could see as we drove away, and thus I left her. She is not dead. " He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

WINNIE EWING COFFIN, '89.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

It is with deep sympathy we learn of the great affliction that has come to Lillie Hathaway Muir and her parents, in the death of her brother. Perhaps we can better express what he was by the words published in the Nebraska State *Journal*, of which he was business manager. " Among the many things which struggle for utterance is the thought that the life of Frank L. Hathaway shows that one can be a man among men and bear the full responsibilities of a citizen without losing the purity of thought and speech of his sheltered boyhood. His early success promised for him a brilliant career as a man of business, and yet he was as modest and unassuming as the humblest employee on his pay roll. His whole life will be a comfort and a solace to his parents through the remainder of their lives." The affection he showed for Lillie, in the way he always spoke of her, makes us realize the more what a great loss has come to her. May she be a little comforted, that we sorrow with her.

LOCALS.

THE parlors and reception room of the Seminary were the scene of a gay party in the evening of the 22d. The occasion of this festivity being a reception given by the Faculty to the Junior class and their friends.

THE senior class invited the school to an historical party on Saturday evening in honor of Washington's birthday. The costumes were varied in their originality and beauty ; " Diana," as represented by Miss Bartholomew, received the prize.

After the grand march music and dancing made the winged hours speed all too quickly. At nine thirty the gay throng of princes, knights, and ladies vanished, and had one peeped into the rooms an hour later in search of them, one would have seen only tired girls slumbering peacefully upon their pillows.

OUR very enterprising senior French class gave a charming little comedy, entitled, " Facilité," for the benefit of the library. The play was a success financially, as well as in every other way, and had the honor of being the first French play ever given at Lasell.

MRS. ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON gave a very interesting lecture at the Methodist Church Thursday evening, Feb. 22, her subject being "Granada and the Alhambra."

THE missionary society gave a rainbow festival in the gymnasium, Feb. 17. Candy, pop corn, and flowers were sold in the pretty decorated booths. A series of biblical scenes was represented, and the sweet singing of Miss Gale was much enjoyed.

DR. SAWIN, of Troy, N. Y., conducted us in evening prayer Feb. 16.

REV. MR. CRAVEN, a friend of our principal and a missionary in India, has been a visitor at the Seminary during the past weeks. His delightful talks have been interesting as well as instructive; he, himself, quite won the hearts of the girls.

DR. PELOUBET gave a very interesting sermon in the chapel Feb. 18. He took as his subject the Book of Job as a whole.

THE third year's cooking class prepared a St. Valentine's dinner, Feb. 15. There were eight girls in the class and each one invited a gentleman friend. It was served with great taste in Mr. Bragdon's private dining-room. It goes without saying that the "Menu" was perfect.

ON the evening of Feb. 12, a few of the girls attended the reception given in the Seminary parlors by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society to Miss Louise Manning Hodgkins, in honor of her recent acceptance of the editorship of "The Heathen Woman's Friend." On the Reception Committee were Mrs. Parkhurst, Miss Hodgkins, Mrs. Joseph Cook, Dr. and Mrs. Steele, Chaplain McCabe, Bishop Foster, and Mrs. Wm. Butler.

The art gallery, gymnasium, natatorium, and cooking rooms were open to the guests. At 8.30 all adjourned to the gymnasium where Dr. Steele introduced the speakers, Chaplain McCabe, Bishop Foster, and Miss Hodgkins.

All would not have been complete had not Chaplain McCabe favored us with two or three songs, which touched the hearts of those present. After the addresses a collation was served in the dining-room. A most enjoyable evening was spent by all who were present to bid Miss Hodgkins "God Speed" in her new field of labor.

THE Newton Union of Christian Endeavor Societies was entertained, on Feb. 26, by the society of the Methodist Church. A most delightful reception was followed by addresses from Mr. and Mrs. Coleman and a business meeting.

MISS SHINN's pupils entertained the school very pleasantly, one Monday evening, by an elocution recital. The arrangement and execution of the programme did credit to the teacher and scholars.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

| | |
|---|-----------------------|
| WALTZ. Happy Birds | <i>Holst</i> |
| LASELLIA BANJO, MANDOLIN, AND GUITAR CLUB. | |
| GOLDEN ROD | <i>Anon.</i> |
| MISS DUNHAM. | |
| THE FERRY O'GALLAWAY | <i>Alice Cary</i> |
| MISS DOLPKE. | |
| BRIAR ROSE | <i>Anon.</i> |
| MISS WALSTON. | |
| SONG. Oh, that We Two were Maying | <i>Gounod</i> |
| MISS CONLIN. | |
| AUNT TABITHA | <i>O. W. Holmes</i> |
| MISS DICKSON. | |
| THE TEN VIRGINS | <i>E. J. Townsend</i> |
| MISS SNYDER. | |

PART II.

| | |
|---|----------------------|
| CHORUS. The Image of a Rose | <i>G. Reichardt</i> |
| S. D. GLEE CLUB. | |
| MICE AT PLAY | <i>Neil Forest</i> |
| MISS BEESLEY. | |
| THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG | <i>Longfellow</i> |
| MISS BRONSON. | |
| SCENE FROM DEBORAH | <i>C. S. Chilton</i> |
| MISS HUBBARD. | |
| SONG | <i>Selected</i> |
| MISS BARKER. | |
| a. Mrs. O'Toole and the Conductor | <i>S. J. Smith</i> |
| b. Kentucky Philosophy | <i>Anon.</i> |
| MISS K. CHAPMAN. | |
| SCENE FROM MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT'S DREAM, | <i>Shakespeare</i> |
| MISS ALLEN. | |
| THE RUGGLESSES | <i>K. D. Wiggin</i> |
| MISS HANCE. | |

OTHER CALLERS IN FEBRUARY.

MRS. NOYES, Andover; MR. and MRS. LOUD, Everett; MR. STEWART, Columbus, O.; MRS. MANNING, Orange; MRS. HALL (Nan Peabody); MRS. PEIRCE (Anna Kendig); CLEMENTINA BUTLER; MRS. CLARK, Worcester; ALICE DONALLAN; BLANCHE WILCOX; MR. and MRS. CONLIN, New York; MAUDE OLIVER; JENNIE ARNOLD; MR. and MRS. BLAIR, Wyoming, O.; MRS. AVERY, Plymouth; MR. PARKER, Piqua, O.; MRS. FRANK MERRILL, Boston; MRS. SHANNON, Medford,

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| <i>Guards</i> | { ALICE THURSTON. MINNIE BACHRACH. KATE CHAPMAN. |

[Continued from page 109.]

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Elizabeth Whipple; Mrs. Mary Shaw Harmon; Miss Sarah L. Almy; Dr. Charles Parkhurst, Lecturer; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bragdon; Miss Caroline Carpenter; Mrs. Martha Ransom Jones; Mrs. Annie Bragdon Winslow; Mrs. Carrie Wallace Hussey; Miss Annie Wallace; Miss Jessie C. Flint; Mrs. Josephine Wallace Sweet; Mrs. Ella Ellis Holway; Mrs. Etta Kelley Denfield; Miss Jennie M. Arnold; Miss Florence M. Williams; Miss Grace A. Robinson; Miss Nellie M. Richards; Mrs. Emma Sibley Guilbert; Miss Marguerite M. Waterhouse; Miss Daisy E. Parkhurst; Mrs. Carrie Kendig Kellogg; Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce; Mrs. S. Brigham Merrifield; Miss E. Blanche Wilcox; Mrs. Mary Hagar Lyman; Miss Josephine H. West; Mrs. Gertrude Rice Thayer; Miss Irene G. Sanford; Miss Fannie B. Dillingham; Miss Carrie B. Lane; Miss Josie Adams; Miss Harriet S. Sawyer; Mrs. Leora Haley Marvin; Mrs. Harriet Whittier Payne; Mrs. Adelaide Sears Gilman; Mrs. Mary Cole Seaver; Miss Mary B. Hathaway; Miss Bertha A. Simpson; Mrs. Louie Best Cumnock; Mrs. Nellie Converse Rockwood; Mrs. Fanny Barker Coffin; Miss Mary B. Davis; Mrs. Lillie Fuller Merriam; Mrs. Moseetta Stafford Vaughan; Mrs. Ada Langley Briggs; Miss Nancy B. Almy; Mrs. Sadie Perkins Johnson; Mrs. Mary Harmon Hellier; Mrs. Abby Davis Vickery; Mrs. Lina Maynard Bramhall; Mrs. Sephie Mason Dumas; Mrs. H. N. Noyes; Prof. J. A. Hills; Jessie Hayden; Mrs. Anna Seeley Springer; Elizabeth Merriam; Mrs. Ida Simpson Bushnell.

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Respectfully,

CHAS. W. HEARN.

DESPAIRING STUDENT. "I cannot remember the date of the discovery of America."

INTERESTED FRIEND. "I'll tell you an easy way. Just learn this rhyme and you'll never forget it —

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Columbus sailed the ocean blue."

A day later: —

INTERESTED FRIEND. "Well, do you remember your date?"

JUBILANT STUDENT. "Oh, yes; I'll never forget it: —

"In 1493
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Volume XIX.

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Number 7.

LASELL LEAVES.

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EDITORIAL.

TENNIS seems to have grown popular within the last few days—anything to be out doors. Why, several girls have remarked that they were going to take surveying simply because they could be out doqrs. No more urgings would be needed, no excuses would be given, if one could only be allowed to recite lessons sitting on the stone wall. An ideal way, surely! The LEAVES offers this merely as a suggestion that the front lawn be turned into recitation rooms, and then under the shade of the trees, the wind blowing on our cheeks and the sun shining over head, there we might decline "*ego*" to perfection and psychology would open wide her doors to our poor belaboring brains.

THE President is "desirous to preserve the parity between gold and silver and maintain sensible bimetallism." We say desirous, but how can a decided monometallist have such an aim in view.

AT length a courteous and honorable treaty has been negotiated with China which provides for all that the anti-Chinese sentiment of the country has desired. This treaty provides that henceforth "John Chinaman" will be kept at home, and the United States will have secured in a legitimate way that which before she has attempted in a discourteous manner.

THE Massachusetts Senate has vetoed the bill giving municipal suffrage to women. This measure on the part of the Senate will be keenly felt by many Boston women who have been most enthusiastic for its adoption. The desire is

surely earnest and high-minded, and we think there are very few who will not sympathize with the women who now must "wait and watch" for another opportunity.

Do you not think it has gone out of fashion for people to be amused with representations of drunkenness on the stage? We have been told that the elder Wallack used to give in times gone by impersonations of Dick Dashall, very drunk but very gentlemanly, which were the most irresistibly comical things ever known. In Othello one even now laughs at Cassio when he has put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains. There is, however, a dash of genuine pathos in the weak irresolution of poor Rip Van Winkle, and when he is driven forth into the stormy night by his ill-tempered spouse we are ready to condone his faults and blame the thrifty Gretchen.

The typical drunkard is usually a good-natured, happy-go-lucky sort of person, who amuses the idle crowd with his drolleries and comic narratives. In his prime, he is the idol of the village, and especially if he have the gift of song. The following ballad on a tipsy man used to be sung a half century ago in Germany:

Grad! aus dem Wirthshaus nun kom ich heraus
Strasse wie wunderlich sichst du mir aus!
Rechter Hand, linker Hand, beides vertauscht!
Strasse ich merkes wohl du bist berauscht.

Was für ein schief Gesicht Mond machest denn du!
Ein Auge hat er auf, eins hat er zu
Du wirst betrunken sein, das seh ich hell;
Schäme dich, schäme dich, alter Gesell!

Und die Laternen erst was muss ich sehen
Sie können alle nicht gerade mehr stehen
Wackein und fackein die Kreuz und die Lue
Scheinen betrunken mir allsamant schwer.

Alles im Sturme rings, Grosses und Klein;
Wag ich daranter mich, wüchtern allein?
Das scheint bedenklich mir, ein Wagestück!
Da geh ich lieber ins Wirthshaus zurück.

PARIS UNIVERSITY has the greatest enrollment of any institution of learning in the world. It has 9,215 students, Vienna has 6,220, and Berlin 5,527. — *Ex.*

OUR WASHINGTON TRIP.

THERE were ten of us to begin with, counting Mr. Shepherd, and we started for the Auburndale station at exactly quarter past four, Wednesday, March 21, 1894. Our umbrellas were unfurled, our skirts dragged in the mud, and we were in a hurry, as Lasell girls usually are. At the station we met our chaperone, and before we reached Boston two more girls had joined us. Some few of us were laboring under the delusion (alas for our knowledge of geography!) that we were to go on board our steamer at Boston, and were therefore rather amazed when we were hurried into the cars for an hour's ride to Fall River. But at last we were on the boat and our belongings stowed away in our state-rooms. M. and I *had* travelled before, even though we *did* "press the button" in our state-room, expecting, of course, to see the electric light blaze up. The smiling face of our dusky porter appeared instead, which rather disconcerted us.

It was raining and misty without, so we were compelled, after dinner, to stay inside and listen to the music.

We reached New York early the next morning, where we dropped two of our number. Then till three, the rest of us, not to mention "Nora's Pig," were on the train. I forgot to say that a few of us felt a little "queer" before we left the boat, and as the "queerness" continued till we reached Washington, it rather dampened our spirits. At Philadelphia we lost another from our party, but her vacancy was soon filled by a blue coat and brass buttons. It is needless to say that the aforesaid blue coat and brass buttons looked very interesting at the distance from which most of us were forced to view them.

Three o'clock came at last, and we hurriedly gathered our things together and stood in the aisle, an eager, expectant, hot, dusty, "queer-feeling" crowd, awaiting our first (?) glimpse of Washington. We had not long to wait and were soon rolling along the smooth asphalt pavement, enjoying the glimpses of white buildings and green grass and wishing we had left our sealskins at home. We were met at our hotel by a row of smiling, black faces, and were escorted by the owners of the faces to our apartments.

One funny little fellow, after depositing our

bags on the floor, said with a bewitching smile, "Now what would you all ladies like?"

Till dinner time we rested and explored our new apartments. At six we dined, and what fun it was! The little private dining-room, the tempting *menu*, and the *five* "colored gentlemen," who anticipated every wish, were a novelty as well as a luxury, after six months of boarding school life. After dinner Elizabeth Stevenson left us to join her father. We took a cable car ride and then went to bed, for we had three, or rather four, days of hard work before us.

We were up bright and early Friday morning, and after a delicious breakfast started on our tour of sightseeing. First we went to the Patent Office, but only glanced through that, as the long rows of models soon grew rather tiresome and monotonous. Thence to the Pension Building, where we had an interview with the nearest living descendant of George Washington. He was an old man, with a face very like that of the Father of our Country. We were too hurried to buy any of his pictures, and came away feeling very indignant against the government for keeping the poor old man there, day after day, with nothing to do but to try and sell a few cigars and photographs.

The Post-Office was very interesting. We enjoyed the collection of queer things sent through the mail very much, and stayed for some time to watch them open dead letters. We were especially interested in one man, who opened six or eight comic valentines while we stood there watching him.

But the Capitol was the most interesting, and there we stayed a long time. Mr. Shepherd procured an excellent guide for us. I especially enjoyed the celebrated bronze door at the main entrance to the Capitol. It pictures events in the life of Columbus and was modelled by Randolph Rogers in Rome, 1858. The cost was \$30,000. I enjoyed, too, the pictures all over the building, and especially the beautiful frescoed walls in the Presidents' Room. The whispering gallery was very curious, and our guide displayed its strange power to the best of his ability.

The *House* was in session, and was a surprise to us all. We hardly expected to see our representatives sitting with their hats on and their feet elevated above their heads, calmly perusing a

newspaper during the reading of a bill. Mr. Shepherd had a hard time trying to convince one indignant member of our party (afterwards known as *Mrs. S.*) that she could not manage the House much better than that.

We had a sandwich and a glass of milk and then started for the Department of the Treasury. It was here that we first met "Our Mutual Friend," who has since proved a source of amusement, but who was a great annoyance at the time. The Secretary of the Treasury himself took us down into the secret vaults, but unfortunately so much feminine beauty rather upset the young man, in whose keeping was the "combination" of one great safe, so we did not see quite everything.

We then went home to a dainty lunch, and afterwards drove to Arlington. We passed some soldiers on the way, whom our driver pointed out as the "*calvary*."

Arlington is one of the most beautiful spots I have seen. On a high hill overlooking the Potomac stands an old-fashioned house, once the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee. In front of the house is the grave of Gen. Sheridan. The National Cemetery is there, where lie buried over 16,000 soldiers. That evening we visited the Corcoran Art Gallery.

Saturday morning, until 10.30, we spent in driving about the city, and then took the boat for Mt. Vernon. It was a beautiful trip. At eleven we landed, and went directly to the little kitchen, pausing a few moments to gaze on Washington's tomb.

We had our lunch and then roamed over the beautiful old house and grounds, gathering leaves and tiny flowers and enjoying it all to our heart's content.

On our return to the hotel at four o'clock we met Effie Simms and her small, shy niece, and set out, baby and all, for Mrs. Gen. Logan's.

Mrs. Logan was so kind and gracious. We spent most of the time in Memorial Hall, a room which she has devoted entirely to relics and souvenirs belonging to General Logan. Swords, pictures, busts, books, medals, and a thousand fascinating things were there; and how interesting it all was!

In her dining-room Mrs. Logan showed us her beautiful collection of china. She has cups from

all over the world, and one beautiful set had belonged to Napoleon. She showed us photographs of her lovely grandchildren, and we met her daughter.

It was such a beautiful house! Everything in it seemed to tell some story, and the stately, white-haired woman was the charm that made it complete. But we had to hurry away, fearing that we had encroached upon the kindness and hospitality of our lovely hostess. We stopped at some of the stores on the way back and rested in the evening.

Sunday we went in the morning to the church attended by Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, but for some unaccountable reason they did not appear. Easter Sunday too!

In spite of that fact, and the absence of new Easter bonnets (for it was raining), the morning was not without some excitement, for "Our Mutual Friend" early appeared on the scene, and in the midst of the sermon the organ pealed forth in the most horrible discord of shrieks and groans I ever heard.

Alice Beesley and Ada Barker dined with Anna Warner that day, and the rest of us rested all afternoon. In the evening we went to a colored church.

Monday morning we went to the Washington Monument, the Smithsonian Institute, the National Museum, State, War, and Navy Department, and at noon to the Capitol, where the Senate was in session, and also the Supreme Court. Then to the White House. It was too cold for much egg rolling, but the grounds were crowded with people, and only one room, the West Parlor, was opened to visitors.

Now on our arrival at the Capitol City we had sent a dainty epistle to "the fairest lady of the land," setting forth in most persuasive terms the necessity of our seeing her before our departure. Unfortunately she did not view it in that light, and the reply came that her public receptions were over for the season (it was a *private* reception we had wanted). However, a few of us caught a glimpse of her better(?) half, and in a most unusual way.

Mr. Shepherd was fortunate enough in persuading one of the ushers to show us some of the other rooms. We saw the Blue Room, the Red Room, and the Green Room. As we passed the

elevator on our way out some one ahead of me called back "*Hurry!*" I looked up quickly and there stood the President in the elevator. We did *hurry*, but were nevertheless much elated over our glimpse.

That evening some of the girls went to the theatre, and at 8 A. M. Tuesday morning we were on our way home. We spent an hour or two in New York that afternoon visiting some of the stores, and reached Auburndale at 7.40 Wednesday morning.

We were very fortunate in having for a chaperone Mrs. Kerr, who certainly endeared herself to every one of the girls, and whose kind care we fully appreciate.

Many thanks are also due to Mr. Shepherd, who had a general oversight over all and who spared no pains to make us comfortable and happy. A good time is assured when Mr. Shepherd leads.

A BOAT CARNIVAL.

ANY one at all familiar with the coast of New England must know that one of its most picturesque spots is where, on the coast of Maine, the shore is indented by Casco Bay. Lying as it does between Cape Elizabeth and Cape Small Point, the bay is well protected, and only when passing the sea opening is the swell of the ocean felt.

The harbor contains three hundred and sixty-five islands, one for each day in the year, and all of these have become quite noted as summer resorts. One thing that makes these islands so attractive for summer homes is their proximity to Portland.

From the Eastern Promenade, which is situated on a high cliff on the water's edge, may be obtained a beautiful view on summer days. As far as the eye can see down the bay are the islands dotted with their bright summer cottages, while between their piers the white steamers, which look so tiny from a distance, dart hither and thither, leaving their trail of smoke and foamy waves. On either side the entrance to the bay is a grim fort, and the unwelcome visitor sees in the middle of the harbor gray old Fort Gorges, whose very frown is grand when set off by the bright scene around.

Yachting is a favorite amusement here, and any pleasant day the white sails may be seen far out at sea, swelling and careening with the tide like huge sea birds. Last year the inhabitants of these gay islands decided to have a carnival of their own; it was the first one they had ever attempted, but proved an unqualified success. The line of boats was to start from Peakes Island, and after making a tour around the larger islands return there for the awarding of prizes.

We were in quite a dilemma to know where we could go to look on, so that we who were not much over five feet might be able to see over the heads of the crowd. In the midst of our perplexity what was our delight on receiving an invitation to join a party of eight young ladies, the uncle of one of them having invited us to go in his steam launch.

We were not to be a part of the procession, but still decided to make the boat look as pretty as possible, at such short notice. So we all wore our light dresses and leghorn hats, and had large squares of pink cloth to wave.

Never a gayer party started out. The day was perfect and the water smooth and sparkling. We had steamed away from the wharf, and with five particular friends in the bow and three in the stern were chatting gayly. We were going first to Cape Elizabeth, the summer home of our host, to take on board his wife, who was to chaperone us.

Suddenly the boiler became an object of great interest to us. We three in the stern grew rather quieter and listened to the puff, puff of the engine, and as it grew faster and faster we noticed how near the water was, and how far behind the Bug Light promontory was. But as the escape valve was opened and the steam blew out, we decided we had been very foolish and went on with our talking.

All at once something happened; we none of us knew what it was. There was a puffing and blowing and steam filled the boat. Something was coming all over us, but we knew not what. We only sat still and shut our eyes.

We have all been anxious ever since to put it on record that not one of us uttered a sound, and there were eight girls. After we had recovered a little we found that the steam gauge had broken, and our hats and gowns were covered with rusty

water. But we soon forgot that, for the rest of the day was perfect. Our chaperone quieted our fears and the unfortunate accident was soon forgotten.

We were in the best possible condition to see the Carnival, for we had resolved to anchor and let them all pass us and then to hurry ahead so they would repass us.

It was one of the most beautiful sights you can imagine. Each launch or yacht had in tow five or six rowboats, and as they passed by it was a perfect panorama of life.

First there was a snow-white launch trimmed with golden-rod, manned by a crew of boys and girls in white sailor suits, who showed by the shape of their caps that they came from Diamond Island.

Then you were in Elf Land and a perfect fairy shell in blue and gold glided by. The mast and ropes were garlands of flowers and the wing-like sails of pale blue bore the words in gold, "The Fisherman's Bride." And there she was in the stern, while her lord stood in the centre and a veritable Father Time was crouched down in the bow. Then followed Japanese ladies, sirens and fairy children.

One boat, all in white, was particularly lovely. There was no vestige of color except in the bright cheeks and flowing hair of the inmates; and as it would have been difficult to find prettier girls anywhere, this boat fully received its share of salutes. These salutes and the shouting and waving were one of the features of the day, and though we could not fly in and out, back and forth, like the yachts, we felt more than compensated by our ability to answer every challenge.

It would take pages to describe all the boats, and only a jumble remains to me like a dream, as I see one after the other float by.

But the Leo was there, resplendent with a white T on the smoke stack, and Tech colors streamed from every part. And we almost wore our shrill little whistle out trying to answer the "Rah, Rah, Rah, Technology."

E. G. S.

THE oldest college graduate is said to be Dr. James Kitchen, of Philadelphia, Pa., who was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1819. — *Ursinus College Bulletin*.

VACATION.

IF those remaining at Lasell during a vacation could make daily trips into Boston while the prospective tourists are getting ready to leave, the vacation would have no unpleasant experiences. It is only at the departure of our companions that we feel sad, for with the first day of our vacation enough plans and suggestions are offered to keep us busy every minute.

All those who remained here Easter will agree that the privilege most enjoyed and improved was that of appearing for our daily sustenance half an hour or more after the ringing of the gong without the usual donation to the missionary fund. But it is not safe to indulge in such luxury even in vacation; for what struggles we have had since the commencement of school to obey the breakfast summons, often finding the "gentle tapping, tapping at our chamber door" more effective than the sonorous gong.

On one of the first evenings of the vacation several of us enjoyed a great musical feast in the Passion music by the Handel and Haydn Society. When the music went beyond our capabilities of enjoyment we amused ourselves by observing a young couple whose esthetic state we could easily surmise from their actions.

Easter Sunday, the day in all the year when nature should be in her happiest mood, was dark and chilling. Those who attended the Methodist church enjoyed the pretty service devoted to the children, and the girls from the Episcopal church were full of praises for their new boy choir, whose Easter music was pronounced a great success.

Monday evening the girls saw Julia Marlowe in "The Love Chase" and were charmed with her grace and beauty.

There was so much to do all the time that it was not until Tuesday evening that the proposed straw ride could be taken. All that day there was a very piercing northerly wind and the girls were not very enthusiastic about the evening programme. But when it was casually remarked that an oyster supper would be provided for the guests, a number of our girls suddenly thought a straw ride would be perfectly delightful. They had a jolly time and declared it was not the least bit cold. The rest of us are sorry now that we were not courageous enough to venture out in March.

All day Wednesday the girls and trunks were arriving and we realized that our vacation had passed all too quickly and regretted to begin our studies again. Knowing what it means to spend the vacation at Lasell, we can never hereafter feel much sympathy for those who remain within seminary walls, for we shall remember how much is done for their comfort and amusement.

G—E.

LOCALS.

BOSTON is not favored with a season of the Grand Opera often enough for Lasell girls to miss the opportunity when it does come. So on the 9th of March a party of about twenty went to hear "Lohengrin," while on the following evening another company attended "Carmen." It is needless to say that both these fine representations were much enjoyed.

SUNDAY evening, March 18, nearly the whole school attended the vesper services at the Methodist church to hear the special music given by the choir, assisted by Miss Villa White. We all remembered Miss White's interesting course of concerts here at Lasell this winter, and were glad of an opportunity to hear her again.

AS March 21 was the ninetieth birthday of Neal Dow, the great temperance leader, a service appropriate to the occasion was held in the chapel at half past one. Miss Packard conducted the service, which opened with a hymn and prayer, after which we listened to a very interesting address by Mrs. Steele on the Temperance Crusade Movement. At the close of the exercises Miss Packard said a few words about the temperance work which had been done here at Lasell, and urged all those who could to join the temperance union here and take the pledge.

ON the afternoon of April 7 the battalion held a reception in the gymnasium to the officers of the neighboring schools. The room was beautifully decorated with flags, which formed an appropriate background to the company in their military costumes. Refreshments were served in the dining-room, and the whole affair was a decided success.

As a fitting close to the term's work came the Pupils' Musical Recital on the evening of March 20. The concert was unusually good, and the new feature, the cantata "Florabel", was received with much applause. The solo by Miss Souther was especially worthy of mention, while Miss Hibberd rendered Chopin's impromptu in a way to give pleasure to all.

The program was as follows:—

PROGRAM.

- PIANOFORTE. Allegro *Schumann*
MISS HAYDEN.
- CANTATA. FLORABEL. Part I *Rogers*
Introduction (Instrumental).
Chorus: Awake! Awake!
Recitative (Soprano), Ina: O sisters, rise!
Air (Soprano): 'Tis sweet upon a summer's morn.
Choral Recitative: Along the forest.
Duet (Mezzo-Soprano and Contralto), Margherita and Zilla.
Blow, blow, thou summer wind!
- VIOLIN. { *a.* Melodie } *Dancla*
 { *b.* Waltz }
MISS SOUTHER.
- PIANOFORTE. Nocturne *Chopin*
MISS ANDREESEN.
- PIANOFORTE. Selections from Papillon *Schumann*
MISS CUSHING.
- CANTATA. FLORABEL. Part II. *Rogers*
Intermezzo (Instrumental): Looking for the flowers which show
where Florabel fell.
Chorus: Behold the flow'rets beautiful!
Ballad (Mezzo-Soprano), Margherita: O fair as morn.
Choral Recitative Good Fairies, hail!
Recitative: (Contralto): Zilla: Thy day is ending.
Air (Contralto): The moon is shining.
Finale. — Trio and Chorus: Homeward thro' the forest dim.
- PIANOFORTE. Fantasie Impromptu. C sharp minor . *Chopin*
MISS HIBBERD.
- PIANOFORTE QUARTET. Overture, Antigone . *Mendelssohn*
MISSES ANDREESEN, CASE, C. MANNING AND LILLIBRIDGE.

CHARACTERS IN "FLORABEL."

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|---------------|
| AGNETA | <i>Soprano</i> | Miss Barker. |
| INA | <i>Soprano</i> | Miss Conlin. |
| MARGHERITA | <i>Mezzo Soprano</i> | Miss Allen. |
| ZILLA : | <i>Contralto</i> | Miss Lewis. |
| CHORUS OF PEASANT MAIDENS | | Orphean Club. |

Accompanist, MISS BRAGDON.

ALTHOUGH the vacation is spoken of at length elsewhere in this paper, it would hardly do not to mention such an important event in the locals. School closed at 1.30 March 21, and opened the following Wednesday, March 28, at 7 P. M. Needless to say we were all ready and anxious to resume our studies after a week's rest.

It is not often any school has such a treat as we had on March 30, in the reading of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," by Dr. Furness,

of Philadelphia. It was an event we had long been looking forward to, and the gymnasium was crowded to the utmost. After a few introductory words by Dr. Rolfe, Dr. Furness commenced the always enjoyable comedy. It is not enough to say we were carried away with Dr. Furness. As Dr. Rolfe intimated, "we completely lost our hearts to him." After dinner we all had a chance of meeting him who had entertained us so marvellously, and there was not one who did not long to see more of him than the conventional hand-shake allowed. Altogether it was a day of pleasure long to be remembered.

DR. PRATT's course of lectures on hygiene was finished on March 17, and this leaving the lecture period on Saturday afternoon free, Miss Greene commenced her course on Law the first Saturday after vacation, March 31. As the first lecture was somewhat different from the one two years ago, the whole school was required to be present, but after this, those who passed the former examinations will be excused from attending this year's course.

ON the second of April a party of nine girls, under Mr. Rich's guidance, visited the Youth's Companion building, the New Old South Church, and Trinity Church. On the same day Mr. Bragdon took three of the girls to Sudbury to visit the Wayside Inn, and such glowing accounts were brought back of that most interesting place that a larger party has been planned for some coming Monday.

ON April 2 a great change was made in the arrangement of the tables in the dining-room, for it was on that day that the Senior table came into existence, and a very imposing addition to the room it is.

THE organization of the Lasell Boat Club has created quite an excitement this last month, and they considered themselves lucky who passed the tests required to enter this organization. As yet the public has not been notified as to the costume to be worn by the members of the club, but their serious work will soon begin. The following officers have been elected: President, Greta Stearns; Vice-President, Bertha Lilibridge; Secretary, Alice Andreesen; Treasurer, Nellie Wilbur; Captain, Miss Ransom.

IN THE LIBRARY.

"My Country, 't is of Thee."

MANY of us have just become aware of the fact that Rev. S. J. Smith, D. D., the author of "America," is a near neighbor of ours. The story of the writing of the famous hymn may be new to others as it was to me.

Mr. Smith, when a student at Andover College, was asked by Mr. Mason, the composer, to translate or write some verses to be sung to German tunes for practice in public schools. Among many that he translated was a German patriotic song, sung to the tune, "God Save the King." Catching the spirit of the song, but not following the words he hastily wrote on a bit of paper a patriotic song fitted for American children. Never dreaming that he had written a national hymn he sent it with the others to Mr. Mason, then employed in training children's choruses.

Great was the surprise of the author to hear his song at a celebration in Boston on July 4, 1832. After that, wherever singing was introduced in public schools, "America" was a favorite, and before long, it was heard in all parts of the country.

During the preparation and continuance of the Civil War, it was sung at public gatherings, on battle fields, to celebrate victories, and in hospitals.

On Oct. 21, 1892, Mr. Smith's eighty-fourth birthday, his song resounded from ocean to ocean to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE. — So much is now being said and written on the subject of woman's rights, we quote a summary of the situation from a recent publication.

Women now vote for all officers in an area of three hundred thousand square miles. This includes New Zealand, Iceland, the Isle of Man, Jersey and Pitcairn Island, and in our own country Wyoming and Colorado. In nine other States bills just failed of being passed by both houses of legislature during the year, while in four States school suffrage has become the law.

THE monument to Mary Washington, raised entirely by the women of the country, is to be dedicated this month.

Some Famous Homes.

FRANK R. STOCKTON's country home at Convent, N. J., is called "The Halt"; Geo. W. Cable's, at Northampton, Mass., "Stayawhile," in commemoration of the circumstances that made him leave his former home. "Idlesse Farm" was the name of Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger's (Julien Gordon's) country house, lately destroyed by fire. William Cullen Bryant used to live at "Cedarmere"; Hawthorne in Concord, at the "Old Manse" and "The Wayside"; Washington Irving at "Sunnyside"; Longfellow at "Craigie House"; Lowell at "Elmwood"; Benson J. Lossing at "The Ridge"; Bayard Taylor at "Cedarcroft"; N. P. Willis at "Idlewild"; Whittier at "Oak Knoll"; Mrs. Amelia E. Barr lives at "Cherry Croft"; Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen at "The Moorlands"; John H. Boner at "Cricket Lodge"; Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr at "The Maples"; Danske Dandridge at "Rose Brake"; Miss E. H. Hager at "The Maples"; Mrs. E. A. Lawrence (Meta Lander) at "Linden Home"; Mrs. H. M. Lothrop (Margaret Sidney) at "The Wayside"; Anna Hubbard Mercur, author of "Cosmos," at "Eckland Heights"; Prof. Charles S. Peirce at "Arisbe"; and Ella Wheeler Wilcox at "The Bungalow." Among Canadian and English writers, Albert Dawson writes from "Inglenook"; the Rev. Newman Hall from "The Ivy House"; Lewis Morris from "Penbryn House"; F. W. Robinson from "Elmore House"; Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts from "Kingscroft"; Prof. Goldwin Smith from "The Grange," and William Sharp from "The Laurels."

In Congress.

HON. JOHN O'DONNELL has originated a bill in Congress for the combining of all the temperance societies in the country, and getting the question out of the hand of politics. He provides a plan by which all liquor dealing may be prohibited in a community by a vote of the majority of the men and women paying taxes. If the bill should be strengthened by petitions from all persons interested in this movement, something permanent might be accomplished by its passage and enforcement as a law.

A LATIN PLAY AT HARVARD.—At the approaching production of the "Phormio" of Terence by

Harvard students, the old Roman customs are to be revived as nearly as possible. Sander's theatre will be transformed into a classic play house, with the chorus coming in, and the curtain dropping according to the Roman principle.

The Tuskegee Convention.

AT the recent negro convention in Tuskegee, Ala., there were eight thousand persons present. The object of this normal and industrial institute, which we understand is entirely conducted by negroes, is to educate men and women to the practical work of the South. One thousand four hundred and forty acres of land furnish space for field and farm practice, and at the same time cover many of the expenses.

For an entertaining account of this remarkable institution see the *Review of Reviews* for this month.

Familiar Names.

EDITH T. MATTHEWS, the daughter of Brander Matthews, has come into notice through her excellent translation of "Parisian Points of View" by Ludiovi Halévy. M. Helévy is known to us as the author of the Abbé Constantin. Speaking of Brander Matthews, don't fail to read his "Studies of the Stage," as critical sketches on such subjects as the Dramatization of Novels, A Plea for Farce, etc.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS has added to the Van Bibber stories and "The West from a Car Window," his latest observations, under the attractive title "Our English Cousins,"—a spicy description of English life and living.

A POETIC treatment of a prosaic subject is "From Winter Solstice to Vernal Equinox" by Edith M. Thomas.

WHAT is *Paidology* and who is a *paidologist*?

Now that the blaze of rivalry has died down and the smoke of slander blown away, a fair account of the trial of Dr. Briggs may be ascertained. Such a one is "A Calm Review of the Case" by a stranger who attended all the sessions of the court.

"MARCELLA."—Mrs. Humphrey Ward has surpassed all her previous successes by "Marcella." As a novel, the new book is pronounced

more interesting than "Robert Elsmere," and as a solution of social and political problems the most satisfactory work of the times.

IT is said that Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has taken the place formerly occupied by Mrs. Burnett as the best paid female author in America.

THE essays and sketches contributed by Mme. Modjeska to various magazines and reviews have been collected and will be published in book form.

THE granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Miss Hildegard Hawthorne, is about to publish her first book. It is called "The Fairest of the Fair," and is to contain a record of her experiences in Chicago last summer.

MR. JOSEPH KEPPLER, the founder of *Puck* and designer of witty caricatures in several magazines, died on Feb. 19.

ERNESTO CAMILLO SIVORI, an Italian violinist and only pupil of Paganini, died on Feb. 19.

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW died in Cairo, Egypt, on Feb. 12. He was born in Dresden, Jan. 8, 1830, and was equally famous as an orchestra leader and performer on the piano.

IDEAL FRIENDS.

"As to every leaf and every flower there is an ideal to which the growth of the plant is constantly urging, so is there an ideal to every human being—a perfect form in which it might appear, were every defect removed, and every characteristic excellence stimulated to the highest point. Once in an age God sends to some of us a friend who loves in us not a false imagining, an unreal character; but, looking through all the rubbish of our imperfections, loves in us the divine ideal of our nature,—loves not the man we are, but the angel we might have been. Could a mysterious foresight unveil to us this resurrection form of the friends with whom we daily walk, compassed about with mortal infirmity, we should follow them with faith and reverence through all the disguises of human faults and weaknesses, 'waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God.'"—*The Minister's Wooing*.

PERSONALS.

A BIG brick of genuine simon-pure Vermont maple sugar! And of such delicate flavor; for there is a difference in genuine maple sugars, let me tell you! This *was* nice, and Miss Ferris, of Swanton, Vt., has our thanks for the "sweet" thought.

And Miss Pearl for another!

ANNIE BRAGDON WINSLOW sends her four-year-old boy Harold in his new trousers and top boots, with snow all over his manly reefer. A picture and a boy to be proud of. Belle Loudon Bragdon, Pueblo, Col., sends the youngest Bragdon, Dorothy, a promising youngster of two and a half months, in a very long dress, fists doubled to strike out, and bright, dark eyes peering out into life, and a mouth "for any fate."

BLANCHE E. WILCOX (here in '92) is at 76 Fifth Ave., New York City.

MISS GRACE RICHARDS (here in '88), 12 Fifth Ave., New York City.

MAME MANGELS (here in '83) is now Mrs. Clarence Sedgwick, 640 Madison Ave., New York City.

MARY SHELLENBERGER HERKNESS (here in '83) sends her subscription for the LEAVES and a pleasant word for Lasell. She has been nursing her boy with the mumps, and her husband, back to health. The Philadelphia girls ought to see more of each other.

HARRIET C. FOSS (here in '75) is teacher of Drawing and Painting at the Woman's College, Baltimore. One of her pictures, "The Flower Maker", was on exhibition at the World's Fair. It is now on exhibition at the Society of American Artists, in New York. The last time Mr. B. saw "Hattie," as we used to call her, was on the upper story of a 'bus on Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

WHEN you go to Hollis St. Theatre you want to take an ear trumpet to hear the orchestra, as well as a spy-glass to see the actors. Such a feeble little piping we seldom hear.

MARY WITHERBEE is as busy as ever, teaching at her home in Laurel, Delaware.

EDITH GALE has recently spent a Sunday with Sallie Head and both expect to attend the next Commencement.

AT the last Apollo Club Concert we spied Alice Howlett Woodward (here in '83) and Grace Robinson (here in '92). Was Bertha Russell (here in '84), there? Thought we saw her at a distance. No words with any.

MRS. JENNIE RAYMOND GEYER (here in '83) sends greetings from Brooklyn.

MINNIE KIESEL is kept very busy at her home assisting her mother, who is president of a charitable association. She is also interested in a mission Sunday-school class of "ten dear little girls, some walking many miles to come." She writes enthusiastically of the European trip and says she would dearly love to go. She enjoys the LEAVES and thinks it has improved this year. We always expect to hear of Minnie where good work is going on.

CARRIE BATCHELDER, here in '92, is enjoying study at the Art Museum School of Design.

ANITA HENRY MIRICK'S (here in '75) great big heart has shown itself again in taking in the three children of her sister-in-law who died last December. She is a real Home Missionary Society in herself—bless her! Her own children have happily recovered. She herself has better health than ever. "As thy days so shall thy strength be." Her oldest child is as old as Anita was when she came to Lasell. So the full days and years go by. Come to see your old home, Nita!

MR. B. met Minnie Ward in a Boston store, not changed a bit in face, and Minnie Bullard in a street car, where she and he had a nice chat on old times.

DR. GOODRIDGE (B. A., teacher of Latin and Greek here in '83) sends greeting from Harvard, Mass., where he "preaches an honest sermon once a week" and tends with equally honest and acceptable care the flock of which he is pastor. Reports Mrs. G., much improved in health and Elaine already a school girl. Think of it!

NEW YORK LASELL ASSOCIATION. — "A meeting will be held at the Waldorf, on Saturday, April 14, at 2 P. M., for the purpose of forming the above."

So reads a stylish card with Mary Marshall Call's name as sponsor. That is a move in the right direction, and we bespeak loyal co-operation.

BERTHA MORRISON reports the successful beginning of the second year of a Mission Reading-room for boys, corner Wentworth and Archer Avenues, Chicago. Last year's work was discouraging, the boys being wild and unruly. But they begged the reopening and are docile, and the prospects are very encouraging. Any help from Chicago Lasellians will be appreciated. Address her at 198 Thirty-sixth Street. Send some books or magazines or a little money to buy with. She doesn't ask or know of this appeal to you.

CARRIE COLBURN, who was here from Philadelphia in 1880, seems to be turning out a playwright. The papers say that "The Girl in Blue" was given at the Columbia Theatre, March 29, and that "Bob's Uncle" was given at Union Hall a short time ago, both by her. Maud Woodbridge (here in 1880) is said to have taken the leading part in "The Girl in Blue," and Carrie is the boy in both. We give these free advertisements for the sake of expressing our wonder that such results should come from Lasell, or could.

"If the old girls only knew what a good time we had they would go to Lasell oftener."

B. H. A.

WINNIE EWING COFFIN thinks she may attend Commencement this year.

ON Feb. 3, 1894, Mr. and Mrs. William H. James, our Lottie Hardy, of 34 Cypress Street, Brookline, Mass., were made happy by the arrival of a son, who is to be known as Horace Hardy James.

"As will be seen in another column, the Retreat is under a new reign and rejoices in a new superintendent, who arrived last Friday too late to be reported in that day's issue. The new manager, who weighs about eight pounds, is said to carry things with a high hand, having already struck out with his fists at the retiring superintendent, Dr. Lawton. However, the doctor is very happy and smiling under the new management, and is said to be completely under the thumb of the new arrival."

The above, from a Brattleboro, Vt., daily, means a new baby boy for Lillie Upton Lawton, here in 1886.

OUR Grace Garland Etherington says her interest in Lasell is as deep as it was thirteen years ago. She endorses the New York Lasell Club.

MAE BURR wrote a nice long letter, just like her (we mean nice, not long!); says she has not forgotten the photo (I fear me some girls *have*!); likes the new color of LEAVES cover, is enthusiastic about the Club Houses; gives us the news of her brother's expected marriage next June to a nice Lincoln girl, but laments that this will prevent her presence at Commencement. We share the regret and the pleasure, Mae.

ELLA STEDMAN FRANK, Kearney, Neb., is as friendly as ever in a good letter. Says she often wishes they were near enough to run in; likes the club house notion; wants the LEAVES always; is deep in church work and has given much, of money (she does not say this, but how could it be otherwise) and time and work, to the relief duty of the hard winter; and best of all is hoping to send her Louise to Lasell when she is old enough. Both children well.

JESSIE LAW is a senior at the State University in Lincoln and likes nothing better (just the same Jessie!) than study; she corresponds with four Lasell girls; expects to teach next year and study for a second degree; is specializing in Ancient History; meets Ura Kelly often, being in the same fraternity, one wearing a Lasellia and one an S. D. pin; hopes to visit the East and Lasell next summer. Her class has sixteen girls and fifty boys. Her letter has a sad note in it, by reason of the recent loss of her dear mother.

MISS CUSHMAN has been spending a few days at Lasell; looks very well, being well recovered from the wear and tear of school-life. She is cheery as ever, and good for our eyes!

Two teachers from Auburn, N. Y., recently called to inspect Lasell and seemed to be pleased with it as we were with them.

RUTH SANKEY sends a welcome letter from her Salem, Mo., home. Up to Feb. 15 she had had no sleighing and a very little skating; likes a Massachusetts winter better; is busy at her shorthand (writing one hundred words a minute). French, music (two pupils in it!) and dress cutting; is glad she took latter; says it is a success. Ruth is not one to be idle.

A WORD from Gertrude Hooper, Baltimore, says she has been in North Carolina four months.

ETTA SCHLIM, Brooklyn, expects to visit California this spring, but hopes to see Lasell first. We join in the hope. She liked Lasell booth.

GREEN MOUNTAIN HONEY.

PURE juice of the tree, with no flavor of Louisiana cane fields about it; limpid and golden! How the girls did enjoy it! How we *all* enjoyed it! Many got their first—who knows if they will ever get a second?—notion of what absolutely pure maple syrup, “straight from the tops of the mountains,” tastes like. And we owe it to the kindness of our Maud’s father, Mr. S. C. Shurtleff, of Montpelier, who sent six gallons for our big family. We return our thanks.

CALLERS FOR MARCH.

Evelyn Mason, Mrs. Pierce, Carrie Allen, Mrs. Vaughan (Etta Stafford), Mabel Morse, Margaret Morse, Mrs. Hammond (Chicago), Mrs. Sherman (Wollaston Heights), Mrs. Whitney (Minnie Strickland), Ella Eddy, Miss Ursula Cushman, Miss Carrie Woodman (Wellesley), Mrs. Briggs (Ada Langley), Mollie Lathrop, Daisy Curtis, Mr. C. W. Sanderson and friend (Boston), Rev. and Mrs. Ramsay (Boston), Mrs. Joseph Cook and friends (Boston), Frances Tupper, Mrs. Fessenden (Townsend), Mrs. Houghton (North Adams), Mr. and Mrs. Chapman (Elgin, Ill.), Mrs. Parsons (Presque Isle, Maine), Elizabeth Eddy.

GONE FORWARD.

MARTHA CHADWICK SHERWOOD, wife of Dr. William H. Sherwood, died at Painesville, Ohio, on the morning of April 2, after a severe illness of three weeks’ duration.

Mrs. Sherwood was the mother of our Minnie Sherwood (class of ’90), with whom and the father we sincerely sympathize.

MARRIED.

In Chicago, Ill., March 28, ISADORE JACKSON to Mr. CHARLES LEWIS DRAIN. At home after April 25, 235 Jackson Park Terrace.

At Grace Church, Newton, April 3, LILA M. PAGE to Mr. WILLIAM EBEN JACKSON. At home after May 1, 120 West 79th Street, New York City.

VIRGINIA STOWE was married Feb. 28 to a prominent lawyer of Galveston, Texas. (We have not learned his name.) They have gone to housekeeping in one of her father’s houses, only a short distance from her old home.

EMILY SHIFF’s cards are out for her wedding at Christ Church, Baltimore, with CHARLES IRWIN DUNN, April 25, 1894, and the reception thereafter at her home, 36 Preston Street. Cordial congratulations to all!

By the way, April 25 seems to be a favorite with our girls. Besides Emily Shiff, Ruby Blaisdell announces her intention of taking to herself a rib on that same day, and our Mary Haven’s brother will do the same. Dorothy Chapman comes pretty near it, for she “celebrates” the 26th.

The name of Ruby Blaisdell’s victim we do not know; Dorothy Chapman’s is Mr. Roger Swope Pitkin, and the Rev. William I. Haven marries Miss Minnie Speare, of Newton Centre.

PLEASE SUBSCRIBE.

IF each one who enjoys THE LEAVES would get one new subscriber for next year *and do it now*, the paper would start in September with a very fair list. Will you see or write to some of your friends, stating your pleasure in reading it and urging subscription? We will authorize you to say that each new subscriber shall receive the June, ’94, number free, thus getting the best report of commencement exercises. Most Lasellians would subscribe if urged. Many say “I meant to but forgot it.” We never heard one say she was sorry she had it, but have heard many say they were sorry they had it not.

Now, take a little trouble, girls, for “our own” paper. And let every one who receives this copy, free, as a reminder, send on next year’s dollar right away and get June number also.

LEAVINGS.

A PAIR of gloves passes through nearly two hundred hands from the moment that the skin leaves the dresser's till the time when the gloves are purchased.

WOMAN.

Her little hand
So soft and white
Will serve to guide
A world aright.

WAFIED FROM THE LATIN RECITATION ROOM.

SENIOR IN LIVY — (*translating "Eques corpore armisque liber rem gereret."*) The horseman carried on the fight free from his body and arms.

WISE JUNIOR (*Virgil class.*) — "*Caput obiecture periculis* — He objected his head to danger."

Another junior is strongly under the impression that "*Nate dea*" should be translated "Natural born goddess."

TEACHER — Decline "*filius*."

PUPIL — *Filius, filia, filium.*

EVEN Miss A. is in need of a vacation when she tells the innocent Cicero class that "the man was killed when a boy."

ONE of the daily papers declares that when a girl goes visiting she returns home as soon as she has worn all her dresses. Such slander! But we are just as glad that Easter vacation was just a week in duration.

WHILE OUT DRIVING.

MR. BRAGDON. — "Water here costs one half a kind, cent a gallon."

BRIGHT STUDENT. — "The M — Spring water at home costs \$.02 a gallon, but that's a special kind, it's 99 per cent —."

MR. B. — "99 per cent *water*?"

B. S. — "Yes-No-I don't know."

THE tuneful strains of the hand-organs herald the approach of spring; but strange to say Mr. Hills and Mr. Davis in their appreciation of music do not enjoy their classical selections.

A GIRL FROM MAINE. — "What is the difference between squash pie-plant and apple pie-plant?"

EXCHANGES.

THE celebration of the eighty-fourth birthday of Mr. Gladstone recalls the interesting fact that he is one of a notable group born in the year 1809. Among them were Tennyson, Darwin, Lincoln, Mendelssohn, Dr. Holmes, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Edgar Allen Poe, and Jules Favre. — *Interlude.*

SOME very curious names are given to lady students by some of our institutions. Here are a few of them: At Yale they are called Snobs; at Cornell, Sage Females; at Ann Arbor, Co-eds; at Wesleyan, Quails; at Andover, Fem-Sems. — *Classic.*

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I am going to college, sir," she said,

"For I am an ambitious gay co-ed,

And I am going to college, sir," she said.

"And what is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"To be independent, sir," she said,

"And able to earn my butter and bread

By what I learn in college," she said.

"I believe I will marry you, my pretty maid."

"Oh! no, thank you, sir," she said,

"You are wealthy and worldly, but not well-bred,

Not manly as college boys, sir," she said.

— *S. M. G. in The Occident.*

MRS. C. — "Oh! how my head aches!"

MR. C. (*absorbed in his paper*), — "Why don't you have it pulled?"

MRS. C., "It is my head, I said."

MR. C. — (*still absorbed*) "Have it filled, then." — *Oracle.*

SOME one says that a man's reputation would n't know his character by sight. — *Ex.*

THE prospect for the European excursion from Lasell this summer is very good.

A number of our friends and pupils have given their names; and more are corresponding in regard to the plans and details of the tour. Our friends may be sure that the good record of our former excursions will be more than met by the completeness, in every detail, of this one. Circulars have been sent to you all. If you wish more, or any information in regard to the excursion, write to

W. T. SHEPHERD,

Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

"Two souls with but a single thought,"
Is one old definition;
Two souls with half a thought apiece
Fits better the condition. — *Quoted.*

CONTENTMENT is natural wealth, luxury is artificial poverty. — *Socrates.*

"It's the little things that tell."
Adage true, like many others.
If you don't believe it — well —
Ask big sisters with small brothers. — *Life.*

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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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EDITORIAL.

DID you ever watch a girl reading her letters? If not, do so the next time you have a chance; it is worth your time.

"Oh! three letters in my box;" and as she takes them out, "They're all for me too!" She looks them over twice, maybe three times, and selects one addressed in a fine hand, the post-mark of which is "home." She reads the first line and if you watch closely you may see a "want-to-be-home" expression on the sunny face; this changes with the tenor of the letter and becomes one of great interest when new hats and new gowns are mentioned, gradually increasing as "home news" is told, and, — the last line is read. One letter, the second, is from "my chum." Now watch the expression as you see her read the reproaches because an answer to her last letter was not received before; and then "my chum" tells "her chum" all about their *friends* and *foes*. First interest and laughter, then joy and sorrow, and then the bitter and sweet, all come and go, and that letter is put aside with the remark, "She is an elegant girl." The third, — there is a sarcastic smile as she opens this, and a little angry spark in her eyes which grows brighter and brighter as she reads on. She frowns and finally throws down the letter in disgust, telling us, who by the way are still looking at our empty boxes, "that she received two lovely letters and a *horrid* one."

THE demand for higher education of women is increasing, so they say. And it must be time, for do not nearly all of the privately endowed colleges offer opportunities to women, which it is needless to say are eagerly embraced? The State universities of the North and West, also, are adopting this method, while a few of the Southern universities

admit women to the regular courses. In Great Britain, too, the privilege of obtaining degrees at Cambridge is receiving its just amount of encouragement, and even New Zealand is not far behind in the intellectual race. *The Outlook* says that soon conservative England will follow liberal Scotland, America still being in the van, and that this demand for equal opportunities for men and women will be strong in proportion to the strength of democratic spirit.

ENGLAND'S new Premier is a democratic aristocrat, so says the *Review of Reviews*. From early age he has grown up in political life and yet reared among aristocratic surroundings.

Do you suppose it is true when they say Lord Rosebery has attained everything he could have desired? Perhaps so, for he has wealth, position and fame. It may not be known generally that his wife was the daughter of Baron Meyn de Rothschild, and by his marriage he became one of the richest men in England. He had position and by his own talents he has succeeded in gaining a place of honor which is probably the most powerful in the kingdom. His eloquence gained for him an enviable reputation as a speaker. He is popular in every part of the empire and, as well as Gladstone, is liked by the masses. His position is certainly a hard one, but his own ability and the good wishes of friends will, it is hoped, secure success.

WE do not propose to inflict any home-made spring poetry upon our readers, and yet so many poetic thoughts must come to the most prosaic of us in these charming May days that we wonder our talk is not filled with extracts of lovely verse. Longfellow has written in prose, "Ah, how wonderful is the advent of Spring! The great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod repeated on myriads and myriads of branches! If Spring came but once in a century, instead of once in a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change."

—♦—
ANYBODY can see through people who make spectacles of themselves. — *Dallas News*, by request.

DARKNESS BRINGS OUT THE STARS.

OF all the golden hours of human life, the least understood is, perhaps, the hour most impressive; when, our tasks finished and our work laid aside, evening completes the day as a holy benediction.

The great god of day, slowly sinking behind the western horizon, sheds forth his slanting beams, tracing the hill-tops in lines of golden imagery. Light clouds float slowly along in their course, continually changing in form and tint; now they are of a rich golden hue, now rose, changing to a deep purple.

The dark shadows creep silently over wood and dale, and familiar objects begin to put on a weird beauty. All the earth is still, even the song of birds is hushed. The cares which have seemed heavy during the day are now laid aside; there is something else than toil, there is meditation, there is rest. Soon the curtains of night close and all objects are hidden from our sight, and

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels,"

until the whole sky is aglow with these twinkling orbs, brilliant only since darkness gathered. But each star has been in its place during all the bright day, though not visible.

Cannot these appearances of night be compared to the events of human life? In glancing over pages of history, how often are we reminded that great and important events are preceded by dark providences; that the hours of darkest peril have given to the world her most renowned heroes.

From out of the dark cloud of Catholicism sprang forth that clear light of the German reformation, Martin Luther.

As the moon, apparently rising from out the deep, gives to the mariner first a ray of light, that grows broader and broader till it fills all space with its radiance, so the rays of hope from Luther's devotion, narrow at first, have increased through the ages, till today the glorious light of religious liberty sheds its benign influence over all the world. And the name and work of Luther will ever shine as a star of brightest lustre among religious reformers.

But we need not go to other climes nor so far back in history to find examples of true heroism.

In 1620 the Mayflower rode over the storm-swept seas, bearing, as its precious burden, brave men and fearless women whose hearts were filled with an eager longing for Liberty. They passed through scenes of darkest peril and suffered difficulties such as have fallen to none of their sons. What less could we expect than that from them should come forth men of wisdom and power — men whose noble deeds of daring would stand forth as beacon lights of liberty during the long years of the Revolution? In still later days, when the darkness of slavery hover over the tide of national life, and the ship of state, freighted with we know not what destinies, found her course guided by such starry constellations as Garrison, Phillips, and Sumner; Lincoln, Grant, and Seward. New names, new stars then, and new now and forever, since the immortal never grows old.

But you say the days of persecution and of slavery are past; the great wars are over and the heroes are gone. This is not true. In the blessed light of prosperity they are not needed; but, nevertheless, they are in their places as truly as the stars are in the heavens.

A casual glance shows that at least to the naked eye only a few stars comparatively are very bright. In the matchless language of Holy Writ, "One star differeth from another star in glory." Astronomers reckon only twenty as of the first magnitude, and from these they decrease in brilliancy down to the sixth magnitude. Using a powerful telescope at least 20,000,000 stars, down to the fourteenth magnitude, are visible.

Most of us must find our places among stars of the eighth, tenth, perhaps fourteenth magnitude, remembered even for the good we have done by only a few who hold us dear, and surely not forgotten by Him who, though His presence is a light above the brightness of the sun, yet bids us note the number of the stars, declaring that He calls them all by their names.

There comes a time in the life of every individual when the path is strewn with clouds of doubt and mistrust. But as clouds are the earth's atmosphere, really a part of the earth, so do clouds come to every life; yet there is always the bright star of hope if we will but recognize it.

Life abounds in opportunities if we will improve them, and though our deeds may be small,

simple acts of kindness, yet their light may grow, shedding forth their beams broader and ever broader, till by their influence others are brought out which cluster around them until whole constellations are shedding their beams about us.

In the moon's radiant light the star beams are almost imperceptible. And so it is in the time of greatest suffering or hardship that character is tested and our real lives revealed, for it is "darkness that brings out the stars." M.

SOUTHWARD they set their faces. The birds made
Melody on branch and melody in mid-air.
The damp hill-slopes were quickened into green
And the live green had kindled into flowers,
For it was past the time of Easter Day. — *Tennyson.*

FOR A GIRL AT SCHOOL.

It has been said that the borrower is servant to the lender. Had the wise man lived in a boarding-school, as I have, he would have reversed his proverb.

I want my mucilage, but it is tarrying unduly in the next room. I need my hammer and it is paying a prolonged visit to the floor above. I look for my whisk-broom, and remember that last night it strayed across the hall. I open my stamp case in frantic haste to catch the last mail with my letter; it is empty, although I certainly buy stamps by the pound. Am I not rather the servant to my mistress, the borrower? In vain I turn crusty and refuse a loan; in vain I threaten to charge rent for my belongings; but, as a last resort, I know I shall be driven to setting up a store in a corner of my small domain. The things I am asked to lend would pass belief. I made a list last week, which included the following articles: quinine capsules, gaiters, a veil, hair-pins, bonnet-pins, and yesterday the climax was capped by a cool request for the loan of my powder-puff. Little things like stamps, mucilage, pens, pencils, thread, scissors, thimble, pins, whisk-broom, literally "go" without saying. To begin with wash-stand appointments, I have never yet been asked to lend soap or face cloths, but the supply seems to stop here. On every stand there should be a bottle of ammonia, useful in a thousand ways. It is needed to soften

hard water, to rub off that unsightly spot on your dress, to clean rings, to make your black straw look like new. A bottle of glycerine and rose water keeps the hands smooth. A box of vaseline heals a stray cut or scratch. Your own tumbler should be here also, and one or two teaspoons, for mine are in constant demand. You need a bottle of toilet water of your preferred perfume; and most people consider a powder-puff and baby powder indispensable to thorough daintiness of person.

I do not approve of dosing with quantities of medicines for every slight indisposition, yet a small and simple supply of home remedies is never amiss. There is spirits of ammonia, for instance, fifteen drops of which in half a wine glass of water instantly stops faintness; if you are subject to neuralgia, have a bottle containing a mixture of one-half ounce of menthol and one fluid ounce of alcohol. This, applied externally, usually gives immediate though temporary relief. A little medicine glass is invaluable. Anything else in this connection which you are accustomed to use at home will be equally useful in school.

In regard to wearing apparel, that most useful article, a dressing gown, is usually conspicuous by its absence, yet it is a simple necessity. It may be as thick as eider-down or as light as cheese-cloth, only, girls, have something of this nature. My own preference is for a pretty striped lightweight flannel.

Another incomprehensible omission is that of soft crocheted bedroom slippers, an almost indispensable article. It is not comfortable to be obliged to slip one's feet into boots coming from one's bath, or if suddenly roused in the night, nor is it cleanly or prudent to skip about, as some girls do, with feet clad, as Mark Twain says, only in their complexion.

Be sure and have a whisk-broom of your own; two, indeed, are really necessary — one stout and serviceable for your heavy dresses, and a fine soft one to keep your hats in order and the velvet on your dresses presentable.

Bring from home a little scrap-bag with bits of your various gowns, for accidents may happen to the best regulated girl. Add a little roll of cambric pieces to mend your underwear, for buttons will tear out, leaving unsightly holes.

Some strips of old linen, besides, never come amiss.

You need a clothes-bag for your soiled clothes, of course. If this is one to be nailed against your closet door, an additional large square of gingham is useful to wrap your things in when they are sent to the laundry.

As for sewing materials, girls usually have a thimble, sometimes scissors and needles. Black and white thread, at least two spools of each, coarse and fine, should be added to your supply, and a spool of black silk. Darning cotton ought to go without saying, with darning needles and stocking ball, if you care for one. Add to your sewing outfit a tiny button-bag, with two or three buttons matching those on your gowns, small pearl buttons, bone buttons, if you need them, shoe buttons, garter buttons, and glove buttons — last and least in size if not in utility.

Your desk is presumably well supplied with your favorite paper. Have, besides, a box of the pens you especially affect, a *sharp* penknife, and a stamp case. If you keep up the dainty custom of sealing your letters, you will have a little candle and candlestick, your seal, and blue or gray wax.

Your desk may not contain an inkstand, and then you need a little travelling case of leather. A whole package of lead pencils gives one a sense of affluence, and a memorandum tablet for your occasional shopping is a comfort. Another source of great satisfaction is a big calendar to hang on the wall, and thus see the days grow fewer as the blessed holidays approach.

A ball of gay-colored apothecary's cord, in a pretty case, is a constant convenience. Add also a fruit knife and a small fancy plate to your list, and finish it up with a photograph case, a stand for your watch, one or two fancy work-bags, a receptacle for burnt matches, a shoe-bag and hanging umbrella case, and, above all, the prosaic but most useful hot water bottle. Mine is an endless comfort to all the girls, and would be to me if ever I were in possession of it.

Do all these things make a long list? But with them you can look any girl in the face with a conscience void of the offence of borrowing. I should strongly recommend a generous shawl, soft and woolly, to be added to your possessions.

ELIZABETH WESTYN, in *Harper's Bazar*.

IN THE LIBRARY.

THE death of Constance Fenimore Woolsen is yet mourned by the entire library world. It may be comforting to some of us who think we can never write, because we are not satisfied with the first hastily written manuscript, to know that this great author rewrote each of her novels five or six times and her short stories over and over again, and then was not satisfied with them. A talent like that of Dickens, who could throw off sheets and sheets of paper all ready for the publisher, must be very convenient, but Miss Woolsen proves that there are great possibilities before one who has combined with the creative genius an indefatigable patience and a love for her art that spares neither time nor pains.

"LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES," by Thomas Hardy, described as a set of tales with some colloquial sketches entitled "A Few Crusted Characters," is a little book of sketches of some familiar worthies brought together in the ever convenient stage-coach.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, in "Ca let Days," explains life at West Point as only a graduate could. However, his book is more than a description of military life, for "Pops," the hero of the story, will interest many readers who never hope to enter that Paradise so fascinating to every boyish heart.

"THE Wee Ones of Japan" is a delightful picture of Japan and its people. And if we do not agree that the Japanese child, "guided by love and not chastisement," is the most delightful and beautiful of all children, yet one cannot but be charmed with the attractive book by Mae St. John Bramhall.

Snatches from Emerson.

IN glancing through my volume of Emerson's Essays, it occurred to me to copy out some of the marked passages. I never read a page from this book without feeling a desire to rise above the mists of my own mind and live and breathe in the pure, clear atmosphere in which this great man saw the true motives and impulses of life.

"Every ship is a romantic object, except that we sail in. Embark, and the romance quits our vessel and hangs over every other sail on the horizon."

"People grieve and bemoan themselves, but it is not half so bad with them as they say. There are moods in which we court suffering in the hope that here, at least, we shall find reality, sharp peaks of truth. The only thing grief has taught me is, how shallow it is."

"High behavior is as rare in fiction as it is in fact."

"Character is nature in the highest form. It is of no use to ape it or to contend with it. Somewhat is possible of resistance and of persistence and of creation to this power which will fail all emulation."

"He is a great man who can receive a gift well. We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming."

"We know who is benevolent by quite other means than the amount of subscriptions to soup charities. It is only low merits that can be enumerated."

"Why should we make it a point with our false modesty to disparage that man we are and that form of being assigned to us? I desire not to disgrace the soul. The fact that I am here shows me the soul had need of an organ here. Shall I not assume the post?"

"If you would not be known to do anything never do it."

"No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near his eyes is the object."

"We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in."

"Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."

"A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will or against his will he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it."

IN good times I eat venison because it is deer; in hard times I eat mutton because it is sheep.

LOCALS.

THIS last month has been a particularly busy one, for as usual at the end of the year there is so much to be done the great difficulty is in finding time to accomplish all we would. When we think of home the remaining weeks seem very long, but when we try to enumerate all that has to be done in that time, we wonder how we will be able to do it.

THURSDAY, April 19th, being a legal holiday this year, we had an unprecedented pleasure of having no school on that day. Although our holiday was spent in a quiet way for the most of us, we all enjoyed having a break in the steady routine, and felt better able to resume work the next day. Some of the girls went in town in the afternoon to an entertainment at the People's Church, and enjoyed hearing Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Edward Everett Hale and Samuel F. Smith. It is not often that we have a chance to hear such speakers, and it is thoroughly appreciated when it comes.

A NUMBER of the girls attended services at Eliot and Grace churches in Newton, Sunday, April 29, in the evening.

THERE seems to be great attraction in Lasell Clubs, for besides the Boston and Chicago one, a club has recently been organized in New York. The members held their first luncheon on May 5, which Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon went on to attend. Probably before long these clubs will be scattered all over the country, for there seems a tendency to keep up the school interest, and what more agreeable way could be found to do so?

LATELY, entertainments have been coming thick and fast, and one of the first was given under the auspices of the Junior class on the evening of April 27.

Miss Bertha Cushing, contralto, Mr. Charles S. Grilley, humorist, and Mr. Willis E. Nowell made the evening a very enjoyable one.

Mr. Grilley's selections were irresistibly funny, and some of them seem to have impressed the girls so much that since then they have been quoted with alarming frequency. Miss Cushing's rich, beautiful voice was greatly enjoyed, and as Mr. Nowell has not played here before this year,

we heard him with even added interest, if this were possible. The programme was as follows:—

PROGRAMME.

| | | |
|---|---|----------------------|
| SONG. | What the Chimney Sang | Griswold |
| | MISS CUSHING. | |
| SELECTION. | { a. Recitation | Selected |
| | { b. Scene from "Shaughraun" | Boucicault |
| | { c. "How Jim Forsook the Ministry" | Pearson |
| | MR. GRILLEY. | |
| VIOLIN. | Hungarian Caprice | Hauser |
| | MR. NOWELL. | |
| SONG. | One Spring Morning | E. Nevin |
| | MISS CUSHING. | |
| GRAVE DIGGERS' SCENE (Hamlet) | MR. GRILLEY. | Shakespeare |
| VIOLIN. | { a. Romance | Sarasate |
| | { b. Mazurka | Wieniawski |
| | MR. NOWELL. | |
| SELECTIONS. | { a. "The Literary" | James Whitcomb Riley |
| | { b. Dialect Impersonations | |
| | MR. GRILLEY. | |

On the following Monday, April 30, the Senior class gave the play "Sappho," and with a result which was certainly gratifying to the members of the class. The stage was beautifully decorated in white and gold and looked indeed a fit abode for the great poetess. The whole representation was novel, and must be counted as one of the successes of the year. The cast of characters was as follows:—

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| SAPPHO, The Lesbian Poetess | Helen B. Medsker |
| DAMOPHYLA, One of Sappho's Pupils, | Elizabeth Warnock |
| ERINNA, One of Sappho's Pupils | Dasie Hartson |
| PHAON, A Lesbian Youth | Julia Hogg |
| SAPPHO'S ATTENDANT | Gertrude Sherman |
| TIBIA PLAYERS | { Mary Tulleys |
| | { Mabel Case |

IN FOUR ACTS. SCENE AT LESBOS, SAPPHO'S HOME.

While all deserve the highest praise, Miss Hartson played her part with much power, putting her whole soul into the personation of the Greek maiden, and Miss Hogg made such a fine Phaon no one can wonder that Sappho felt she could not live without him.

Between the third and fourth acts Mr. Willis Nowell played two selections which added greatly to the evening's enjoyment.

FRIDAY evening, May 4, Mr. Leland T. Powers read "David Garrick," Robertson's charming comedy, under the auspices of the S. D. Society. Only those who have heard Mr. Powers can realize his wonderful power of impersonation, and it was indeed a treat to listen to him. The even-

ing was one which will not soon be forgotten by those who heard Mr. Powers.

ON the sixteenth of April about thirty girls went to Wayside Inn, having a delightful afternoon excursion. More would have gone, but for "expected callers" on that day!

The following officers have been elected in the club:—

S. D. SOCIETY.

| | | |
|-----------------------------|---------|--|
| <i>President</i> | | ELIZABETH MCECHRON. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | | MARIE McDONALD. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | | JULIA HAMMOND. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | | BELLE BRONSON. |
| <i>Executive Committee.</i> | | { ANNIE RICHARDS. ELEANOR CLAPP. ELIZABETH STEPHENSON. |
| <i>Ushers</i> | | { DOROTHY MANNING. ELIZABETH SHAW. |
| <i>Critic</i> | | ANNA MCKEOWN |

THE LASELLIA CLUB.

| | | |
|----------------------------|---------|---|
| <i>President</i> | | RUTH SEIBERLING. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | | CLARA LEWIS. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | | JOSEPHINE CHANDLER. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | | JESSIE HUNTER. |
| <i>Executive Committee</i> | | { NELLIE WILBER. ANNIE KERR. SARA HAYDEN. |
| <i>Guards</i> | | { MARIE WILSON. EDITH BLAIR. ETHEL LOUD. |
| <i>Critic</i> | | CLARA CRESWELL. |

WE are all very sorry to have Beulah Shannon and Louise Hubbard leave here, but hope they will have a delightful time while away and return next fall.

ONE of the first excursions this spring was the one to Salem, which the girls enjoyed as much as ever. Although not so much attention was paid them as last year, they one and all declared everything was perfect, and witches and the (?) house of the seven gables received the usual amount of interest.

ON May 7th the annual trip to Plymouth took place, the party starting on the 7.40 train and returning about 6.00 o'clock, tired, of course, but having had a delightful day. The usual places were visited, and someone expressed astonishment that so many things could have come over in the Mayflower!

PERSONALS.

NORA WESTHEIMER reports all well at home and that she is putting into practice what she learned from the cooking lectures. She says, "I am sure that few girls while at school appreciate the advantages the lectures give them." Also, "The LEAVES are always a comfort to me; each issue seems to improve."

DESSIE MILLIKIN BEVANS (here in 1892) has now a permanent address, 831 No. Monroe St., Decatur, Ill., and is busy with her house-keeping and baby Dorothy, nine months old and "the nicest baby in the world."

DOROTHY BRAGDON with her mother, Belle Loudon Bragdon, called at the Seminary the other day to inspect and be inspected. Result satisfactory on both sides.

DAISY WINSOR (class of 1891) is teaching in the kindergarten department of the public school in Auburndale.

WHILE visiting Anna Staley in Ottawa, Kansas, Ad Commins "met her fate" and will probably go there to live in the fall. Her oldest sister, Cora, was married to an Episcopalian rector the eighteenth of April. Anna wants some of the old girls to go to Europe with her.

IN a pleasant note from Louise LeHuray she says, "I feel moved to write you how pleasant the meeting of the New York Lasell Club was, how enthusiastic everybody seemed, and how delightful it was to see so many well-remembered faces of the 'old girls' once more".

ELIZABETH WHIPPLE, of Wellesley, writes that she hopes to be at Commencement this year; that her sister Nellie is at the Dorothea House, 13 Warrenton St., Boston, a social settlement where philanthropic work is done. Her work is principally with children. Her sister Flora is also interested in the same work and is assistant superintendent at Parker Memorial.

MERCY SINSABAUGH has accepted a position in Norwood Institute, 14th St. and Mass. Ave., Washington, D. C. for next year.

A REMINDER OF HOME. BRIGHT scarlet berries right from the tree in Miss Freebey's own home yard were a pleasant reminder of Southern

California's genial climate, and to us of days spent on the Riviera under the shade of the graceful pepper trees so abundant there. But, after all, New England climate is a better sort to work in. It gives a yearly tonic to the blood, this frost and ice and stimulating cold. Ruth Sankey felt that when she wrote, "I'd rather be in New England, where the roses do not bloom the year round."

ON our ride from Irvington to Dobbs Ferry we passed the former houses of Alexander Hamilton, Cyrus W. Fields, Fletcher Harper (of the publishing house), John Jacob Astor, etc. All along the road we were surprised to see the same kind of stone walls which many have thought peculiar to Newton.

FLORENCE MANN is studying hard and intends to "specialize" as soon as she has finished the course at the University. She looks back to the good times she had here, is glad Lasell is prospering and growing.

WE are sorry to hear that Nellie Taft is not as well as she was in the winter.

MABEL FALLEY is well and working hard. Her uncle, Bishop Ninde, and his family have gone to China.

JANE HASBROUCK (here in 1884), of New Paltz, N. Y., will graduate from the New Paltz State Normal School in June. She says she hears from Lasell quite often through Elizabeth Burnham Low.

MR. PERCIVAL CHUBB (husband of our Lou Walston) is lecturer on English literature in the Brooklyn Institute, and instructor in English in the new manual training school of that city. We notice he lectured in Boston lately, on "Art in the Public Schools."

GRACE ACKERLY KERR (1890) sends a sweet photograph of her five-months-old baby boy, Duncan Macmillan Kerr, for the grand-children's album.

ANOTHER charming addition to our babies' album is that of Jerome Orrell Eddy, the little one-year-old son of our Lulu Orrell Eddy (1882).

MISS ANNIE COOPER JONES is Mrs. Frederick P. Glazier, Hudson, Mass.

BERTHA MORRISSON's address hereafter will be Richmond, Ind.

A NEW YORK daily recently noticed the marriage of our Carrie Brown's father in Denver.

AT the Oratorio met Mary Noyes Starrett, Class of '87, and her fine-looking husband. She reported a new boy at their house, Jan. 2. Glad. Also, Abby and Mollie Davis, genial as ever.

NINA BARTHOLOMEW WINTER, here in 1880, and Louise Hawley Sanders made Lasell and Nina's sister a welcome call in April. Both looked very well. Sorry we saw so little of them.

MR. AND MRS. PAINE, Alice Clarke's cousins, called on her lately. The last we saw of them they were starting on a tour Round the World.

MARY SEAMAN sends us a long-expected picture of a very dear and pleasant face, with a note regretting that she cannot be here in June. And the Conant quartette of darling faces, all on one card, Roger, Morris, Sylvia and Harriet, holding hands in a quaint row! Bless them! They are Nell Ferguson's (Class of '81), living in Pawtucket. We would give ten dollars for those four babies! And Mary Hazlewood Renwick comes with Mr. Renwick on the same card. Good faces both, and we are glad to record the success attending them in their "joint-stock concern."

THE first apple blossom was nursed into premature beauty by Anna Whitman and adorned our desk April 20.

FLORENCE T. RYAN (here in '85) is engaged to Dr. P. S. Donellan, a prominent physician of Philadelphia, Penn.

LASELL CLUB OF NEW YORK.

Luncheon at Sherry's, 37th St. and 5th Ave., May 5th,
at 1.30.

R. S. V. P. before April 28.

*Treasurer, Miss F. C. HUNSBERGER,
205 WEST 57TH STREET.*

That is the way the card read, and our expectations were fully realized in every respect but one. Of that I will speak later. No. 3 of the Lasell Clubs (Boston No. 1, Chicago No. 2, in date of organization) was second in giving its public gathering, and Lasell is proud of her daughters in and about New York.

The quality of the company was irreproachable. The presence of those happy, womanly faces was a reward for all the trouble (?) they, or any of

them, ever made their timid old Principal, and an inspiration to him to try still harder to help girls to grow into noble women. (I only wish, for your sakes, dear girls, that the inspiration had been able to help him to talk better to you. If he had only said half the pleasant, witty, and appropriate things he thought of as the train was speeding him back to Lasell after you had scattered! But you know his lack in respect of speech making well enough not to expect much of him. A talk for which even his wife had not one word of approval must have been a poor, tiresome thing, and I am sorry you had to listen so long.

But you were a benediction to me, and I thank you for making the chance and letting me come to see you all.) At 1.30 we sat down to a perfect repast, and tongues wagged while the toothsome viands were served. Girls from '76 to '93 were there. Many from suburbs in New Jersey, Long Island, and New York State.

Josephine Farnum — loyal girl that she is — rose at five in the morning to be there. All seemed to enjoy heartily every minute. They looked at the grandchildren's photographs, and the Lasell spoons and pins, which Miss Crosby had neatly arranged for me to take to them. "I'll send you the picture of my babies," said several who had so far overlooked it or been too busy. After the luncheon was over, President Mary Marshall Call in a neat speech welcomed the club and introduced the Principal, who told about the improvements, the '93 class boulder, the annex, the contemplated society halls, etc. An hour followed of delightful visiting. Plans were laid for the November meeting, addresses exchanged, names written in the record book, and then came, all too soon, the separation for trains. A reporter from the *Tribune* turned out to be Florence French, here from Winchendon, Mass., in 1879.

Now, the one disappointing thing to me was that no more were there. Where were you, Etta Schlim, Eliza Warren, Virginia Phœbus, Virginia Prickett, Polly Stebbins, Mary Moger, Mary Congdon, Blanche Henlin, Ida Barton, Lou Burridge, Clara Prentiss, Lina Jones, Clara White, Lizzie Day, Mrs. Page, and *the rest of you*?

I heard that Vinnie Rose would have come if she had been invited. Why did n't she come anyhow? A Lasell girl should feel free to come to any Lasell party! Unfortunately, only New York was invited; but only because other places were thought to be too far. Nan Atkinson was in New York, but "had n't time." No time for *the event* of the year? Too bad, Nan! You don't know what you missed.

It was after all a grand start: thirty at the first luncheon is a very good attendance.

The immortal charter members are as follows: Sara Harvey McChesney, Maud W. Littlefield, Grace Richards, Annie M. Gwinnell, Frances L. Casebolt, Grace E. Myton, Mabel Boyd, Josephine Farnum, Corrinne Heinsheimer Meyer, Mary M. Healey, Helen W. Boss, Adelaide M. Saunders, Mary Bailey Newell, Carrie W. VanSickle, Jennie Raymond Geyer, Ida M. Phillips, Mabel D. Lord, Mary Miller Gross, Grace Garland Etherington, Louise LeHuray, Florence C. Hunsberger, Cora A. Cogswell, Laura Place, Susan Griggs Wilson, Virginia Johnson Milbank, Mary Marshall Call, Mary Mangels Sedgwick.

The officers are as follows: President, Mary Marshall Call; Vice-president, Ida M. Phillips; 2d Vice-president, Annie M. Gwinnell; Secretary, Louise LeHuray; Treasurer, Florence C. Hunsberger.

It would be ungrateful not to mention the cordial welcome we received from the few Lasell girls we were able this time to reach in their own homes. "Polly" Stebbins Ingham and her husband in the parsonage at Irvington (just above Sunnyside, Irving's old home), Virginia Johnson Milbank in her elegant new paradise at Yonkers (where, owing doubtless to some peculiarity in the soil, the seeds "come up" instead of sprouting as they ought), where Cora Cogswell seems to be joint mistress, Mr. Milbank, with his jolly face and friendly courtesies, Lou Walston Chubb and Jen Raymond Geyer and their dear babies, Etta Schlim and Mrs. Warren (Lila was not in, sorry) in their own nice homes, all made us feel glad we had "taken" the distances bravely to find them. You whom we could not reach, for want of time only, must not feel slighted; there were special reasons why we sought these out.

You remember the deacon, when reproached

for sleeping in church, said, "That parson is safe, I can trust him." See the point?

A pleasant surprise found us in the hall of the hotel, in the person of Lucie McBrier and her manly husband, Mr. Jarecki, with whom we had a nice hour. Lucie is a bit thinner in the face but looks just like the old Lucie! We had a delightful half hour with Mrs. Wilson and daughter, our girls' mother and sister in Hotel San Remo, a nice call on the imposing Inspector Conlin, Winifred's father, whose cordial welcome quieted the "aweful" fear we had as we looked on his plentiful gilt lace and straps. We enjoyed a brief inspection of Dobbs Ferry School under the very kindly guidance of its principals, the Misses Masters, who have made their work famous and respected in many states, and made mental notes of several things for the bettering of our work here. They have three houses, nicely joined, in a beautiful location on the heights above the Hudson.

MARRIED.

IN Chicopee Falls, Mass., April 25, RUBY MERCIE BLAISDELL to Mr. N. P. AMES CARTER.

IN Middletown, Conn., April 25, ANNE MAY BURR to Mr. WATERS BURROWS DAY. At home, Wednesdays, after Oct. 1, 75 Clinton Ave., New-ark, N. J.

IN Chicago, Ill., April 26, DOROTHY CHAPMAN to Mr. ROGER SWOPE PITKIN. Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin will live at 616 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

IN South Boston, May 16, MARY WALLACE PACKARD to Mr. ARTHUR TRUE CASS. Miss Packard is a member of the class of '89.

EMILY SHIFF'S WEDDING.

IN forty-eight hours we, Miss Ransom and I, traversed eight States and back again, and helped set a new life combination.

The Stonington Line is the one to take on the Sound if you want to avoid seasickness and tardiness in arrival. So that way went we, and by the Royal Blue Line from New York to Baltimore. That is more elegantly equipped and makes better time than the more frequented Pennsylvania Rail-

road, only four hours between New York and Baltimore. Moreover, the absence of a crowd gives one more room in the car, better air and several other comforts. So it is always Royal Blue for me hereafter. What a difference between the country of Pennsylvania and New Jersey and that of Delaware and Maryland! In the one Northern thrift, in the other Southern *dolce far niente*!

Between arrival and the wedding hour I called on my cousins, Rev. R. Harcourt, and wife, pastors of Grace Church. A more elegant parsonage is unknown to me in Methodism, and a finer family of girls, including Mrs. Harcourt, is very rare. Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt make things go wherever they are.

Wedding at 6; reception, 6.30 to 8. Emily was exactly on time. Think of that for a bride! She was so prompt she *almost caught me* late. The church was full; gigantic ferns made the chancel an ideal garden. The bride looked "lovely," the girls would say. I say looked "natural," which is unusual in brides. A nice reception, house full, and in an hour all was over—that part of it. No one knew (or told) whither they went. It is rumored that the groom feared his bachelor friends would "put up some game on him" if they knew!

Back the next day. Glad for Emily and sure of Mr. Dunn's good fortune.

TYNG MISSION READING ROOM.

COR. WENTWORTH AVE., ARCHER AVE., AND TWENTY-FIRST ST., CHICAGO.

(Under the management of Christ Church C. E. Society, Founded in 1893).

LAST year we opened this reading-room in a very small way in an unused room in a mission Sunday school. Gathering together what literature and games we could from our church people, we expended ten dollars, our first donation, in three common tables, and had five dollars left for games, and materials for a lavatory.

The first year we met with many trials from the rough nature of our patrons and their indisposition to read. Games were popular but a tendency to fight was even more so, and a firm hand was often necessary to conduct a player to the door; and the owner of the hand would suffer many threats of what "de push" or "de gang" would do to him,

and turnips and stones sometimes did whiz by the unlucky person's head.

Our games often disappeared, and the lavatory, which consisted of two tin pails, two tin basins, one dipper, a roller towel, soap and ammonia, had to be set up again on account of having been thrown out the window piece by piece to attract the attention of friends below.

It was very discouraging because it was not appreciated by those for whom it was carried on, and the difficulty experienced in getting a sufficient number of workers. So the few interested ones did not broach the subject until after Christmas this year, and then because so many of the old attendants were asking for it. We are now obliged to use the entire Sunday school of three large rooms; there is no ill-natured disorder and a general tone of respect prevails which is very gratifying. We are hoping to develop the taste for books, and to that end we are trying to get together a library which will not be beyond their grasp.

Very sincerely,

BERTHA MORRISSON.

BORROWED THOUGHTS.

"NOT by mere moods may I know whether I am living the life of God, but only by knowing that God is using me to help others." — *Phillips Brooks*.

"TAKE from mankind the power to suffer and there is no need of love."

"THERE is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and social ozone which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give it, nor can poverty take it away." — *Miss Mulock*.

"O, FEAR not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long, —
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong." — *Longfellow*.

"HE worships self who cannot worship in a crowd; he worships a crowd who cannot worship by himself."

"LIKE a broad gleam of sunlight sent into a gloomy dungeon is imagination to the human mind."

"MUSIC is love in search of a word." — *Sidney Lanie*.

"FORGIVENESS is easy or hard according to our estimate of the one who needs it. It is comparatively easy to forgive one who has wronged us, but it is very hard to forgive one whom we have wronged. When, therefore, we say that it is hard for us to forgive another, the inference is a fair one that it is ourselves who need forgiveness."

EXCHANGES.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY has a band of forty-three pieces, which is the largest one in the West.

BRIGHT SOPH. (*just dipping into mathematics*). "Say, what geometrical figure does an escaped parrot resemble?"

SENIOR. "Give it up."

SOPH. "Why, a polly-gone, of course."

Death of Senior. — *Oracle*.

THE freshmen girls at Wesleyan College have decided to carry class canes, and promenaded with them on Washington's Birthday. The stick is of malacca, studded with silver nails, with a silver plate bearing the name of the owner and the class. — *Syracusan*.

HE. "I don't believe in Darwin's theory of man's descent from the monkey."

SHE. "And yet it's awful hard not to believe in it, too, when one looks at some men."

TEACHER. "What is the capital of Ireland?"

THE BOY. "The capital of Ireland is stories of starvation and British oppression." — *Saint Louis Life*.

"LAUGH, and the world laughs with you."

"A GOOD name is better than riches." I have one I would like to sell. — *The Mirror*.

VASSAR has challenged Bryn Mawr College to an intercollegiate debate, to take place in the spring at the latter college.

BURNS IMPROVED.

I HAVE oft heard people say :

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
(Quoting from an old Scotch lay)

"To see ourselves as ithers see us."

But I would far more happy be

If some fair witch or elf

Would make the other people see

Me, just as I see myself. — *Ex*.

IF an *S*, an *i* and an *o* and an *n*,
 With an *x* at the end spell *Sn*,
 And an *e* and *y* and an *e* spell *i*
 Pray what is a speller to do?
 Then if also an *s* and an *i* and a *g*
 And an *h-e-d* spell *cide*
 There is nothing left for a speller to do
 But to go and commit *Siouxeyesighed*.

Exchange.

RADCLIFFE COLLEGE, the worthy successor of the Harvard Annex, will receive five thousand dollars from the estate of the late Gen. E. W. Hincks.

MILITARY drill will probably be discontinued at Stanford, owing to the lack of interest among the students, only five taking the course this term. — *Record*.

A LEGACY of \$300,000 left by Senator Stanford to his brother, Thomas Stanford, of Australia, will be donated by the latter, together with \$300,000, more for the endowment of a library at Stanford University. — *Bowdoin Orient*.

BLAIR. — "I wonder if I have got everything in my trunk?"

BROWN. — "The only way to tell is to lock it and strap it." — *Ex*.

BISMARCK, though a warlike man,
 Was always found in fashion's van;
 For when he was the army's head
 He also many *germans* led. *Brunonian*.

YALE has five graduates in the present Congress; Dartmouth and Harvard three each; and Amherst, Brown, Bowdoin, Cornell, Georgetown, Washington and Lee, and many of the state universities have two each. — *Bowdoin Orient*.

ONE French and one German play will be given this winter by the students of the Boston University. Both plays are under the management of the professors of these two departments.

A TOOTHLESS TALE.

THEY met an old, old Arab.
 He was toothless, wrinkled, gray.
 They stopped him on the desert
 And they asked of him the way.
 He tried to tell them plainly
 In a voice almost a croak,
 But they could n't understand him
 For gum Arabic he spoke.

High School Record.

OFF FOR EUROPE.

WHY don't more of the Lasell girls take advantage of this summer's excursion to Europe? A better time may never come to you. There are now fourteen. We want six more, and are depending on our friends to complete the number. The plan of the entire trip is, without doubt, one of the best we have ever had, and Mr. Shepherd will help you to see everything, and try to be good company for you in every way. You will not be left alone to go about, but may rely upon him for help and guidance through it all.

Come and bring your friends. The time is short and the number limited.

Write to W. T. Shepherd, at Lasell, for any particulars.

PLEASE SUBSCRIBE.

IF each one who enjoys the LEAVES would get one new subscriber for next year, *and do it now*, the paper would start in September with a very fair list. Will you see or write to some of *your* friends, stating your pleasure in reading it, and urging subscription? We will authorize you to say that each new subscriber shall receive the June, '94, number free, thus getting the best report of commencement exercises. Most Lasellians would subscribe if urged. Many say, "I meant to, but forgot it." We never heard one say she was sorry she had it, but have heard many say they were sorry they had it not.

Now, take a little trouble, girls, for "our own" paper. And let every one who receives this copy, free, as a reminder, send on next year's dollar right away and get June number also.

CALLERS FOR APRIL.

MRS. HALL (Nan Peabody); MRS. MERRIAM (Lillie Fuller); MRS. HUBBARD AND ALMA, Wheeling, W. Va.; MARION GILMORE; JENNIE ARNOLD; MRS. GEORGE M. POWERS (Gertrude Woodbury); MISS CASE; LUCY HARVEY; MRS. TIBBITTS (Mabel Bliss); MRS. SHAW, Newburyport; MRS. RICH, Bethel, Me.; MR. BACHRACH, KANSAS CITY; MRS. HAMMOND, Chicago; MRS. WHITMAN, Wollaston Heights; MRS. LOUD, Everett; MR. and MRS. DUNN (Emily Shiff); MRS. GEORGE BRAGDON and BABY (Belle Loudon).

MISS FRANCES E. LORD has been chosen acting president of Wellesley College.

LEAVINGS.

TOPIC of the day. — Canoeing.

ANY one would know that the Surveying class had not been long in session when one member announces that she can *measure land on the earth*.

To what regiment did the Minute Men belong?
The 62nd (sixty second-s).

MR. B. (*while driving*)—Miss J., did you ever see sauer-kraut growing?

MISS J. (*senior*) — No, I don't believe I ever *did*.

SCENE: *Mythology Class.*

TIME: *First Period in the day.*

PERSONÆ DRAMATIS: *Teacher. Pupil.*

PUPIL (*hesitating in response to question*).—Why—

TEACHER.—Now say that again and you'll be wise (whys).

TWO CURIOSITIES AT LASELL. The junior who "awakes in her sleep," and the senior who "uses an umbrella to keep her feet dry."

THERE is a new translation for "*caput volvitur*" which will surely be a great benefit to the Virgil class — "He revolved on his top."

CONVERSATION between two prominent boat-club members: —

FIRST GIRL (*speaking of one of the crew*). — "Oh, she kept catching crabs all the time!"

SECOND GIRL. — Why, I didn't know there were crabs in the Charles River, I never saw any!

AMONG the articles lost at the World's Fair, and which have just been sold as unclaimed, were 712 ladies' wraps, 10 overcoats, 6 fans, 1000 umbrellas, 50 canes, 25 bracelets, 56 stickpins, 3 sets of false teeth, 25 pairs of rubbers, 17 watch chains, 88 eye-glasses and spectacles, 52 rings and 57 hand-satchels. It is plain from this that the Chicagoese have not been the only American sufferers from the great show.

It is reported that the directors of the World's Exposition have presented the statue of Benjamin Franklin, which stood in the portal of the Electrical Building, to the University of Pennsylvania. — *University School Record.*

THE United States is the only country in the world that spends more money for education than for war equipments.

No college papers are published in England.

THE Harvard Annex has changed its name to that of Radcliffe College. It is named in honor of Anne Radcliffe, who in 1640, gave one hundred pounds to Harvard, and who was the first woman in America to show an active interest in educational institutions. — *Ursinus College Bulletin.*

COLUMBIA COLLEGE is to be moved out of the centre of New York City. A new site has been secured on Cathedral Heights, and as soon as money can be raised and buildings put up, the college will leave its old quarters on Forty-ninth Street. However, it will probably be several years before this will be entirely accomplished. — *College Rambler.*

THE system of college government by a senate composed of students of the college, in practice for twelve years at Amherst, has been abolished on account of a disagreement among the members.

ABSENCES are not reported at the University of Chicago until the end of the year. A student having more than thirty is required to take an extra course for the next year.

IN the universities of France there are no classes, no athletics, no Commencement Day, no college periodicals, no glee clubs, and no fraternities. — *University Annex.*

WHAT you dislike in others take care to correct in yourself. — *Spret.*

IT is suggested in Boston that a memorial chime of bells be hung in Trinity Church, which shall ring at curfew the carol written by Phillips Brooks, "O Little Town of Bethlehem." — *Interlude.*

THE tuneful strains of the hand organs herald the approach of Spring, but strange to say Mr. Hills and Mr. Davis in their appreciation of music do not enjoy their classical selections.

"The object of criticism is not to criticize but to understand." — *Lowell.*

SHE'S my sandwich,
 I'm her ham,
 She's my Lillie,
 I'm her Sam.
 Soon I'll annex her,
 You may bet,
 Little Hawaii
 Will be my pet. — *Syracusan.*

FOR GEOMETRY CLASS. — What relation is a loaf of bread to a locomotive? Bread is a necessity; the locomotive is an invention, necessity is the mother of invention, therefore a loaf of bread is the mother of the locomotive. — *Ex.*

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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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EDITORIAL.

MISS JUNE was expected to make us a visit — yes, we expected her and looked for her as guest was never looked for before. In September it was firmly impressed upon our minds that she would be unable to come for a long time. But so "inaudible and noiseless is the foot of time" that March with all its great expectations crept upon us, and then — a few weeks more — and she came unawares. After all the counting of days, the waiting and watching, to have her come so quickly seemed too bad.

She was beautifully dressed in a gown fashioned by Nature's own hand, and every girl opened wide her arms to welcome this "symphony in green." Miss June is certainly charming, and is in her proper sphere in Auburndale; trees, grass, hills, roads, blue sky — a beautiful place, and, I repeat, the real sphere of lovely June. The day she came we were out to welcome her, and if attention could spoil our honored guest, she would have been spoiled before two days old. As usual when a guest arrives, we children crowded around to see what gifts she had brought in her trunk for us. To each and all she brought the near prospect of "home," and there were no grumblings when she gave to the Seniors their well-earned Commencement Week. These were the most important gifts, and took the entire attention of the girls who had looked forward most eagerly to these auspicious occasions.

The heroine of my tale now unfolded her plans to our laboring minds: she could stay for two weeks, and then would go home with us. This was an offer to be taken advantage of, so Miss June will go with us when we leave Lasell. Now that the time is gone we are not so anxious to leave as we were "once upon a time." All is as green,

all is as pleasant, but amid all the joy of *home-going* there is a peculiar feeling of *school-leaving*.

Many pleasures, many friends, many good times, we are to leave behind us — all looking forward to the homes in the distance, but saying, "I don't want to go." Our agreement with Miss June is about to end; she has spent two weeks with us and now we are to separate — some to meet again on earth and some in the fairer world beyond.

So year by year has gone on; week by week; day by day; hour by hour, all have paid their tribute of praise to Lasell; all have wished the LEAVES success; so there is nothing left for the present editors to do but lay down their pens with thanksgiving for the pleasant work together, wishing the LEAVES the success of hard work and saying to dear old Lasell, as we separate in Miss June's company:—

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer,
For other's weal, availed on high
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.

MEMORIAL.

INSTEAD of the conventional ivy or tree, the Class of '93 left a sturdy granite boulder which stands out strong and beautiful from the green turf of the front lawn.

Ninety-four chose as its memorial to fill the large panel of the front door with a beautiful stained-glass light which has for a motive, a plain panel of amber opalescent glass, in the centre of which is a medallion made similar in design to the class pin; that is, the upper half of the shield is in white and the lower half in gold, with the letter "L," worked out in cut jewels representing the diamonds of the pin. This is separated from the amber of the background by a soft green scroll. This medallion is encircled by a laurel wreath, tied with a "Lasell blue" ribbon which is significant to the graduating class. Surrounding the centre panel of amber glass, there is a beautiful border of scroll work in the same green which is used in the wreath surrounding the medallion. This is in variegated antique glass, and its strength contrasts beautifully with the softness of the amber.

This in turn is edged with the lines of "Lasell blue," and relieves the entire light from the wood-

work of the door. The effect of the whole is very artistic, embracing soft effect of color with strength of design.

Allen, Hall & Co., of 384 Boylston Street, who transformed our dining-room, furnished the design and glass.

ANNUAL DRILL.

MAY 21 was an eventful day at Lasell, for on that date the prize drill took place. Anyone who has ever been here on that day knows what an excitement prevails and this year was no exception to the rule. Early in the morning the decorating of the house and trees began, and by noon the sides of the house facing the lawn was one mass of red and yellow. Everything was trimmed; even Briggs, the new St. Bernard dog, wore a festive red and yellow bow. At three o'clock the lawn was covered with spectators, not even the chilly, disagreeable weather proving sufficient to keep them away. Every girl wore her favorite company's color, and in some cases the costumes were striking, but certainly picturesque in every case. The drilling of the two companies was unanimously declared the best they had ever done, while the Competitive Drills, both Junior and Senior, were remarkable for their evenness of excellency.

The excitement was great during the dress parade, as we all were waiting for the final announcement of the fortunate prize winners. At last, after much suspense, one of the judges made the following statements:—

Prize Banner, Company B.

First Prize, Senior Squad, Helen Boulton Medsker, Kansas City, Mo.

First Prize, Junior Squad, Mabel Wyman Sawyer, Dexter, Me.

Honorable Mention: Lotta Julia Proctor, Waterville, Me.; Julia Tulleys, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Grace Emerson Loud, Everett, Mass.; Julia Elizabeth Hammond, Chicago, Ill.

The honors were most evenly distributed as Company B won the company prize while two girls in Company A received the individual medals. After it was all over it was indeed difficult to come to dinner, for after such an exciting afternoon, eating seemed commonplace.

COMMENCEMENT.

THE "Season" opened June 6 with the annual concert in the gymnasium. Lasell concerts bear an enviable reputation, but many think this was the best of all.

There was more variety than usual, and it was well done. It is a pity that so few heard it.

PROGRAM.

PART FIRST.

CHORUS. Hark, the Postilion riding by *Abt*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANOFORTE QUARTETTE. Lustspiel. Overture, *Keler Bela*
Misses CASE, ANDREESEN, C. MANNING and HUNTER.

MANDOLINS AND GUITARS. The Belle of New York.
Gavotte *Tipaldi*
Mandolins, Misses ALEXANDER, HAMMOND and BRAGDON:
Guitars, Misses McECHRON, MAKEPEACE BRONSON and
J. JOHNSON.

SONG. Waiting Heart *Torry*
Miss HOUGHTON.
(With Violin Obligato.)

VOCALION. Offertoire *Thomas*
Miss CHAPIN.

VOCAL QUARTETTE. The Bridal of the Birds . . . *Richards*
Misses HOUGHTON, COOKE, G. ALLEN and FAIRCHILD.

PART SECOND.

CHORUS. Hark to the Mandolin *Parker*
ORPHEAN CLUB.
(Accompanied by Piano and Mandolins.)

PIANOFORTE. Sonate, Op. 7, First Movement . . . *Grieg*
Miss C. MANNING.

SONG AND CHORUS. The Little Bird. *Söderberg*
Miss CONLIN and ORPHEAN CLUB.

VIOLIN. First Air Varie *Dancla*
Miss SOUTHER.

PIANOFORTE AND VOCALION. Nocturne in E flat, *Chopin*
Miss ANDREESEN and Mr. HILLS.
(Vocalion Arrangement by Mr. Hills.)

SONG. To Sevilla *Dessauer*
Miss BARKER.

PIANOFORTE QUARTETTE. Overture. Hibriden. *Mendelssohn*
Misses BRAGDON, CUSHING, PROCTOR and Mr. HILLS.

CHORUS. Awake Ye Reclining, from "Faust" . . . *Gounod*
CHORUS CLASSES.

Lasellia Banquet.

A BANQUET! and given by the Lasellias, too! Expectation was roused to the highest notch on the evening of June 7, when a throng of girls

assembled to enjoy the evening. It is customary for each club to show its appreciation of the Seniors by some entertainment, and this one did not fall below the standard of Lasellia banquets. Shortly before eight the parlors were filled with girls in their "bestest" gowns and brightest faces where they were cordially welcomed by Miss Seiberling, Miss Lewis, and Miss Chandler.

Then came the entertainment in the gymnasium and, if one may judge by the applause, it was enjoyed exceedingly. The program consisted of selections from the ever popular "Robin Hood" and was remarkably well rendered.

Some may consider the next part of the entertainment the most important, but all parts were so pleasant, it is hard to tell.

Justice was certainly done to the dainty menu which was served in the dining-room. Here the girls had expended most of their energy in decorations, and the result was a "thing of beauty:" palms, huge bunches of daisies, the class flower, chains and chains of the same with a background of ferns, brilliant lights, and lovely girls; what more could be desired?

While we ate, drank, and were merry, the orchestra enhanced the pleasure of the occasion with numerous selections. As the hour hand passed nine Miss Seiberling gave the president's address welcoming all to the festivity of the evening. This was followed by a number of toasts which were appropriate, bright, and witty, Miss Sawin presiding as toast-mistress. Mr. Nowell after giving his toast to "The Ladies" gave us a beautiful song without words on his violin.

All good things come to an end, and as we crept up-stairs and tip-toed by the doors of sleeping friends, we whispered, "Lasellia forever."

The Banquet of the S. D. Society.

To the girls who have left Lasell never to return as pupils, as well as to those who do come back, will always stand out strongly in their minds, as a time of much happiness, the S. D. Banquet.

The long anticipated event had come, and at about eight o'clock, June 8, the company began to gather in the parlors, where they were in turn presented to the president, vice-president, and to Miss Shinn.

The Glee Club and also the Guitar and Banjo Club rendered selections which were heartily appreciated by those present.

Soon after, we were seated at table, and the banquet was actually upon us. At the close of a rich and dainty repast, during which our spirits were much enlivened by inspiring music, Miss Taylor, toastmistress, arose, and, in a few hearty and happy remarks, called upon our president, Miss McEchron, to address us.

We had honored and loved our president before, but our pride was doubled by the magnificent way in which she acquitted herself. In fact we had undeniable evidence of ability in the toasts of all.

Miss Medsker responded for "The S. D. Society," Miss Sherman for "The Lasellia Club," Miss Anderson for "The Senior Class," Miss Allen for "The Faculty," and Miss Steel for "The Sterner Sex."

When we listened to these speeches, given with such simplicity, directness, and eloquence, can you wonder that we felt proud of our companions? Not soon will be forgotten Miss Allen's tact in her non-committal response for the "faculty," nor Miss Sherman's genius displayed in responding for the Lasellias in verse.

When we finally left the scene of a delightfully spent evening, it was with a deep thanksgiving in our hearts that the Banquet had come and had been creditably passed, and a hope that our guests had enjoyed themselves as much as we had. R.

Baccalaureate Sunday.

THE Congregational church was filled with the girls and with numerous friends on the tenth of June. It was a warm day, and we are sure that all the girls were very thankful to have this, their last Sunday, a pleasant one.

Rev. Charles F. Rice, D. D., of Cambridge, delivered the baccalaureate sermon which was one that touched the hearts of all. His text was taken from Acts xxvi. 19: "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

It is well known how Paul, on his way to Damascus, breathing out threatenings against the Christians, saw the heavenly vision by which his whole life was changed and his eyes opened to the glory of God. Not only in Paul's time, did

visions appear to men, but now, even, they are sent to us to show what God desires us to do. Visions of service come to all the children of God, in as manifold forms as the characters of the different people. Human lips may bring the heavenly vision, and thus, through others, we learn where duty calls us. Many times the words of a friend will reveal to us visions of which we never dreamed, and which change, entirely, our plans and intentions. Sometimes it is a stranger who is God's ambassador. Oftentimes visions will come to us in what seems, force of circumstance, but they are always the result of God's care.

Paul was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, for he heard and heeded God's voice. God has plans for every life, and we may discover them if we will, but not all at once, for our lives are built as a piece of architecture. No one but the architect knows what will be the result of the work. Obedience to the heavenly vision, cost what it may, is essential to life's success. It meant something to Paul and it cost him sacrifices to obey this vision. He gave up all his former hopes and ambitions and became poor to follow the Master.

The results of obedience to the heavenly vision are first clear and more frequent visions. Visions become dim to us if we pay no attention to them, but if we heed them, they appear oftener and grow brighter and brighter each time. Second: Happiness is a sure result of this obedience. Although Paul had given up everything, yet he could say, "Rejoice evermore; Rejoice in the Lord alway."

If in our lives the time comes when it seems our duty to do some service which appears impossible, should we not consider if this is not the way in which God wants us to be in service to him? A final result of this obedience is usefulness beyond expectation. When Moses received the message of God from the burning bush, he did n't feel able to undertake the responsibility which God was about to place upon him, nevertheless he obeyed the heavenly vision and heeded the word of God. He little thought that by his obedience his name would be handed down through the generations to come. Not alone for those who are called to a great position, but also for those of humble calling, God, through ways which they do not know, will guard his own.

Increasing opportunities open to those who obey this calling.

The final words of the speaker were addressed to the Seniors exhorting them ever to be obedient to the heavenly vision — then Baccalaureate Sunday in church was over.

Class Night.

THE long-looked-for night has come and gone, and the Class of '94 has passed beyond the portals forever.

Contrary to the usual custom, the exercises of the evening were held in the dining-room, which is more commodious than the gymnasium and is so daintily decorated that it needs little other adornment.

The platform at the end of the room was trimmed with daisies, the class flower, wreaths, and the beautiful banner of '94, which so prettily carries out the same idea as the class pin. The room was soon filled and every one sat waiting impatiently for the grave and reverend Seniors, who were to instruct them from their stores of learning acquired during their years at Lasell.

Suddenly the music commenced and slowly the members of the class moved down the room in their long black robes, with their fans upheld as if their habit of profound thought was still upon them and was impossible to be thrown off.

The entertainment was opened by the singing of the class song, composed by Miss Mildred Warren, the class poet, and set to music written by Mr. Hills, which made an appropriate introduction to the interesting program which was to follow.

The opening address was given by Miss Helen Medsker, the president of the Senior Class. She heartily welcomed all present and told us modestly of the merits of the Class of '94, which, of course, we all realize. Many other classes may have said similar things, but the Class of '94 is three times seven, and being the largest class, of course possesses the largest amount of brains.

Miss Grace Robb then gave the introduction and told us some of the lines in which the different members of the class excel. For instance, the Preparatories particularly enjoyed Latin; the Freshmen, French; the Sophomores, trigonometry; the Juniors, literature; and the Seniors,

psychology. But we all understood that their fine perceptive qualities were developed during their Sophomore year, when a Junior's brain was described as a body of unlimited extent occupying and occupied by space.

Miss Virginia Wyckoff gave a very bright and interesting history of the class which proved that all they said of themselves must be true. The Society Notes of Lasell's festivities was next given by Miss Julia Anderson, and so real and attractive were her descriptions that any strange girl would experience a mad desire to attend a school where all this was an every-day occurrence. She read us an article from the "Auburndale Society Cyclone" which vividly described the beautiful costumes of the Faculty at the first ball of the season, and gave us a taste of what Lasell must have been before the present Senior Class requested the Faculty to repress the gayeties and give more time to study.

Then followed a piano solo which was beautifully rendered by Miss Lotta Proctor and was deserving of much praise.

Miss Jennie Rich gave us an idea of what the Revised Catalogue is to be, and we shall surely look forward to meditation hours if we are supposed to have committed the new regulations by the middle of the year.

"Dorothy Q.," the beautiful poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, the honorary member of the class, was finely recited by Miss Daisie Hartson who showed much talent as an elocutionist.

"Forget us not" was sweetly sought by Miss Carrie Gilman who distributed such appropriate and lovely gifts among the Juniors that they can never behold them without thinking of the Class of '94. And if the few wise or jesting words which she gave each one are taken to heart, we shall see in the Class of '95 one which follows closely in the steps of her elder sister.

The Senior Glee Club made its first appearance and sang very prettily a song which well expressed some of the sorrows we girls have experienced.

The class reminiscences were recounted by Miss Mabel Case in verse, in a manner which proved to us that '94 excelled in poets as in all else.

Miss Alice Noble's prophecy was very bright; her idea of the class daisy, on whose petals were

written the future of each one, being a very novel one.

Good-bye is always hard to say and not until Miss Gertrude Sherman rose to bid farewell to all the friends and scenes that are so dear, did we realize that behind all the joy of the night, lay a tiny cloud which would darken and spread until all were hidden from sight.

As each member of the class passed slowly down, she gave to her a bunch of immortels from the wreath she held.

The indoor exercises being finished, all moved to the gayly decorated lawn with its numerous lights.

Here the Seniors slowly came forward, each escorted by a Junior who carried a torch. All stopped at the front entrance where Miss Bessie Shepherd, in very fitting words, presented Lasell with a memorial window, the gift of the Class of '94. She spoke of the coloring, the green which surely never represented the class; the blue which was typical of their loyalty, and the yellow and white, which with the shield will always be a reminder of the class.

The closing exercises were by Miss Mollie Taylor who buried one by one the well-known relics, and as she briefly told us the history of each article, we fully realized how deeply the hearts of the class would be buried at Lasell.

The Senior Reception.

ONE would have to dip her brush in the class colors, white and gold, to paint the Senior Reception, as well as Class Night, and Commencement Day. But other colors must be used too, for the Seniors laid aside their sombre caps and gowns and appeared in their lovely reception dresses, made for the occasion.

The parlors were beautifully decorated with yellow lilies and white carnations. The large picture in the small parlor was removed to the side of the long parlor opposite the windows, and the beautiful Japanese draperies hung the doorway between the parlor and Mr. Davis' room. Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon and Miss Helen Medsker, the class president, received the guests in Mr. Hills' music room, which was thrown open into the long parlor. The guests begun to arrive a little before eight o'clock, and continued to come till the par-

lors and halls were crowded, keeping the seventeen Juniors, who ushered, very busy. Very little room was found for private *tête-à-têtes*, but nevertheless the young women and their friends seemed to enjoy themselves.

Refreshments were served in the dining-room, and it presented a very lively spectacle with the Juniors, now changed from ushers to waitresses, flying to and fro, serving the guests with salads and ice creams. Strange to say, on this occasion there were more gentlemen than ladies and it all must have been owing to the charms of the Senior Class, for the young ladies surely never looked prettier.

G. E. L.

Commencement Day.

"OH, it's cloudy!" And so it was early, but what was a disagreeable day to the enterprising Class of '94? But before the day was fairly begun, the sun came out in all his radiance and shone over all the beauty of the grounds of Lasell.

First, we went, as usual on Commencement Day, to the Congregational Church, class by class; we flatter ourselves that we made quite a procession, and went through the ceremonies at the church door with great dignity. Music greeted our ears as we entered—in fact, during this last week of school we have *lived* to music, lovely music—followed by prayer and the Commencement address given by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. It was a great pleasure to even see this grand woman, but to hear her—our poor pen fails us. To attempt in any way to give an outline of her discourse is well-nigh impossible; it was fine; from beginning to end she held the closest attention of her hearers and impressed us all by the depth of her character. Mrs. Livermore said:—

We measure life to-day by accomplishment rather than by years. "That life is long which answers life's great end." The life of the present age is illuminated by knowledge, refined by art, literature, and music, stimulated with incentives to noble living, and glorified by hope, aspiration, and love. Whoever has lived—not vegetated—through the last half century has lived longer than Methuselah. And yet this era is but a transition age, as every era has been through which human beings have lived. A nobler epoch will succeed it, the splendor of whose material civilization will eclipse this of to-day. In its industrial economy, there shall be no unemployed; its system of education shall include every child of the nation; its theoretical Christianity shall

become practical, and be applied to daily life ; for in the midst of the disorders and iniquities of the times, these are tendencies of our civilization as planned and guided by a noble host of men and women. Those who enter upon the arena to-day, therefore, are to be congratulated, for never before has life been so well worth living. A larger equipment is necessary to them than has been thought necessary in the past.

First. I speak to young women to-day, and for them a good physical condition is absolutely essential. Good health is the great pre-requisite to successful and useful living, and the days are ended, when "to be weak was to be womanly."

Second. There is to-day no hopeful outlook for an uneducated woman. She is best equipped for the work of the future who has the most complete training, physically, morally, mentally, and industrially.

Third. While every woman should be thoroughly fitted for some especial aim in life, she should yet keep in unselfish touch with humanity, as the solidarity of the race is in the program of the future.

Fourth. To be happy you must be good, and the converse is equally true, to be good you must be happy. Nothing is more important than the cultivation of cheerful habits of thought and expression.

Fifth. Women the world over are still struggling for recognition of their legal equality with men, without which there can be no social equity; therefore stand shoulder to shoulder with women to help bring in the day when it will be as good a thing to be born a girl as a boy.

Sixth. No worthy living is possible to an irreligious person. I speak not of sect, but of that religious spirit which is larger than sect, and which recognizes the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man as living truths, which are the basis of hope and the foundation of the laws of righteous and holy living.

Mrs. Livermore closed with a few personal remarks to the graduating class. Her parting words were to stand fast by one another, and look toward the wider, grander hereafter. She closed with a simple "Good morning," and we all felt that we could sit still and have her begin over again. Surely, we owe many thanks to Prof. Bragdon for giving us the opportunity of listening to Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

The diplomas were then presented to the twenty-one graduates, by Prof. Bragdon, in his usual happy manner; and, as each girl received that certificate, she felt that she was indeed graduated from Lassell!

Then all friends were invited to lunch on the lawn of the Seminary and to have a general good time. And so it happened that for the rest of the day there were lunch, the meeting and recep-

tion of the Alumnæ, congratulations, flowers, happy faces, and — good-byes.

The Alumnæ exercises were the closing event of the week. At three o'clock P. M. a business meeting was held on the lawn, when the following officers were elected: —

Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, of Roxbury, *President*; Miss Gertrude Sherman, '94, of Wollaston, *Vice-president*; Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, of Waltham, *Secretary*; Mrs. Carrie Kendig Kellogg, '79, of Boston Highlands, *Treasurer*; Mrs. Annie Peabody Hall, '91, of Newton; Miss Bertha Simpson, '88, of Lowell; Mrs. Lillie Fuller Merriam, '85, of South Framingham; Miss Lillie Packard, '83, of South Boston; Miss Edith Gale, '89, Newton, N. H., *Executive Committee*.

A reception followed at 3.30.

Good-bye.

[Given by MISS SHERMAN, Class Night.]

THERE is a little childish legend which runs, "The first is the worst, the second the same, the last the best of all the game." The words always had a fascination about them, and with this fascination came a sort of belief in them. But to-night when the Class of '94 comes in its turn to say good-bye, are we quite so confident that the last is the best, after all?

As we linger over "good-bye," that word so fraught with meaning to everyone, so full of a sweet sorrow and a saddened joy, we only feel sure that the last is certainly the hardest of all. Still "it is not for ourselves but for others," and to-night those others are you, dear school-mates and teachers, and to you we must say that hard little word "good-bye."

How strangely are the beginning and end mingled to-night, dear class-mates. We look into the future and feel with a sense of awe its vastness and responsibility, and we look back at the last few years, so short now, so long then, when to-night seemed as distant as the horizon, and almost as impossible to reach.

For though we have reached our horizon, another is stretching before us, vast and indefinite; and as we turn from our school life where everything has been made smooth for us by teachers

and friends, we pass into that larger life which we must shape for ourselves, for which no one is responsible but ourselves. Our school-life is not forgotten, no; but it is now that its lessons are to be tested and we are to add our work to the work of our teachers. Oh! let us be worthy of that work, dear class-mates; let us be true to the principles we have learned at Lasell, and with them for a shield and on it in clear-cut letters our motto, "*Non nobis solum sed omnibus*," we will do our best to be worthy of our Alma Mater.

Even now our responsibilities are beginning and we realize that the name and fame of Lasell rests with us, its graduates; even now it is not for ourselves but for others.

To you, Mr. Bragdon, why need we say good-bye? We know you will understand when we say that good-bye to you is not really good-bye. . . . We have seen your love for the old girls, and we feel that the tie which binds will only be knit more closely in the coming years.

To you, Miss Carpenter, we owe that lesson of lessons — how to learn, — and we cannot be too grateful to you for it. . . . May our lives prove to you that we value this lesson above all others.

To all our teachers, we say good-bye with feelings of regret. . . . Dear old Lasell, and you, dear school-mates that we are leaving behind, we shall be with you in thought many times and wish ourselves back again with our Alma Mater. . . . We have all been so much like a large family that each one is doubly dear at parting, and with all our hearts, we wish in the words of that song, so dear to Lasell girls: —

"God be with you till we meet again;
Keep life's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again."

One word more of '94.

Perhaps it is hardest of all to say good-bye to each other for though we feel that Lasell will always be here to welcome us, we, as a class, must lose our unity; we must separate, some to far distant homes, probably never to come all together again. To-night, dear class-mates, the circle is to be broken, and we who have shared the same pleasures and pains so long must go forth singly each to her own sphere of action. They will be more widely different than we can imagine, but,

however our paths may diverge, though the wreath be broken, let us keep the class spirit and the Lasell spirit immortal like these flowers; let us be true to '94.

"Thus gathered together we stand on the brink;
Let Sympathy pledge us thro' pleasure, thro' pain,
That fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through her chain."

Commencement Notes.

SOME "unusuals" were here this year, *Zum Beispiel*: Sadie Smith Schofield, of 1412 Bush Street, San Francisco, Cal., — our own old Sadie Smith of '76, not ten days older than she was then, to my eyes, and just as bright. What a pity Marion Gilmore could not be here with her! Marion, by the way, is going to France in about a month to spend the winter. We were most glad to see her at the Reception, but would have chosen Wednesday if we had known we could have but one.

Elinor Chamberlayne, too, was an "unusual," but most welcome, presence. She and Sue Brown called again on Saturday, June 16. Elinor, with her mother, is making a visit to her cousin in Boston.

Anita Henry Mirick and her quite-grown and almost young woman daughter added much to the joy of the Reunion. That daughter is as large, and perhaps as old (?), as Anita was when a pupil here.

Sallie Head was more of an "unusual" than any graduate living in New Hampshire ought to be.

Blanche Merrill made us all happy by coming and, with Edith Gale, spending the night. In the evening we went upon the river. Hope to see her oftener.

There was an unusual attendance of parents and kin of graduates from a distance, as the following list shows. Our only regret is that at this busy season it is not possible for us to show them the attention we wish to, and give them an adequate idea of our lovely Auburndale: —

Hon. and Mrs. Warren P. Noble, Tiffin, Ohio.
Mrs. Thomas P. Robb, Toledo, Ohio.
Mrs. Peter Conlin, New York City.
Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Stearns, Wyoming, Ohio.
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gilman, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Sherman, Wollaston Heights, Mass.

Mrs. L. M. Manning, Orange, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Scott, Wyoming, Ill.

Mrs. Bruno H. Goll, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. B. M. Warren, New Boston, N. H.

Mrs. R. L. Proctor, Waterville, Me.

Mrs. William Kerr, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Julia C. Pierson, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. R. P. Lutes, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. J. M. Rich, Bethel, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Taylor, Toledo, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Willard Case, South Manchester, Conn.

Mrs. W. W. Avery, Plymouth, Mass.

Mr. Chas. H. Bond, Boston, Mass.

Rev. and Mrs. W. N. Brodbeck, Charlestown, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Cushing, Foxcroft, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Dunham, New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Max H. Fischer, with their two splendid boys, New York City.

Mrs. A. D. Fessenden, Townsend, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. L. Johnson, Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Chas. S. French, Chapin, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Loud, Everett, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Merryman, Marinette, Wis.

Mrs. Delia A. Pearl, Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. A. J. Richards, Weymouth, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, Dexter, Me.

Mrs. Stephen C. Shurtleff, Montpelier, Vt.

Mrs. A. T. Starkey, Foxboro, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Souther, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. R. L. Walston, Decatur, Ill.

Mrs. H. T. Whitman, Wollaston Heights, Mass.

Mrs. D. E. Makepeace, Attleboro, Mass.

Mrs. Fred Hawley, St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. Fred W. Anderson, Taylorville, Ill.

Mr. A. O. Manning, Orange, Mass.

Mrs. H. A. March, Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. Isaac M. Ibank, Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Mrs. F. M. Richardson, Omaha, Neb.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Merrill, Boston.

Dr. and Mrs. Chas. Parkhurst, editor *Zion's Herald*, Boston.

Other guests were :—

Hon. George Fred Williams, Boston.

Mrs. N. H. Blaisdell, Boston.

Mrs. Henry Wilson, Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Butler, Somerville, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Proctor, Brookline.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Folsom, Wellesley Hills.

Chaplain and Mrs. G. W. Collier, Ohio.

Dr. William R. Clark, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Willard, Howard Seminary, West Bridgewater.

Rev. C. L. Goodell, Boston.

And among the Alumnae we noticed :—

Mary P. Jones, Charlotte A. K. Bancroft, Mrs. Flora Drew Sampson, Mrs. Abbie Hills Holbrook, Mrs. Isabel Jennings Parker, Mrs. Emma Sears May, Mrs. Anna Reed Wilkinson, Mrs. Emily Woodward Potter, Mrs. Caroline Hills Leeds, Mrs. Rosetta Perkins Cook, Sarah F. Boynton, Mrs. Fanny Barker Coffin, Mrs. Lunette Holbrook Lathrop, Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, Mrs. Frances Maynard Wallace, Marion E. Gilmore, Mrs. Sarah Smith Schofield, Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce, Irene G. Sanford, Mrs. Annie Bragdon Winslow, Mrs. Nellie Packard Draper, Mrs. Lillie Fuller Merriam, Lizzie M. Whipple, Marietta Rose, Susannah J. Brown, Edith I. Gale, Maude Oliver, Mrs. Annie Peabody Hall, Susan C. Richards, Jennie M. Arnold, Eva L. Couch, Jessie Gaskill, Harriet Noble, Lillie M. Packard, Angeline C. Blaisdell, Sallie Head.

And of " old girls " :—

Ada Marsh, Daisy Curtis, Edith Taylor, Maude Beaumont, Mary Healey, Mollie Lathrop, Mary F. Tupper, Alice Goodell, Louise Seybolt, Evelyn Mason, Nellie Chase, Edith Dunham, Emma Gass, Jessie Hayden, Nellie Taft, Sarah Lizzie Whipple, Elizabeth Towle, Mrs. Pliny Nickerson, Minnie Nickerson, Edith Nickerson, Ethel Anderson, Frances Casebolt, Maisy Wiggin, Blanche Busell, Beulah Shannon, Grace Dyer, Georgianna Adams, Alice Burr, Ruby Blaisdell Carter, Clara Roesing, Josie West, Eugenia Burbank Whitin, Harriet Morse, Gertrude Morse.

Other callers in June :—

Mrs. McEchron, Glens Falls, N. Y. ; Mrs. Bronson, Ottawa, Ont. ; Laura Munger (Mrs. Henry Ninde) ; Clara Eddy ; Mary Hagar (Mrs. Walter Lyman) ; Mrs. Ida Burke and Edith Burke ; Edith

Hall and Amy Hall Smith; Minnie Jones (Mrs. H. P. Eddy); Carrie Fisher (Mrs. Walter Mellen); Mrs. Noyes; Mr. Manning, Dayton, Ohio; Mrs. Bartholomew; Miss Shaw; Mrs. Dunn, Presque Isle, Me.; Miss Sherman; Miss Souther, St. Louis, Mo.; Carrie Wallace (Mrs. Chas. Hussey); Marion Brodbeck.

LOCALS.

A CONCERT was given on the evening of May 16 by the Lasellia Mandolin Club assisted by the Glee Club and Quartette, and will be remembered as one of the many enjoyable entertainments. The gymnasium was well decorated, and at the end of the room was the Club banner, blue with the words, "Lasellia Club," in gold. The program was as follows:—

PROGRAM.

PART I.

MANDOLIN CLUB.

- | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------------|
| 1. Visions of Rest | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | <i>Baker</i> |
| 2. Washington Post | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | <i>Sousa</i> |

GLEE CLUB.

- | | | | | | | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Concert Waltz | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | — |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|

MANDOLIN CLUB.

- | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----------------|
| 1. Alvarado | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | <i>Henlein</i> |
| 2. Sultana | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | <i>Tocaben</i> |

GLEE CLUB.

- | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Serenade | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | — |
|-------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|

| | | | | | | | | |
|-------|-----------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------------|
| SOLO. | He Thinks I do not Love Him | : | : | : | : | : | : | <i>Dolby</i> |
|-------|-----------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------------|

MISS LEWIS.

PART II.

| | | | | | |
|------------------|-------------------|---|---|---|---------------|
| VOCAL QUARTETTE. | { a. Estudiantina | : | : | : | <i>Lacome</i> |
| | { b. Sweet Marie | : | : | : | <i>Moore</i> |

| | | | | | | |
|---------------------|----------|---|---|---|---|----------------|
| MANDOLIN QUARTETTE. | Nocturne | : | : | : | : | <i>Henlein</i> |
|---------------------|----------|---|---|---|---|----------------|

| | | | | | | |
|-------|----------------------------------|---|---|---|---|----------------|
| SOLO. | I've Something Sweet to Tell You | : | : | : | : | <i>Fanning</i> |
| | MISS BARKER. | | | | | |

MANDOLIN CLUB.

| | | | | | | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------------|
| Happy Birds | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | <i>Holst</i> |
| Home, Sweet Home | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | <i>Best</i> |

MANDOLIN CLUB.

Leader, MISS MARTHA M. SOLARI.

First Mandolins.

Misses Solari and Alexander.

Second Mandolins.

Misses Blair and Brodbeck.

First Banjos.

Misses Starkey and Eldredge.

Second Banjos.

Misses Warren and Barker.

Guitars.

Misses Wilson, Stearns, Parks, and Makepeace.

The gymnasium was crowded, and some of the Harvard Glee Club being present we were favored with a serenade afterwards. The Lasellians who had friends out were allowed to see them for a short time in the parlor, which made a fitting close to the evening.

THE Instrumental Club has had several meetings the last month, and at the last one the whole school was invited to listen to a most interesting lecture by Mr. Hills, and more than one finely rendered piece by the members.

LAST week the wedding of Miss Carrie Bourne, our popular post-mistress, took place, and the school sent her a beautiful water-color painting with heartiest congratulations.

WE expected to have the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Haskell sing to us, but on account of illness she was obliged to defer her concert until next year.

THE usual excursion to Wellesley took place the first Monday in June, and it is needless to say was much enjoyed by the thirty who went. Mr. Hunnewell's beautiful gardens were much admired, and everyone was charmed with the glimpse they had of the college. As there were so few who wished to go to Newport that excursion was given up.

THE Commencement exercises were even more enjoyable than usual, if that were possible, but as every part of them is described in full elsewhere, only the last will be mentioned in this column, — the dreadful GOING HOME!

GEO. E. BRAGDON, of Pueblo, Col., brother of the principal, with Belle Loudon, his wife (here in '84), and their sweetest of all babies, Dorothy, spent a few days here June 22-27, alas, too few.

A VALUED GIFT.

MRS. JENNIE WHITIN LASSELL sent a crayon portrait of her late husband, Josiah Lasell, brother of the founder and joint principal with Mr. Briggs for ten years after the founder's death. It is a fine presentation of a noble man and a very welcome addition to our historical gallery, making warm the hearts of many old girls who cherish a lively and loving memory of their early leader. It is regretted that it reached us too late for this year's celebration. Mrs. Lasell's simple and tender words are: "May your new pupils be as loyal and true to you, as the old pupils are now to Messrs. Briggs and Lasell."

PERSONALS.

FROM Hartford comes a little bird who tells us Daisy Hanmer is engaged.

ARLINE NORTHAM sent her love but no such bird. Wish she had come instead of sending.

NELL RICHARDS could not come to Commencement because she started that day for a visit to Alma Hubbard.

HELEN HOKE SANGREE is rejoicing over the advent of her sixth child. Very good news, Helen. Amy Kelley Adams will have to look out or she will lose the laurels.

JENNIE DARLING FOLSOM made Auburndale and Lasell a call a few days ago. Pity her visit could not have been timed to cover Commencement week, but we were glad to see her at all.

NOT a Wallace here at Commencement. We missed each one separately. But Carrie, Mrs. Hussey, called with a prospective pupil, a week or so earlier.

THE girls of last year were glad to greet Rev. E. E. Davidson, evangelist, and wife, at dinner early in June. Mr. Davidson led the Tuesday evening prayer meeting to the great pleasure and edification of the large number who attended. We remember his work here a year ago with great liking of it and himself.

"OLD but Rich," as Miss Tomlinson said when she got the bureau scarf embroidered in his own hand.

"How to get Married," or "The Art of Pleasing the Men." Ask R—a Fr—ch!

RUTH SANKEY, of Salem, Mo., has been wisely improving her time, since she left Lasell, in the study of shorthand. She says when she finished her course she was able to write 655 words in five minutes. She expects Annie Webb and Beulah Hough to help her keep house while her mother "takes a day off" on a visit to Denver and Seattle. She thinks the LEAVES are a great "equalizer" between Lasell and the old girls.

JESSIE GASKILL has been taking lessons in music and French the past year, and making herself generally useful at home. She has been putting into practice what she learned in cooking while at Lasell, and enjoys it very much.

LAURA and MAUDE WHITNEY, of Millbury, Mass., have been visiting Amelia Davis and Mary Fisher Buffington at Fall River.

MABEL LORD, Virginia Johnson Milbank, Frances Casebolt, Mary Hazlewood Renwick, and Bertha Harris Armington send their subscriptions for the LEAVES for next year. Time for others, while you *think of it*.

THROUGH Lila Warren, of Brooklyn, we hear that Gertrude Gleason is busy and happy with her music.

JULIA TULLEYS, Flora Joannes, Grace Beebe, Nellie Rawson, and May Dickson thoughtfully sent word from Albany that the Hudson River party had had a delightful and prosperous trip up to that point.

HELEN THRESHER HARTZELL sends us, together with her own and her husband's card, a tiny one with name, Helen Henrietta Hartzell, and date June 10, 1894. Our congratulations.

LOOKING BACKWARD!

JULIA HUBBARD KELLY sends us a back view of her boy Irwin's head, which is a credit to any mamma and any boy! A novel idea! Now let's see the face, Julia!

THE Lasell European Party sailed in good order on Saturday, June 16, on the Cunarder "Pavonia."

Members of the party:—

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Shepherd, Auburndale.

Dr. and Mrs. F. N. Peloubet, Auburndale.

Miss H. H. Whitney, Green Bay, Wis.

Miss Emmeline Whitney, Green Bay, Wis.

Mrs. William Kerr, Chicago.

Miss Annie Kerr, Chicago.

Miss Bertha Merryman, Marinette, Wis.

Miss Randall, Quincy, Mass.

Mrs. Davidson, Newtonville.

Miss Grace Bartholomew, Southbridge, Mass.

Mrs. Bruno H. Goll, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Emma Goll, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. H. O. Aldrich, of Cobb, Aldrich & Co., Boston.

Miss Temple, Ashburnham, Mass.

Mrs. Sawyer, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRIED.

In Olympia, Wash., June 6, JUNE MERLE HOYT to Mr. ROBERT HENRY WAITE. Miss Hoyt was a pupil here in '91-'93.

In Roxbury, Mass., May 29, FRANCES ELIZABETH THOMAS to Mr. HENRY ANTHONY FISKE. They will live at 11 Sanborn Avenue, Dorchester. Miss Thomas was at Lasell in '88.

In Derry, N. H., May 5, MARIA L. PARMERTON to WILLIAM D. YOUNG.

In Auburndale, May 31, CARRIE LUCENA BOURNE to Dr. JOHN DENSMORE BREWSTER, of Windsor, Vt. Dr. and Mrs. Brewster will reside in Windsor, Vt.

In Carbondale, Ill., May 23, ADA DUNAWAY to Mr. ANDREW S. CALDWELL. Miss Dunaway was a pupil here in '86.

In Fall River, Mass., June 20, JESSIE CURTIS FLINT to Mr. JOHN S. BRAYTON, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Brayton will live at 9 Belmont Avenue, Fall River. She is a Lasell girl of '85-'87.

In Auburndale, June 14, MARY F. DYER to Mr. HENRY DEMERRITT YOUNG.

At Waldoboro, Me., June 14, FRANCES LONGFELLOW REED to Mr. THOMAS LEIGH, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Leigh will live at 116 Winthrop St., Augusta, Me. Miss Reed was at Lasell in '85-'88.

At Willoughby, Ohio, June 14, NANCY BOYCE to Mr. ALBERT H. VANGORDER. Miss Boyce was here in '87-'89.

In Worcester, Mass., June 12, MARY BIGELOW to Mr. FRANK HENRY GREEN. Mrs. Green's new home will be at Gardner, Mass.

In New Bedford, June 14, LOIS MADELINE SOULE to ALEXANDER THOMPSON SMITH. Miss Soule was a pupil at Lasell in '90. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will reside at 79 North St., New Bedford, Mass.

In Utica, N. Y., June 6, NETTIE ESTELLE STURDEVANT to Mr. CHARLES H. DENNIG. Mr. and Mrs. Dennig will reside at 3 Cooper Street, Utica.

Cards are out for the marriage of ALICE I. FAIT to Mr. CURRIE DOLEMAN, June 27.

Mr. and Mrs. LOUIS M. BRIGGS (CARRIE COBURN), at home Wednesdays in June, Central Ave., Weston, Mass.

THE following clipping from *Zion's Herald* of May 23 will be of interest to many of our readers:—

Seldom has a wedding celebration given greater satisfaction to a large circle of friends than the marriage of Miss Mary Wallace Packard and Arthur True Cass, in St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church, South Boston, Wednesday, May 16, at 3 P. M. The day was perfect, the assembly large, the church tastefully decorated. The full service of the M. E. Church was used with some impressive additions, Rev. W. T. Perrin, pastor of the church, officiating. This marriage is of special interest to Methodist circles. The groom is widely known in the New Hampshire Conference as a promising young banker, and is the organist and treasurer of the church at Tilton. The bride is a daughter of Dr. L. D. Packard, for many years a most valuable and honored leader among the laymen of Boston Methodism. She will be sadly missed in the local church, being leader of the children's class-meeting, Sunday-school teacher, active worker in the Epworth League—everywhere efficient and beloved. After the service a delightful reception was given by Dr. and Mrs. Packard at their hospitable residence on Broadway. The presents were bewildering in number and elegance. Mr. and Mrs. Cass will make their home at Tilton, N. H.

Lasell was well represented at this wedding. Lillian Packard was maid of honor, Maude and Mabel Mathews, two of the bridesmaids, Mr. H. L. Rich, one of the ushers. Among the guests were Nellie Packard Draper, Miss Blaisdell, Miss Allen, Miss Nutt, Edith Gale, Sade Hitchcock, Mabel Sawyer, Fannie Dillingham, Edith Andrews Wright, Clementina Butler, Carrie Batchelder.

MRS. ANNIE JENNESS MILLER writes that she has not been in Boston since her lecture here; that the name which some one saw must have been that of her sister, Miss Jenness; that she has not forgotten her promise to us and expects to keep it next fall.

It is clear that it must be a mistake in the name, and we may have the pleasure of anticipating her return when her many engagements permit.

SUMMER ADDRESSES.

Miss Carpenter, Lasell Seminary, Auburndale.
Mrs. Strong, West Lebanon, N. H.

Mlle. Jennie LeRoyer, Passage Segur, Pau, Basses-Pyrenees, France.

Fraulein Adele Roth, South Lancaster, Mass.
Prof. Herbert L. Rich, 119 Cross Street, Central Falls, R. I.

Miss Adeline W. Allen, East Freetown, Mass.
Miss Lillian Packard, 538 Broadway, South Boston.

Miss M. E. Ransom, Williamsport, Pa.

GYMNASIUM STATISTICS.

| AVERAGE. | SEPT., 1892. | MAY, 1893. |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|--------------|
| Age | 19 years. | |
| Weight | 117 lbs. | 118 lbs. |
| Height | 5 ft. 2½ in. | 5 ft. 2¾ in. |
| Lung Capacity | 133 cub. in. | 156 cub. in. |
| Strength of Back | 57 kilos. | 86 kilos. |
| Strength of Chest | 24 kilos. | 28 kilos. |
| Strength of Right Forearm | 18 kilos. | 23 kilos. |
| Strength of Left Forearm | 16 kilos. | 21 kilos. |
| | SEPT., 1893. | MAY, 1894. |
| Age | 19 years. | |
| Weight | 115¾ lbs. | 116¾ lbs. |
| Height | 5 ft. 2¾ in. | 5 ft. 3 in. |
| Lung Capacity | 135 cub. in. | 157 cub. in. |
| Strength of Back | 59¾ kilos. | 95½ kilos. |
| Strength of Chest | 25½ kilos. | 29 kilos. |
| Strength of Right Forearm | 22 kilos. | 23 kilos. |
| Strength of Left Forearm | 19 kilos. | 21 kilos. |

| | |
|--|-----|
| Number of pupils incapacitated for Gymnastic Work, 1892-'93 | 7 |
| Number of pupils incapacitated for Gymnastic Work, 1893-'94 | 11 |
| Number of pupils in the Gymnasium, 1892-'93 | 153 |
| Number of pupils in the Gymnasium, 1893-'94 | 127 |

STRONGEST PUPIL.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|
| Age | 21 years. |
| Weight | 112 lbs. |
| Height | 5 ft. 3 in. |
| Lung Capacity | 190 cub. in. |
| Strength of Back | 145 kilos. |
| Strength of Chest | 43 kilos. |
| Strength of Right Forearm | 31 kilos. |
| Strength of Left Forearm | 25 kilos. |

| | |
|--|-------------|
| Tallest pupil, 1893-'94 | 5 ft. 8 in. |
| Heaviest Weight, 1893-'94 | 163 lbs. |
| Lightest Weight, 1893-'94 | 81¾ lbs. |
| Greatest gain in weight, 1893-'94 | 17½ lbs. |
| Greatest gain in strength, 1893-'94 | 169 kilos. |
| Next greatest gain in strength, 1893-'94 | 162 kilos. |
| Gained in all the strength tests, 1893-'94 | 24 |
| Lost in all the strength tests, 1893-1894 | none. |

SENIOR CLASS, 21 MEMBERS.

| AVERAGE. | AVERAGE GAIN. |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Age | 19½ years. |
| Weight | 116 lbs. |
| Height | 5 ft. 2¾ in. |
| Lung Capacity | 163 cub. in. |
| Strength of Back | 109 kilos. |
| Strength of Chest | 33 kilos. |
| Strength of Right Forearm | 24 kilos. |
| Strength of Left Forearm | 22 kilos. |
| | R. Grip, 7 kilos. |
| | L. Grip, 6¼ kilos. |

THE COLLEGE GIRL.

SHE is versed in archæology,
Well read in paleology,
Sociology, chronology, ethnology, as well
As anthropology, mythology
And modern genealogy,
Nor can even demonology her eagerness dispel.
Psychology, theology,
Metempsychosiology,
Teleology, ontology
And final eschatology,
With all their tangled problems, to her quite plain appear;
While philology, phonology,
Ancient euphuisticology,
Etymology, neology,
With varied terminology
And extensive lexicology, to her are very clear.
Osteology, morphology,
Biology, histology,
And sciences which make the brain in furious frenzy whirl,
Conchology, geology,
Ichthyology, zoölogy
Are titles of some studies of the modern college girl. — *Ex.*

LASELL SEMINARY has received an award from the Columbian Exposition, department of Liberal Arts, "for excellence of equipment and work in all departments, including manual training."

THE Northfield Student's Conference will this summer publish a magazine entitled "Northfield Echoes." — *Ex.*

THE Amherst Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs will sail, on July 4, for Southampton, England, giving concerts through England and Scotland, under the management of Mr. Charles Terry, a brother of Miss Ellen Terry. This is the first trip of the kind ever undertaken by an American college.

PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND has been called to the presidency of McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

BETWEEN you and I, I guess it's true
That she don't talk as she ought to do.
She says sometimes, "She has got a few";
Or, "This is the best," when she speaks of two;
She says "those kind," but does she try
To correctly talk like you and I?
Who does she room with? Who did you say
She reminds you of? I've seen her to-day,
But whether indeed she's you or me
I leave to each one for themselves to see.
Now if she'd try and word things right,
Say, d'you think perhaps she might?

Seminary Record.

"Now the sunny days are coming,
Fair girls are full of woes;
For the price of every walk is
Five new freckles on her nose." — *Ex.*

"CAUTION."

"ONE kiss, Kate, dear! What do you fear?
There's no one but your brother near;
And he is such a little thing —
What harm can such an infant bring?"

"My brother's small, nor old is he,
But, having eyes, he'll surely see,
And having seen, I've learned full well
It is the little things that tell." — *Yale Record*.

"WHEN was electricity first used?" "In the
time of Noah." "Why, how was that?" "He
made the ark light on Mt. Ararat." — *Ibid*.

POPLAR LEAVES. Leaves of absence. — *Lam-
poon*.

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